

PENTHOUSE®

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OH, WICKED WANDA!



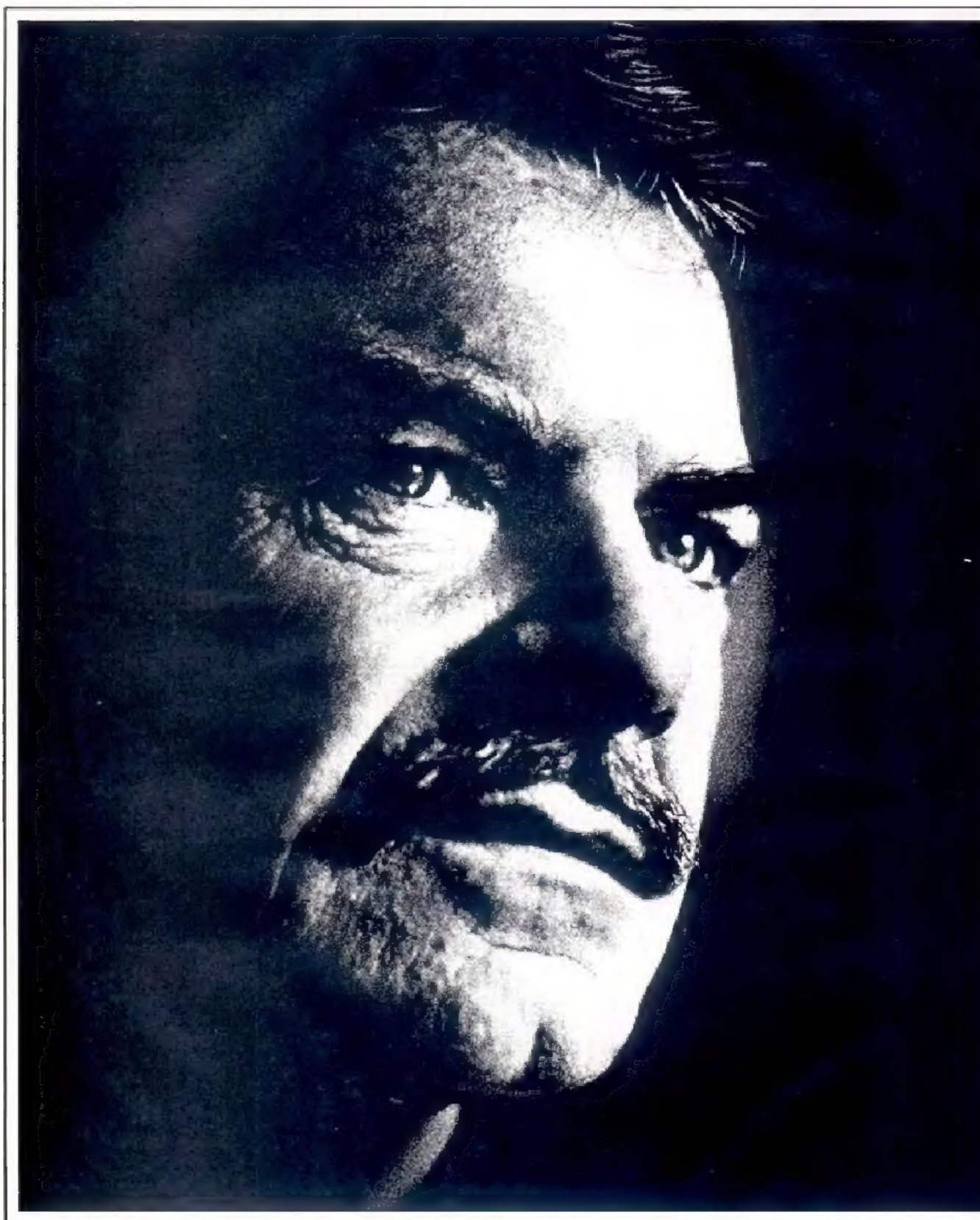


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OH, WICKED WANDA!

Hold on to your heads as the most explosive heroine of the twentieth century whips across your brains. Wry, whimsical and wet, her bizarre adventures romp across the dark corners of the imagination, lighting flames to keep you hot and squirmy through many a winter night. Turn the page and leap into erotic fantasy unsurpassed...





PENTHOUSE

Born in London and launched upon a brilliant writing career with his first job as a journalist on India's "Statesman of Calcutta," Frederic Mulally hit his stride in 1945 when Aneurin Bevan, the man responsible for instituting England's National Health Service, invited him to edit the left wing paper "Tribune." Within two years, leading newspaperman Hugh Cudlipp gave him his own political column in "The Sunday Pictorial." By then he had already written, in collaboration with Labor MP Fenner Brockway, the political best-seller "Death Pays a Dividend." He followed this up with "Fascism In England" to establish himself as one of the leading political writers of the late 1940s and early 50s.

His first novel, "Danse Macabre," became an immediate bestseller, which he followed with another, "Man With a Tin Trumpet." Four more novels, mixtures of sex, suspense, politics, and foreign travel, came out in regular succession. His most recent work, the semi-autobiographical "Clancy," was published in 1971 and dramatized in five parts by BBC Television.

He now lives in Malta and devotes his considerable talent to scripting "Oh Wicked Wanda."



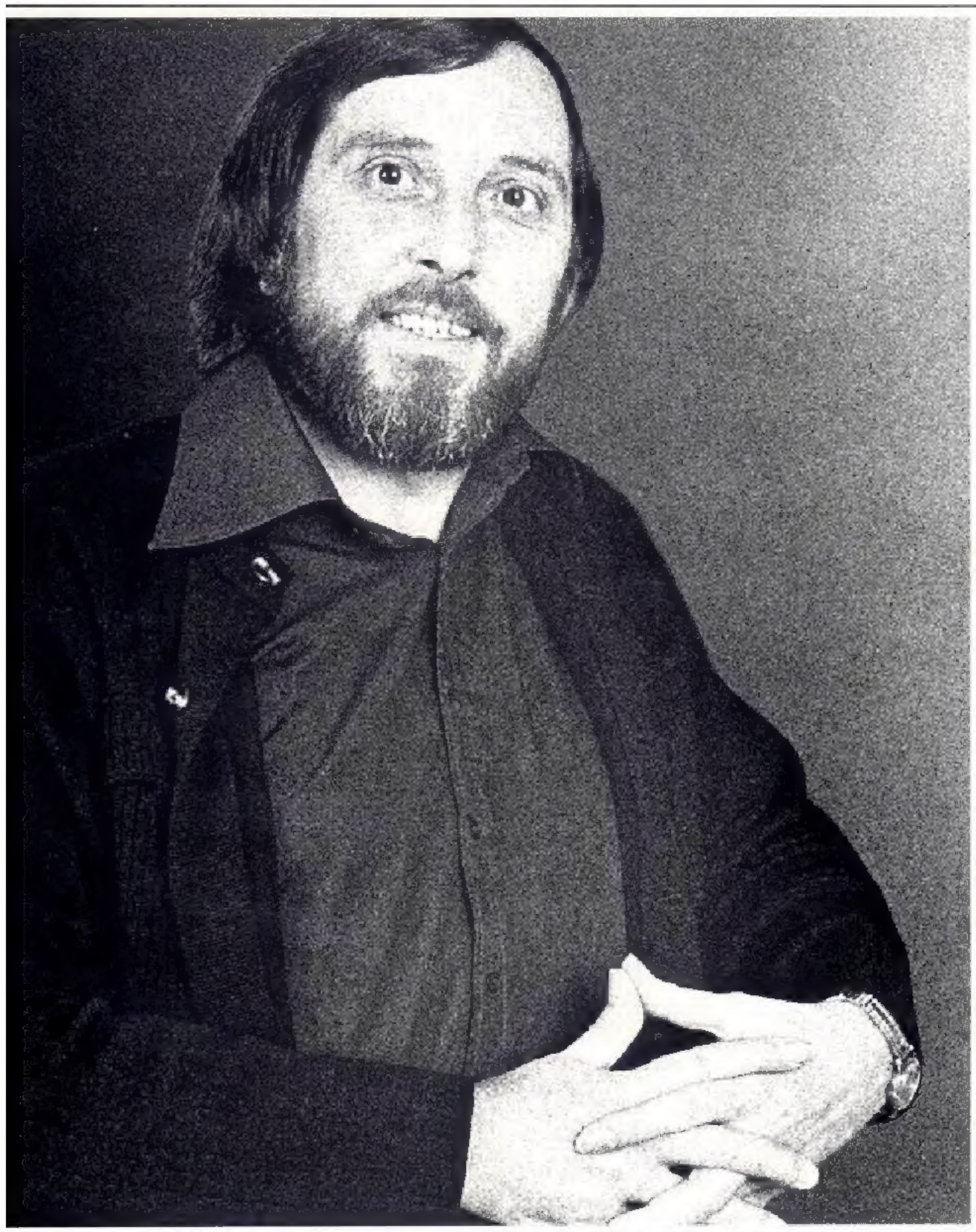
He was born in London in 1930, and began his career in film and starts, as he puts it, "studying art sporadically." However, his natural creativity and talent overcame a tendency to drift, and in 1960 he was elected a member of The Royal Institute of Oil Painters.

His paintings have had numerous exhibitions in Europe, the United States and Australia, winning a large number of prizes.

Ron Embleton's work has also ranged into the fields of graphics and commercial design, and he has "illustrated more books and magazines than I care to remember." Foremost among these was the "Wulf the Briton" strip he drew in the 1950s for the now defunct "Express Weekly." This was one of the first cartoon strips to be executed in paint and is now a collector's item.

In addition to continuing his painting and design careers, Mr. Embleton now lends his extraordinary talent to the drawing of "Oh Wicked Wanda," transforming the cartoon concept into a vehicle for his flamboyant gifts as an artist.





THE PLAYERS

Six masters of sex in search of a scene

GERMAN GRRR—Commander of PIF (Puss International Force), Wanda's private army of butch-dikes, of which Candyfloss is the Adjutant-General. She matches wits with the feared Henry Kissandrun and the fiery Jane Fonda.



J. HOOVER GRUD—Wanda's jailer, a master of implements of torture. His deformed body houses the brain of a brilliant thinker and so falling into his hands becomes a hideously intellectual experience.

WALTER VON KREESUS—The most lascivious and degenerate man who ever lived... Wanda's father, the originator of the castle's lists of erotic horror. Now dead, his perfectly preserved body oversees the salacious capers of his depraved daughter.

WANDA VON KREESUS— Hot, hip, raunchy and wild. And with untold millions to carry out every last debauched fantasy her feverish brain can conjure up. The passionate, cruel and tender mistress every man has dreamed of.



HOMER SAPIENS— The castle's evil resident mad genius, capable of inventing the most diabolical instruments for Wanda to carry out her complex schemes of lust and adventure. The air continually crackles with his insane laughter.

CANDYFLOSS— Wanda's soft and cuddly blonde nymphet, always ready, always eager, with puppydog eyes and a body like melted butter and whipped cream. She knows a thousand variations with her tongue alone.

OH, WICKED WANDA!

AS AN UNEXPECTED WORLD GOES ABOUT ITS PALTRY AFFAIRS, WANDA VON KREESUS — HEIRESS TO HER KING-GNOME FATHER'S INCALCULABLE MILLIONS AND ALL BUT ONE OF HER DISEASED MOTHER'S UNIMAGINABLE VICES — LOLLS IN THE PINK BOUDOIR OF HER SINISTER SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH. CANDYFLOSS, HER NYMPHET ACCOMPLICE, AND HOMER SAPIENS, HER RESIDENT EGGHEAD ARE DOING THEIR RESPECTIVE OWN THING, WHILE HER CHIEF JAILER, THE ODIOUS J. HOOVER GRUP, STANDS BY FOR THE NOCTURNAL WORKOUT

WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE RACKET OUT THERE?

AMMM... TASTES DELICIOUS!

SOUNDS LIKE THE DOGS ARE EATING AGAIN

KERUNCH

AAAGH!

SHAR!

ROAR

ANOTHER DRAGGY
DAY COMING UP FOR
LIL' CANDYLOSS AND
ME....I WONDER WHAT
THE ORDINARY FOLKS
ARE DOING FOR KOKS?

LOOK, WANDA!
JUST AS WE
ALWAYS
SUSPECTED!

by *Frederic Mullally*
and *Don Edlestein*

ANOTHER LATE START...
MAYBE I OUGHT GET
IN THERE AND START
WARMING UP SOME OF
THOSE BLACK HIDES
FOR THE MISTRESS

ABANDON
HOPE
ALL MEN
ENTER HERE

THAT WAS WONDERFUL,
PLUTO, AN NEW
SENSOR MONITORING
DEVICE IT WORKS PERFECTLY
....I COULD TASTE
EVERY YUMMY MOUTHFUL!

"FOOT LIKE A BUTTERFLY,
STING LIKE A BEE..."
WHO DID HE THINK HE
WAS KIDDING? SO WHAT'S
NEXT ON THE MENU?

THAT ALTHOUGH, MISTRESS
YOU HIRED TO
DECORATE YOUR OLD
MAN'S PRIVATE CHAPEL!
...YOU WANNA SEE
HOW IT'S GOING?

OHAY - BUT THE
CHAMP OUGHT
TO HAVE
SOMETHING TO
EAT FIRST.
PUSSYCAKE. WHAT
DO YOU SAY?

I SAY THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE
BLOWING ONE'S
OWN STRUMPET,
DARLING

ROAN

IN THE VON KREES'S PRIVATE CHAPEL, THE EMBALMED CORPSE OF WALTER VON KREES, KING OF ZÜRICH, RESTS ON ITS CATAFALQUE, AS CRAFTY AND LECHEROUS IN DEATH AS IN LIFE.

ON THIS SIDE I HAVE DEPICTED DON JUAN'S PRIVATE VISION OF HELL.

AND ON THIS WALL, CATHERINE OF RUSSIA'S VISION OF HEAVEN, A MASTERPIECE OF APALLING IMAGERY, THOUGH I SAY IT MYSELF.

I LIKE IT!
I LIKE IT!

I LIKE 'EM!
I LIKE 'EM!

ONE STUFFED GORILLA IS LIKE THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS AFTER A CLEARANCE SALE! WHAT DO WE FILL THE REST OF THIS BARN UP WITH?

THAT'S IT, WANDA! ANDAME TUSSAUD'S UNIQUE AND WORLD-RENOWNED WAXWORKS! LET'S GO BUY IT!



ABOARD ONE OF THE
VON KREESLUS EXECUTIVE
JETS, RETURNING OUR
DISAPPOINTED HEROINES
TO THE SCHLOSS.

LOOK, CAPTAIN—ISN'T
THAT ONE OF
THOSE DUTCH
DIKES DOWN THERE?

NEGATIVE,
COMMANDER.
WANDA'S GOT 'EM
ALL SIGNED UP
TO HER PUSS
CORPS.

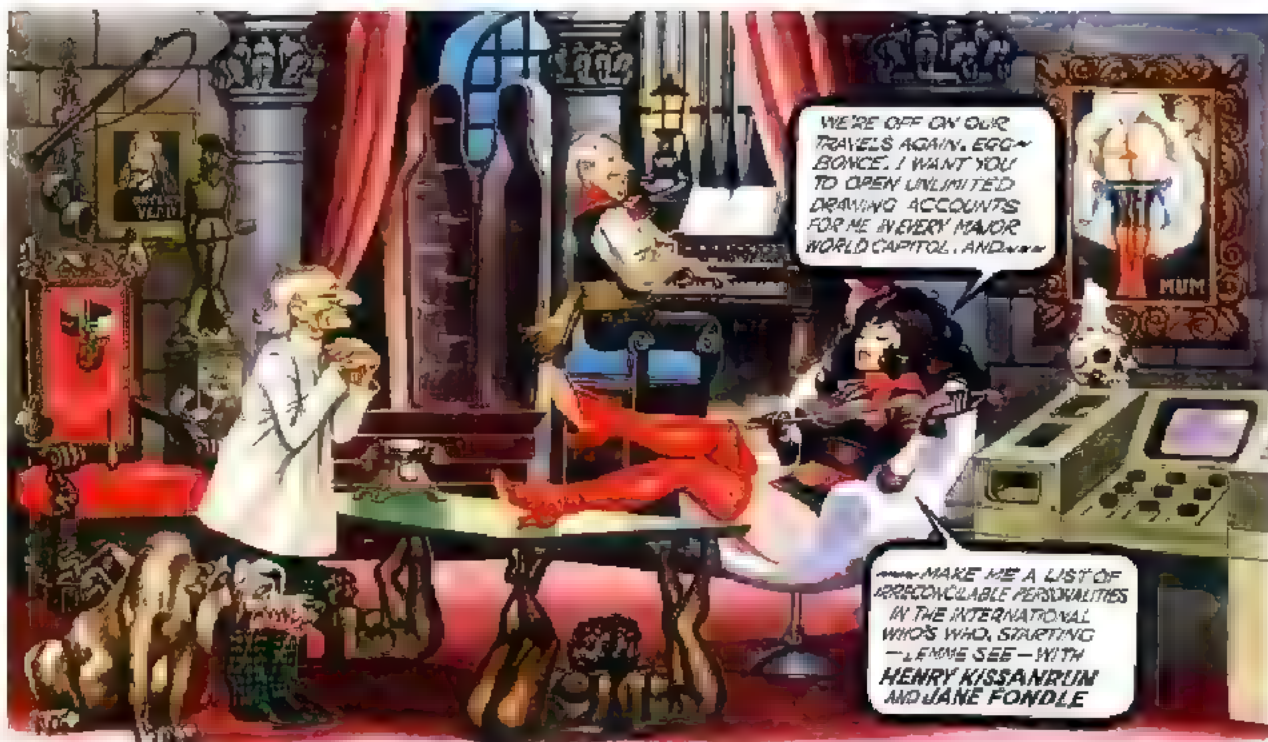
THAT TUSSAUD'S WAS
A REAL DRAG. WHO
WANTS A BUNCH OF IVAX
DUMMIES? IF I GO INTO
THIS THING, IT'S GOTTA
BE THE AUTHENTIC
LIVING FLESH, HONEYBROT

I'M TALKING ABOUT
PEOPLE, YOU MUTTER!
OUR OWN UNIQUE
MUSEUM OF HUMAN
APES—LIVING TABLEAUX
OF TOP PERSONALITIES. HOW
DOES THAT GRAB YOU?

SUPER! CAN WE
START WITH BURT
REYNOLDS—OR
THE RED ARMY
CHOIR—OR even??

GREAT, BOO'FUL. IT'S
LIKE I KEEP SAYING
— WHY DON'T YOU
TRY THE REAL THING
FOR A CHANGE

IF YOU DON'T
CONCENTRATE
ON THE JOB IN
HAND, PUSSCAKE,
WE'LL BE STARTING
OFF WITH GENERAL
AMIN!



ON THE PARADE GROUND, WANDA BEGINS HER INSPECTION WITH THE DISCIPLINARY & FULL SO EAGERLY LOOKED FORWARD TO BY HER PRIVATE ARMY OF BUTCH+DIKES, THE PIF (PUSS INTERNATIONAL FORCE) OF WHICH SHE IS THE PIFCO.

HEY! THIS IS YOUR SECOND TIME AROUND!

NUTS!

CONRADES! TODAY YOUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IS OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH HER ADJUTANT+GENITAL, CANDYFLOSS, SOME OF YOU WILL HAVE A PART TO PLAY IN IT, NO DOUBT. MEANTIME, WHILE YOU AWAIT MY CALL, YOU WILL FAITHFULLY OBSERVE YOUR PUSS FORCE DUTY WHICH IS TO THINK WICKED AND NEVER GIVE A PALE SUCKER AN EVENINGS BREAK ^{OR AS OLIVER CROMWELL ALMOST SAID,} "PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE LEWD BUT KEEP YOUR PUDENDA DRY!"

SHOULDERS BACK!

EXHIBITIONIST!

AND WITH THAT ROUSING ORDURE OF THE DAY WE SAY "BOW VOYEURAGE!" AND "VAYA CON DILDOS!" TO THE TERRIBLE TWOSOME. DON'T MISS THEIR ABOMINABLE SEXPLOITS IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

OH, WICKED WANDA!

WITH THE GRIM SILHOUETTE OF THE VON KREIBSUS SCHLOSS FADED IN THE DISTANCE, WANDA GUNS HER NEWEST TOY—A CUSTOM-BUILT ORIGINAL 150-MPH SUPO DELECTO PENISO FLAGRANTE—TOWARDS THE SWISS FRONTIER AND THE START OF HER BIZARRE NEW ADVENTURES! A WORLDWIDE QUEST FOR 'TABLEAU VIVANTS' WITH WHICH TO FURNISH HER PRIVATE

MUSEUM OF MISFITS

IT'S ALL THERE IN THAT INTERNATIONAL EDITION OF THE HERALD TRIBUNE, CANDYFLOSS—UNDER THE HEADING "CYRIL BLUE-STOCKING LICKS BRIGITTE BIDET IN FILM BAR"

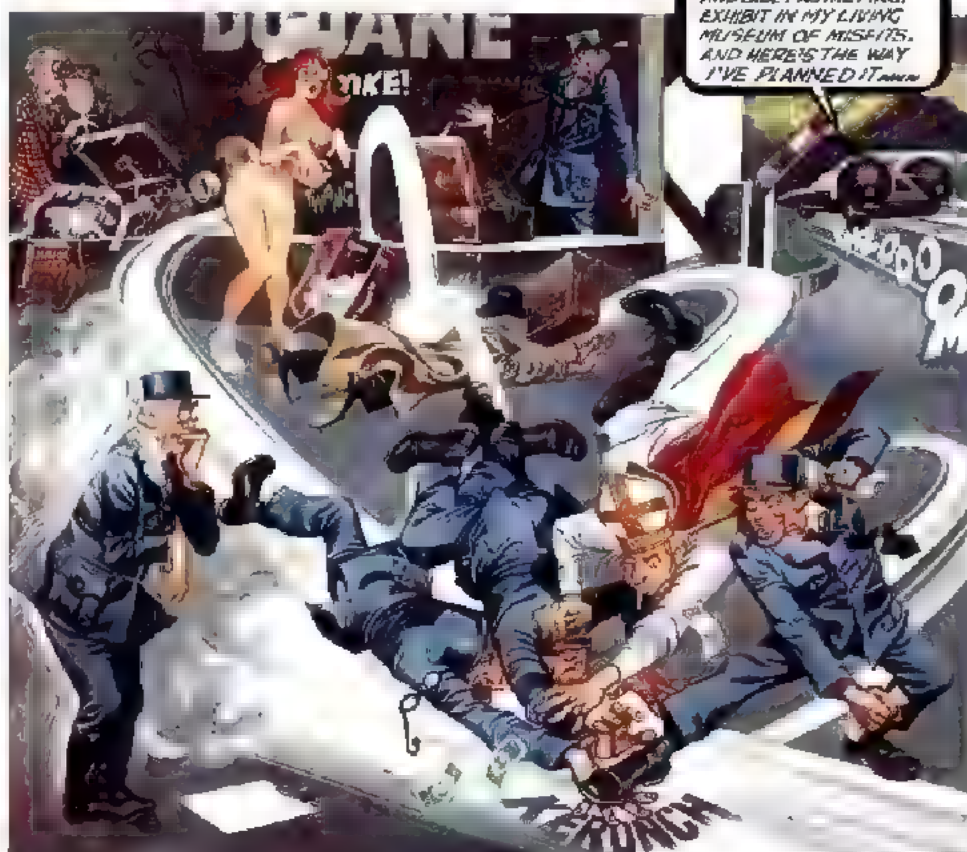
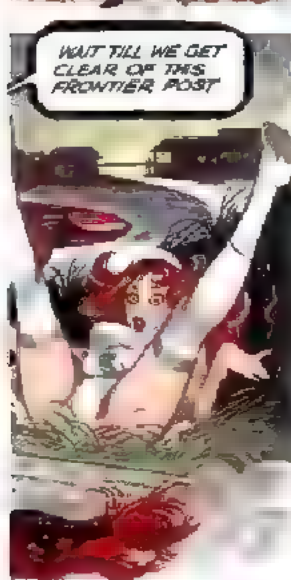
SOME SELF-APPOINTED BRITISH PORNOPHOBES, THANKS TO 'DEAR CYRIL,' BIDET'S LATEST PICTURE, "BLOW ME SENSELESS," HAS BEEN GAINED FROM THE CINEMAS *REVENUE*

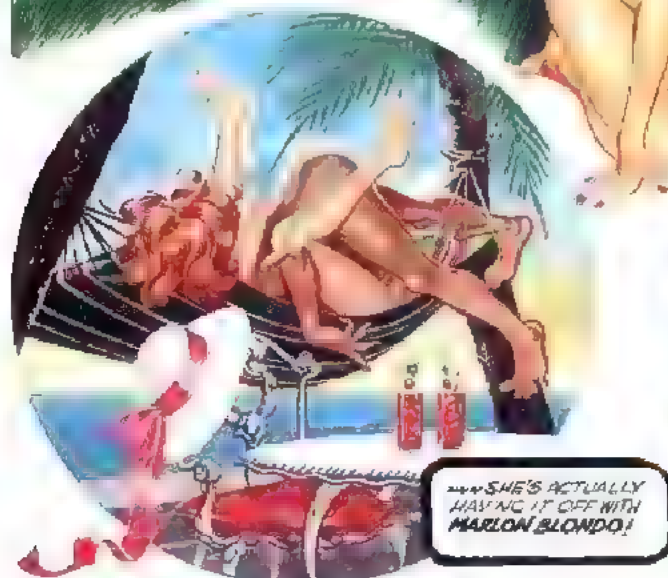
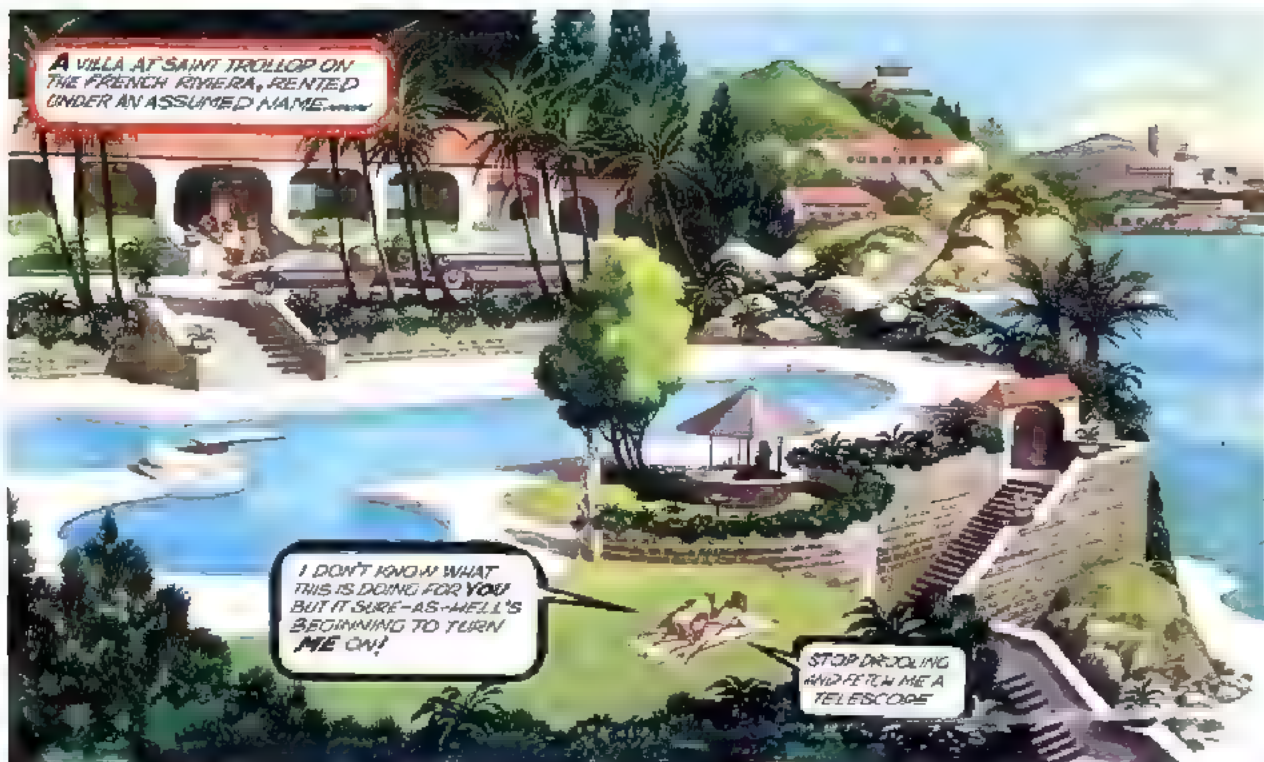
SO D.B. GETS LICKED. SO WHAT ELSE ISN'T NEW? ANYWAY, WHO'S THIS BLUESTOCKING CAT?

SHE'S HOPPING MAD AT HIM—WHICH IS WHERE WE COME IN!

THAT'S REAL JUICY, BOOTFUL. FILL ME IN SOME MORE!







NEXT DAY, IN
THE STUDY AT
WORTER CLOSTT
A ~~MAN~~ CYRIL
BLUESTOCKING'S
COUNTRY HOME

THIS IS THE YOUNG LADY
WHO SPOKE TO YOU ON
THE TELEPHONE LAST
NIGHT, SIR, ~~AND~~ SHE'S
JUST FLOWN IN FROM
THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

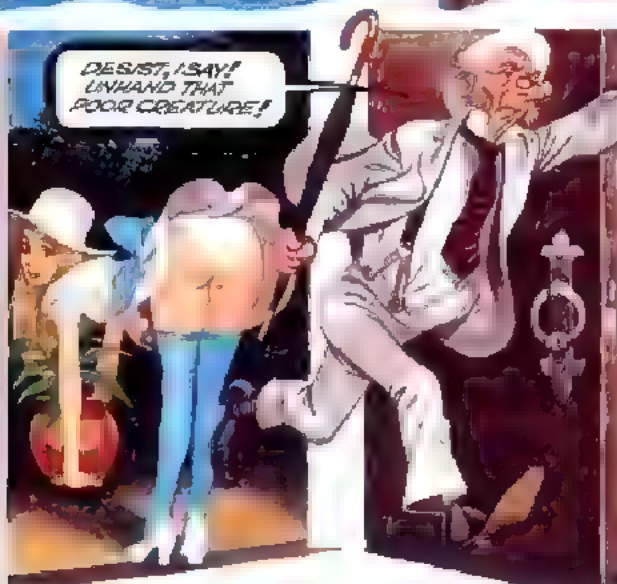
AH, YES, ~~AND~~ ~~AND~~
MAKE YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE,
CHILD. ~~DON'T WORRY~~

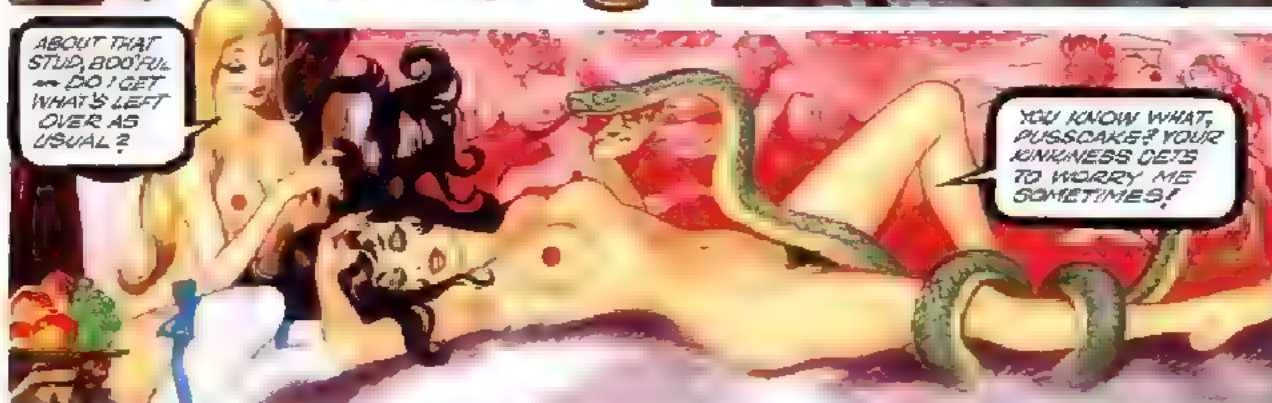
~~WHILE~~ WHILE I
DISPENSE WITH THIS
LATEST BATCH OF
DISGUSTING FILTH!

NOW, MY DEAR, TELL
ME MORE ABOUT
THESE FRIGHTFUL
ORGIES GOING ON
IN THE SAINT TROLOUP
VILLA OF MISS
BRITTE BLOET

~~AND~~ AND SO, LIKE ANY
OTHER DEFENCELESS
YOUNG BRITISH TOURIST
ON HOLIDAY, I WAS
REALLY CHUFFED WHEN
THIS FRENCHMAN INVITED
ME TO THE BIDET VILLA. ~~AND~~

LITTLE DID I
REALIZE
I WAS BEING
LURED INTO
A DEN OF
INICUITY,
DEDICATED
TO DRUGS,
SADISM AND
DEBAUCHERY!







HEARD THAT YOU AND
BUDGET SHARE A SECRET
LOVE NEST ON THE CHAMPS
ELYSEES... WELL, CONSIDER
THIS YOUR LAST TANGLE
IN PARIS, MR BLONDO!

A MASTERPIECE.
HOMER! HOW
LONG WILL THEY
STAY FROZEN?

UNTIL YOU DECIDE
TO RESUSCITATE
THEM. OUGHT TO
BE A REAL GIGGLE,
HEIN?

THE INJECTANTS
WORKED
PERFECTLY.
MISS WANDA,
CARE TO
TAKE A LOOK
AT OUR FIRST
EXHIBIT?

RESERVED

BEMOLD
THE COMING
OF THE
LORD!



A PERFECT
ENDING TO A
PERFECT DAY.
WANDA HONEY...

BUT WHAT HORRENDOUS,
CRIMINALLY PATHOLOGICAL
AND SENSELESSLY
DELICIOUS CAPER ARE
YOU COOKING UP FOR
OUR NEXT BIG NUMBER?

SOMETHING, MY
LITTLE FRUITCAKE.
THAT MIGHT
SURPRISE EVEN
YOU...

OH WICKED WANDA!



WELL DONE CYRIL

I WAS ~~MY~~ THINKING, WANDA ~~AND~~ HOW ABOUT A COUPLE ~~AND~~ SLURP ~~AND~~ POLITICIANS FOR THE MUSEUM?

IN PURSUIT OF A GHOULISH WHIM, THE WORLD'S RICHEST AND WANTONEST HELLRAISER, WANDA VON KREESUS, IS ASSEMBLING A BIZARRE MUSEUM OF FROZEN-ALIVE MISFITS IN THE CHAPEL OF HER SINISTER SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH. BRITISH PORNOPHOBE CYRIL BLUESTOCKING AND FILM ACTRESS BRIGITTE BIDET, WERE THE FIRST VICTIMS OF WANDA'S PERVERTED HUMOUR. IT'S GONNA GET WORSE.

OHAY WE'LL COUPLE 'EM WITH ~~LENNIE~~ SEE "LITTLE ANNIE UN-FUNNY AND THAT FRENCH RAYER FROM "LUST BANG-O IN PARIS" ~~AND~~ ANAL MARIA SCHMIEREN

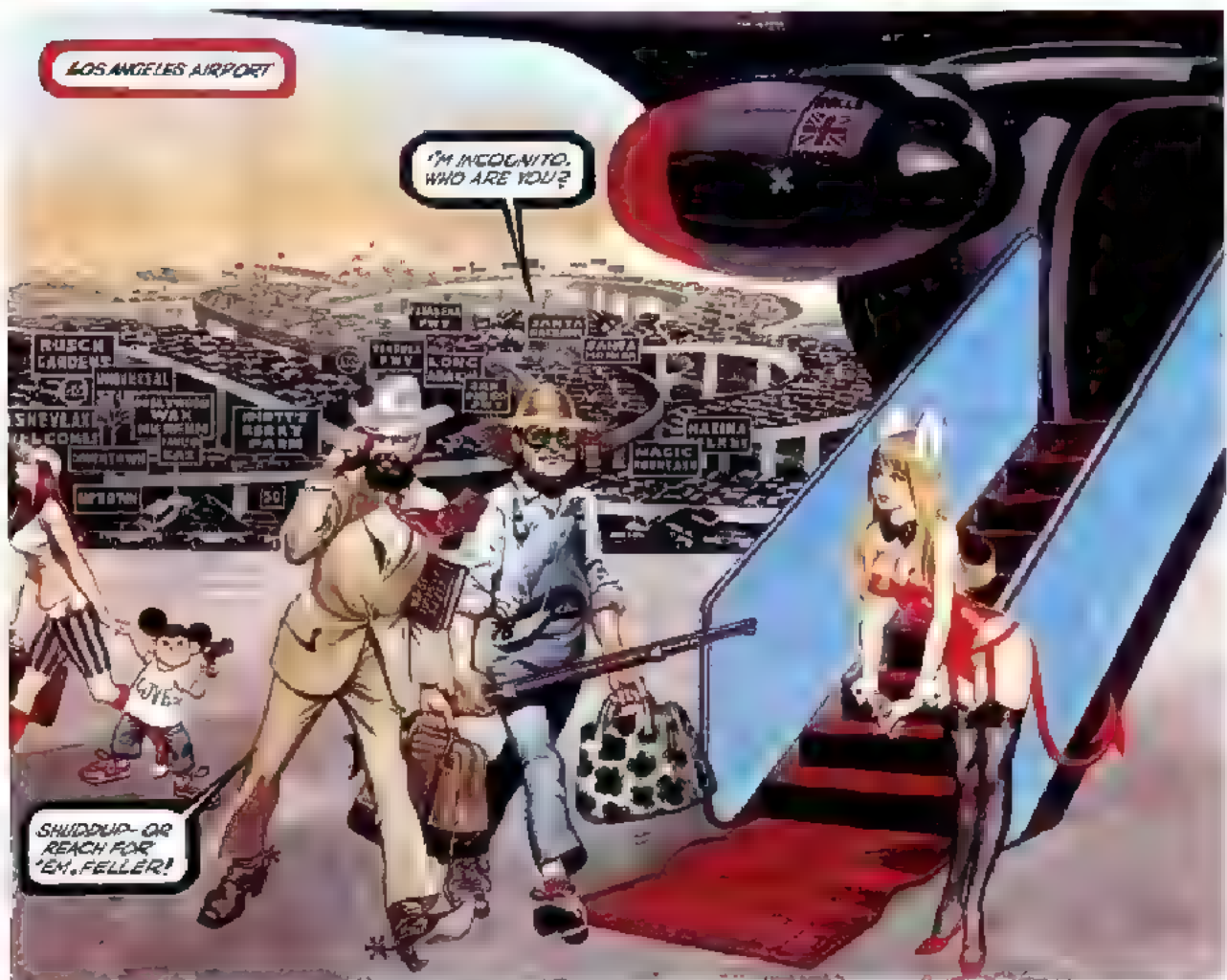
SCHMIEREN? ISN'T THAT THE GERMAN VERB FOR "TO GREASE OR LUBRICATE"?

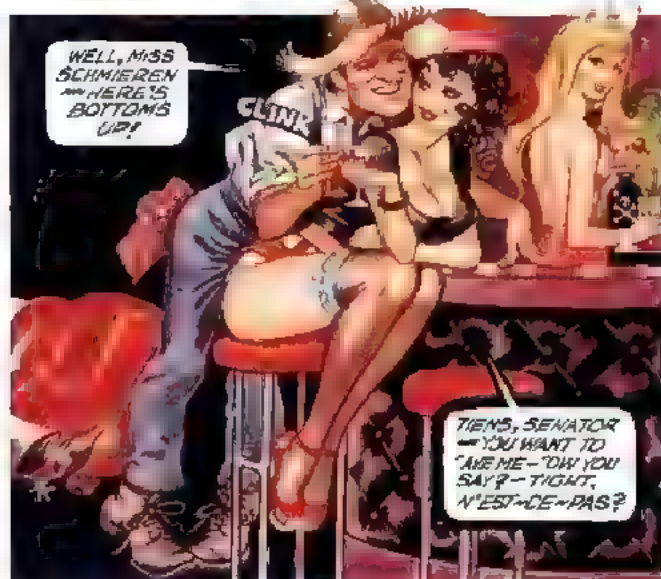
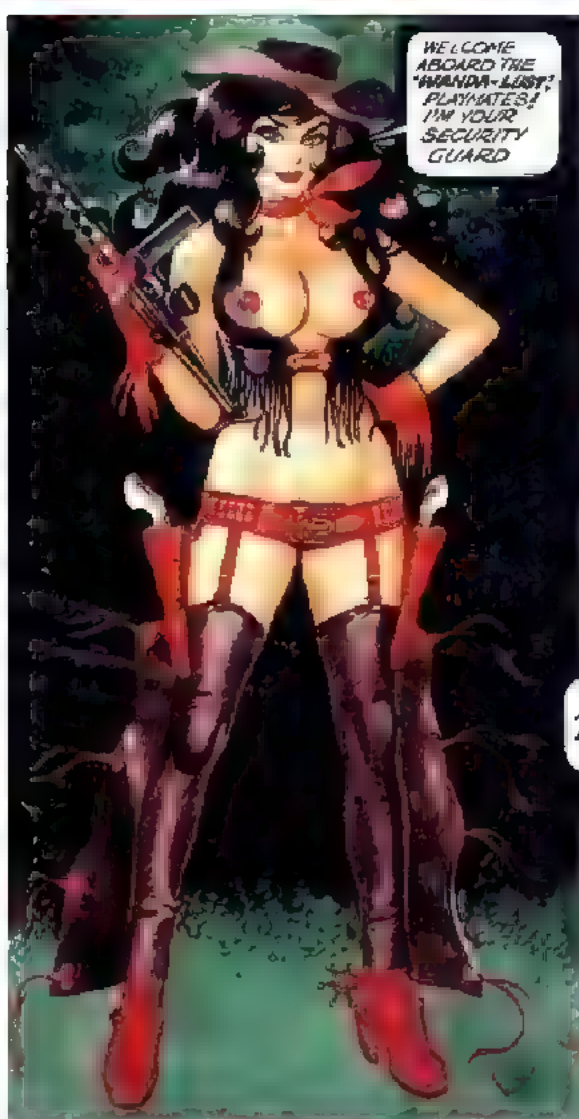
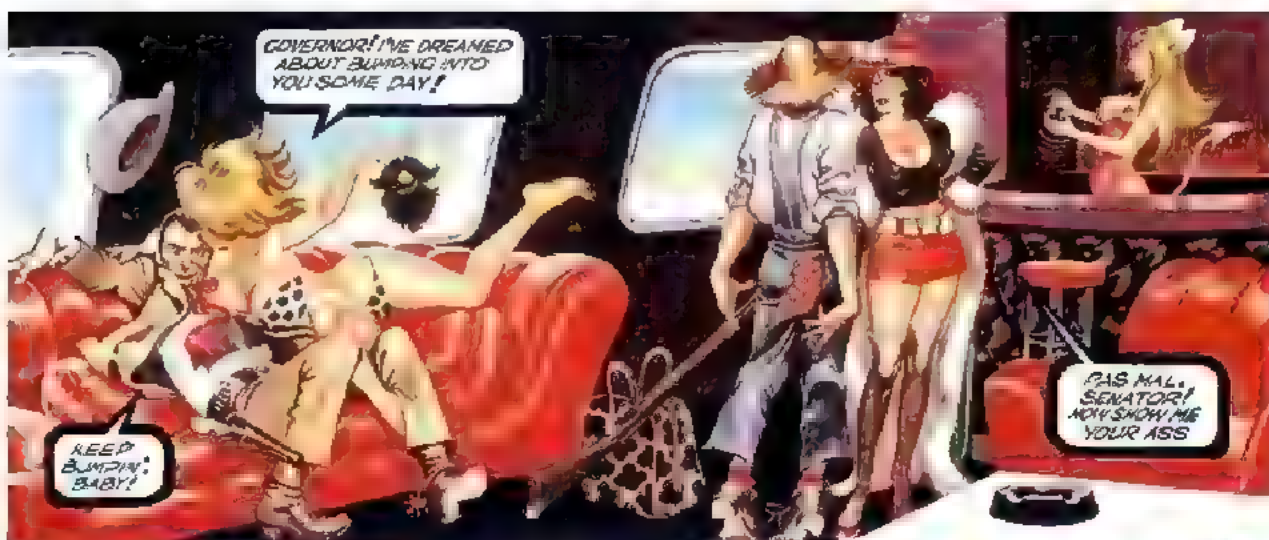
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TEACH ME GERMAN, PUSSYCAKE

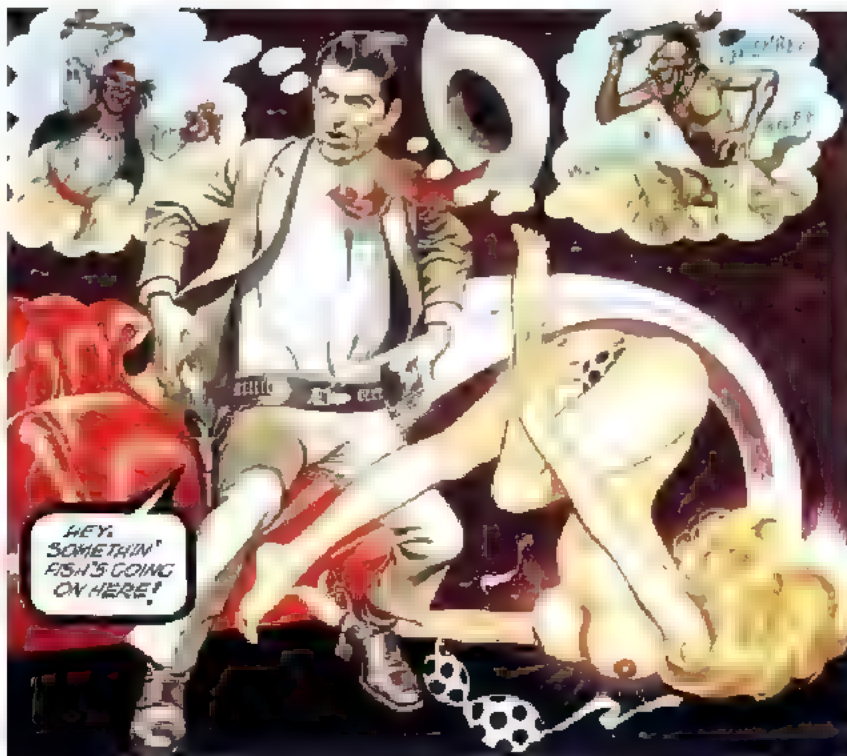
BACK TO THE POLITICIANS ~~AND~~ HOW ABOUT GOVERNOR KEENEY, THE SCOURGE OF THE CALIFORNICATES, AND SENATOR BEDWELL CLEVERLY?

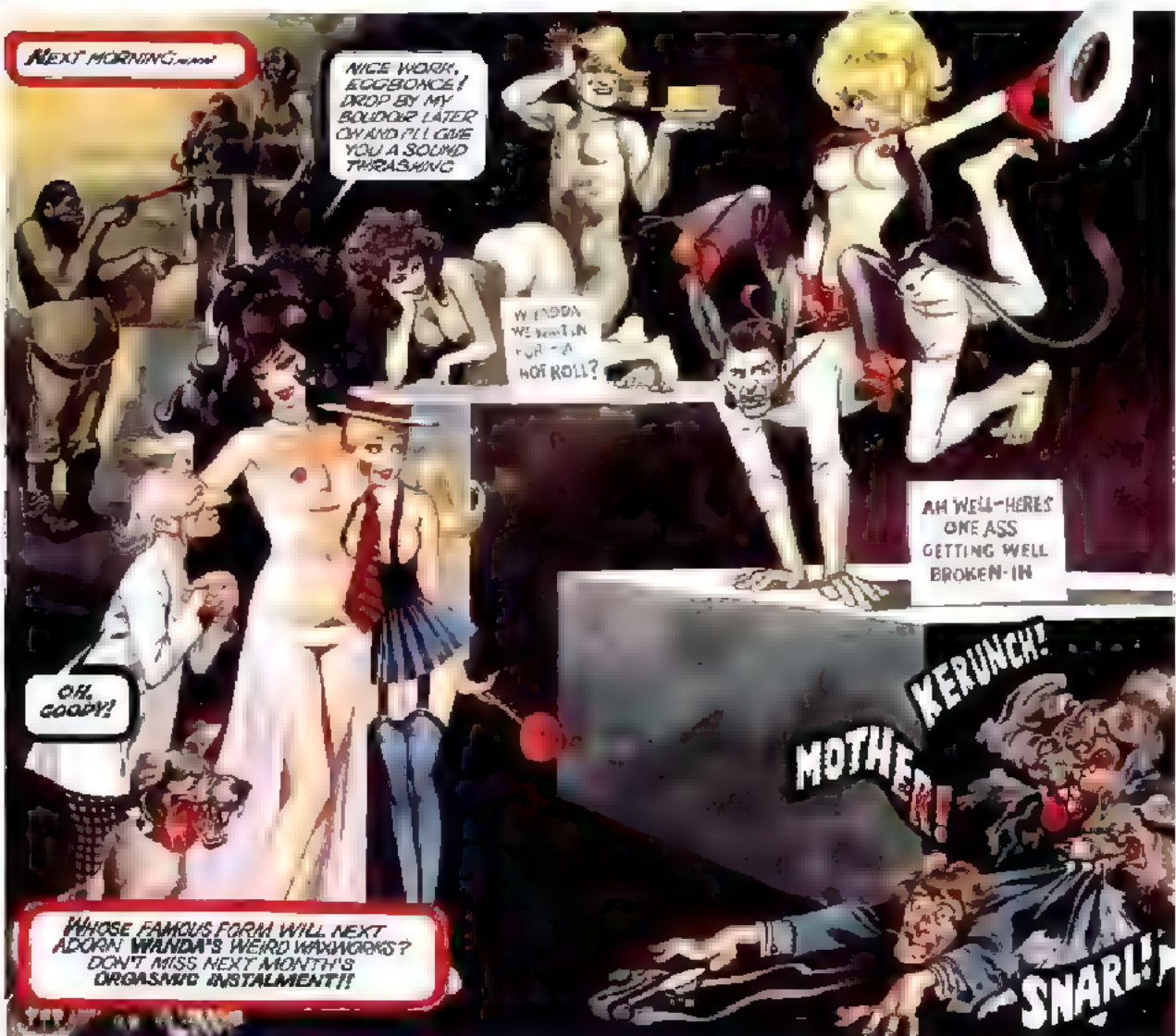
SOMETHING'S DAWNING, I'LL PLOT HOMER SAPIENS TO WORK ON IT









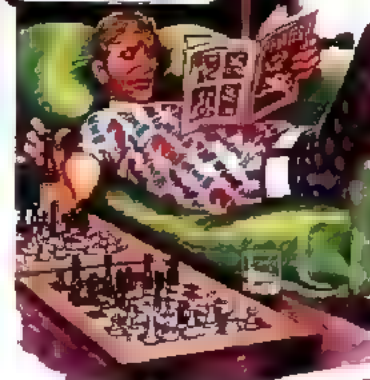


OH, WICKED WANDA!

EAST SIDE WEST SIDE

HIGH ABOVE THE HEART-THROB OF THE CITY, IN THE AIR-CONDITIONED APARTMENT OF BERNIE FISHFINGER, ARGUABLY THE GREATEST CHESS PLAYER IN THE WORLD...

HEY, BERNIE - HOW ABOUT THIS? SOME CRAZY BROAD NAMED TANYA IVANOVNA IS CHALLENGING YOU TO ONE GAME, WIN OR LOSE, FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!



NO PUBLIC, SHE INSISTS. SWEDISH GRANDMASTER HOMER SAPIENS AS CONTROLLER, AND THE GAME TO BE PLAYED AT A SECRET AND NEUTRAL RENDEZVOUS

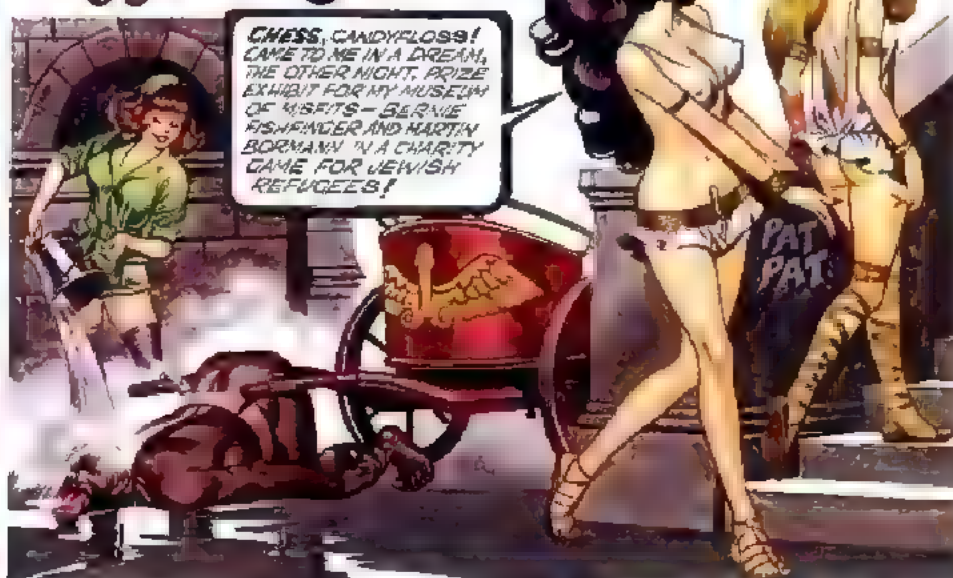
A SOUVENIR FROM REYKJAVIK

IT REEKS OF GUILE AND CHICANERY - SO I LIKE IT! TELL HER TO HAVE THE STAKE IN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS, AND GET THE WHITE HOUSE TO GIMME PROTECTION...



CHECK CHECK and CHECK

THAT'S MY BOY!





A CHALET IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS, A WEEK LATER



THAT

EVENING, THE MILLION DOLLAR CHALLENGER MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE.



**THE GAME
BEGINS...**

THEY SAY... HEH! HEH!
- HER FAVOURITE
GAME-BIT IS A
QUEEN'S OPENING



I DEMAND. TAKE
THAT DELECTABLE
CLEOPATRA,
FOR EXAMPLE

SUCH A CRACK IS
IN VERY DOUBTFUL
TASTE, COMMANDER
GRRRR!

BUT AS FISHFINGER'S 'MEAVIES' MAKE THEIR EXIT FROM THE CHALET, WANDA'S INTREPID PUBS FORCE SWINGS INTO ACTION

CEASE FIRE!

NYGG!

SCRUNCH

ESCORT FISHFINGER TO THE SCHLOSS AND INFORM MY VALIANT PUSCOMMANDOS THEY'LL BE AWARDED THREE STRIPES EACH ON MY RETURN



SEND A MILLION DOLLARS TO SELM AND TELL MY GNOMES IN ZURICH I'LL BE TAKING OVER THE BANK AS FROM TOMORROW

DOES THIS MEAN THAT WANDA INTENDS TO FIDDLE WITH HER CLIENT'S LIQUID HOLDINGS? WATCH THESE PAGES IF THE PROSPECT DISTURBS YOU

WANDA WANTS MARTIN BORMANN
TO MATE WITH BERNIE FISHFINGER
IN HER MUSEUM OF (FROZEN)
MISFITS. FISHFINGER IS IN THE
BAG, AN EMISSARY FROM THE
FORMER NAZI LEADER PRESENTS
HIMSELF AT ONE OF WANDA'S
SWISS BANKS.



**THE PRESIDENT'S
OFFICE**

MY FATHER WANTS
TO KNOW WHY YOU
HAVE FROZEN HIS
LIQUID ASSETS?

A VAULT IMMEDIATELY
BELOW THE PRESIDENT'S
OFFICE ~~~~~

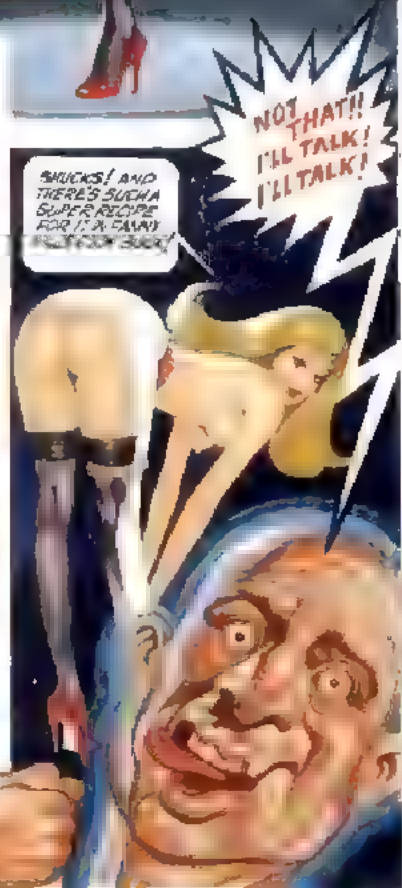
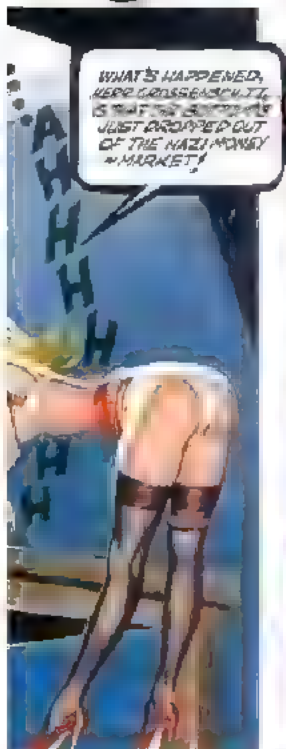
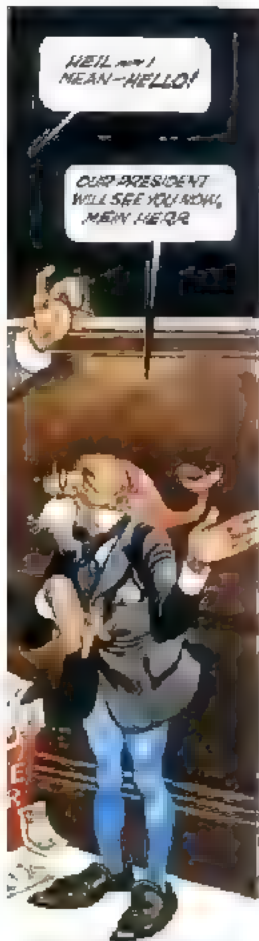
EEH.

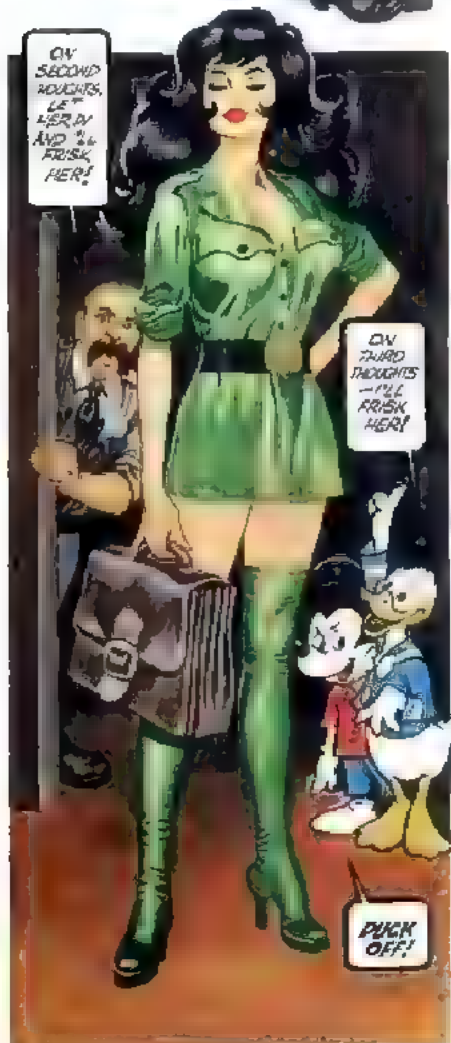
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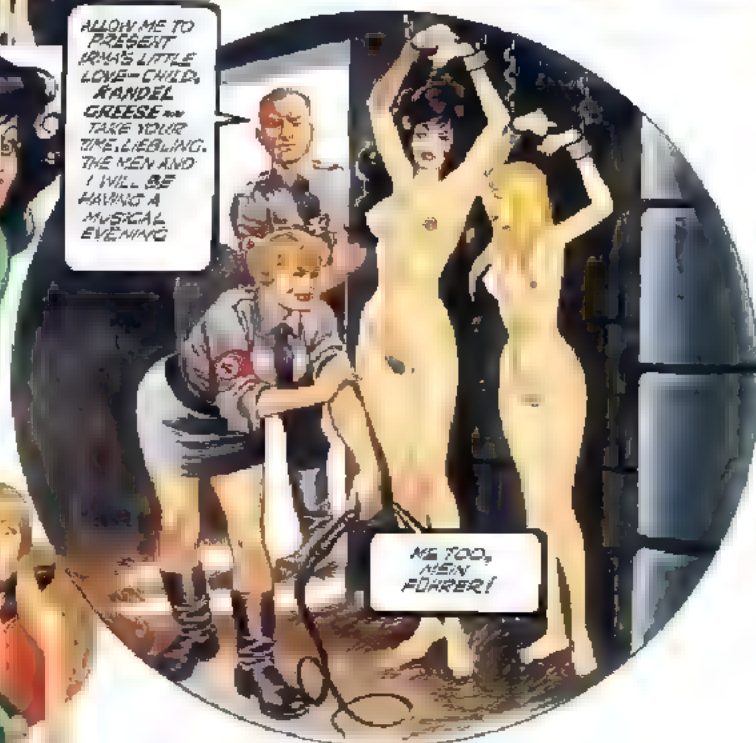
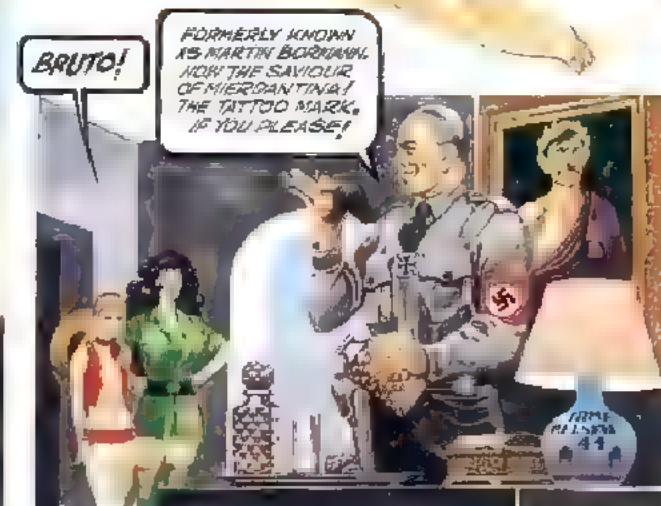
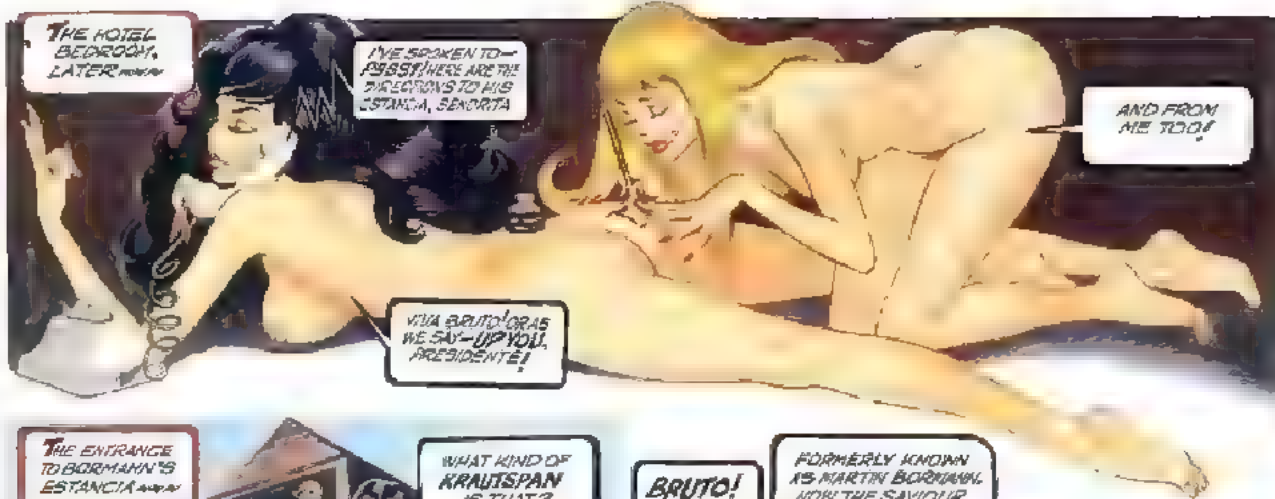
LAUGH

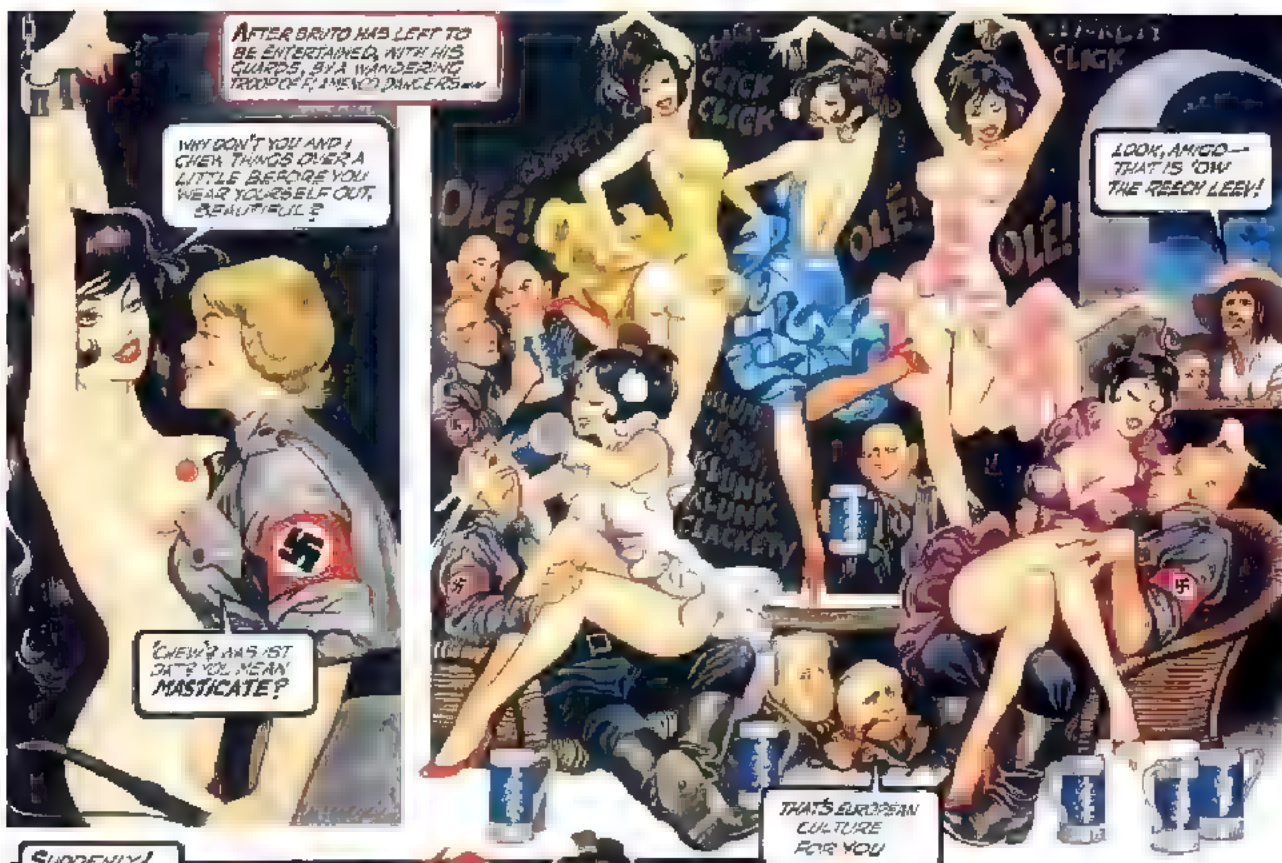
CHANNEL-TUNNEL SCHEME

IF THEY WON'T GIVE
IT TO US - WE'LL
GET IT OURSELVES!





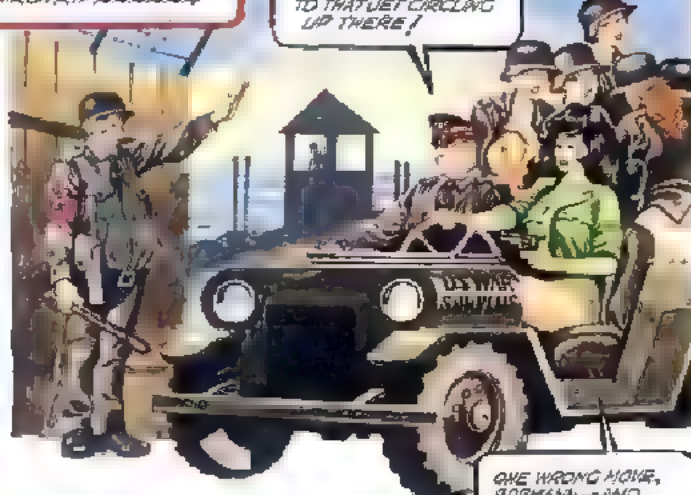




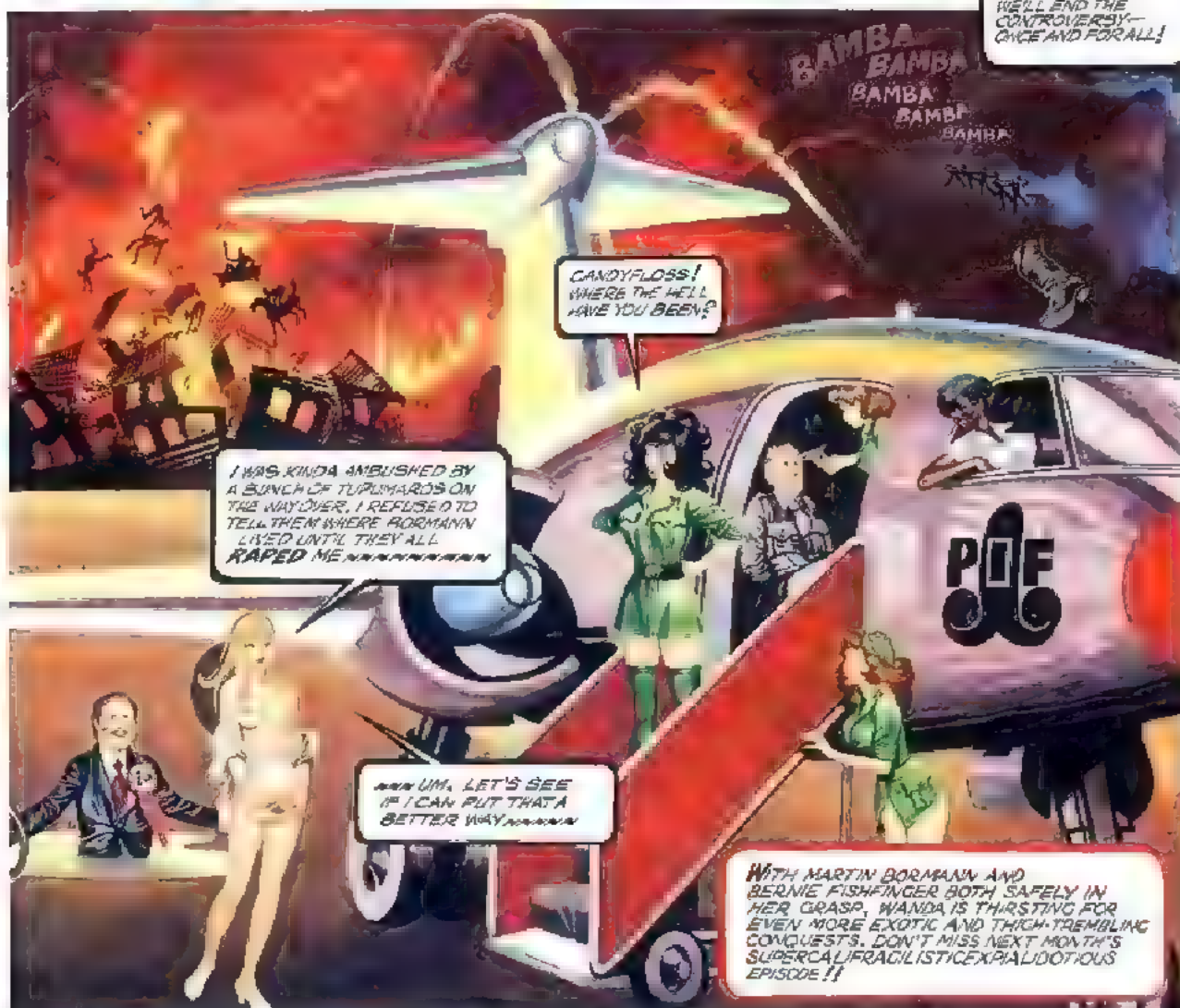


THE ENTRANCE TO BORMANN'S PRIVATE AIRSTRIP

INFORM CONTROL TO GIVE CLEARANCE TO THAT JET CIRCLING UP THERE!



ONE WRONG MOVE, BORMANN -- AND WE'LL END THE CONTROVERSY-- ONCE AND FOR ALL!



CANDYFLOSS! WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?

I WAS KINDA AMBUSHED BY A BUNCH OF TURKEYS ON THE WAY OVER, I REFUSED TO TELL THEM WHERE BORMANN LIVED UNTIL THEY ALL RAPED ME

WELL UM, LET'S SEE IF I CAN PUT THAT A BETTER WAY

WITH MARTIN BORMANN AND BERNIE FISHFINGER BOTH SAFELY IN HER GRASP, WANDA IS THIRSTING FOR EVEN MORE EXOTIC AND THIGH-TREMBLING CONQUESTS. DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S SUPERCALIFRACILISTICEXPLAIDOTIOUS EPISODE !!

OH, WICKED WANDA!

IN PURSUIT OF A GHOULISH WHIM, WANDA IS ASSEMBLING A BIZARRE MUSEUM OF MISFITS IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF HER SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH. BRITISH PORNOPOHORE, CYRIL BLUESTOCKING AND BRIGITTE BIDET, MARTIN BORMANN AND CHESS CHAMPION BERNIE FISHFINGER ARE AMONG A GROWING LIST OF CELEBRITIES THAT HAVE ALREADY BEEN FROZEN ALIVE TO PROVIDE COMPANY FOR WANDA'S EMBALMED FATHER, KING OF NONE WALTER VON KREESUS. IT'S GOING TO GET WORSE.

SCENE: OLD WALTER'S TROPHY ROOM AND STOREHOUSE OF THE OLD MAN'S YOUTHFUL MEMORIES

WELL, DO YOU LIKE IT?

PERCY! COME ON OUT THERE

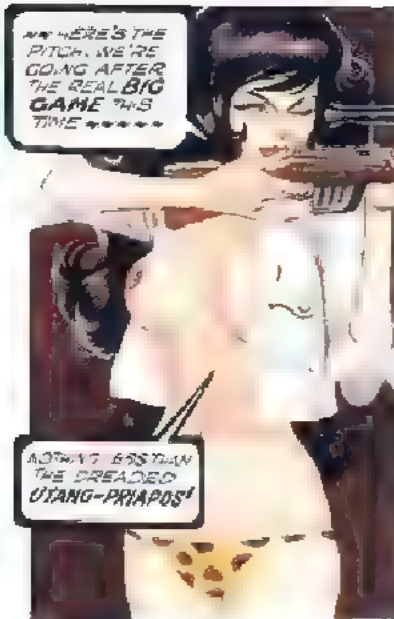
SISTER ANNA VO MISSIONARY 1850-1872

TO WALT
A museum
old man
of WALT

EVERYTHING'S SPANKABLE IN
MY BOOK.
CANYON LOSS
DARLING, BUT...

by FREDERIC
KILLALLY

and RON
EMBLET



WE'RE HERE'S THE
PITCH. WE'RE
GOING AFTER
THE REAL BIG
GAME THIS
TIME *****

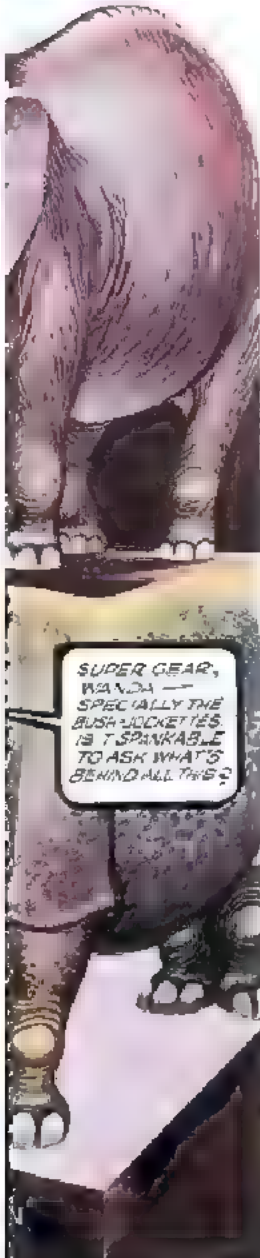
NOTHING BUSTS DOWN
THE DREADED
UTANG-PRIAPUS!



THE LEGENDARY
APE WITH THE
PERMANENT
HARD ON! THAT
ISE WOULD THAT
BE TO YOU,
BOO'FUL?

BORNEO

CALL IT FANCY...!
WAWA LATCH IT
AGAINST SAVOIR
HOLLANDAISE,
IRRESISTIBLE
OBJECT MEETING
IMMOVABLE FORCE
***** DIG?



SUPER GEAR,
WANDA —
SPECIALLY THE
BUSH-JOCKEYES
IS T SPARKABLE
TO ASK WHAT'S
BEHIND ALL THIS?

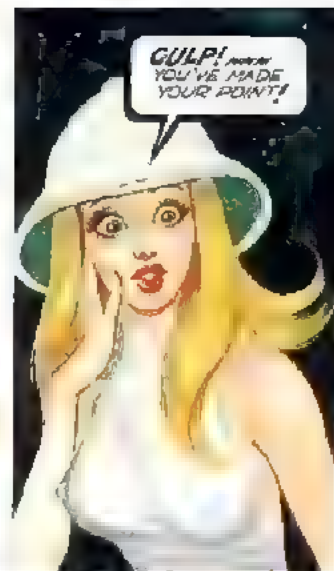


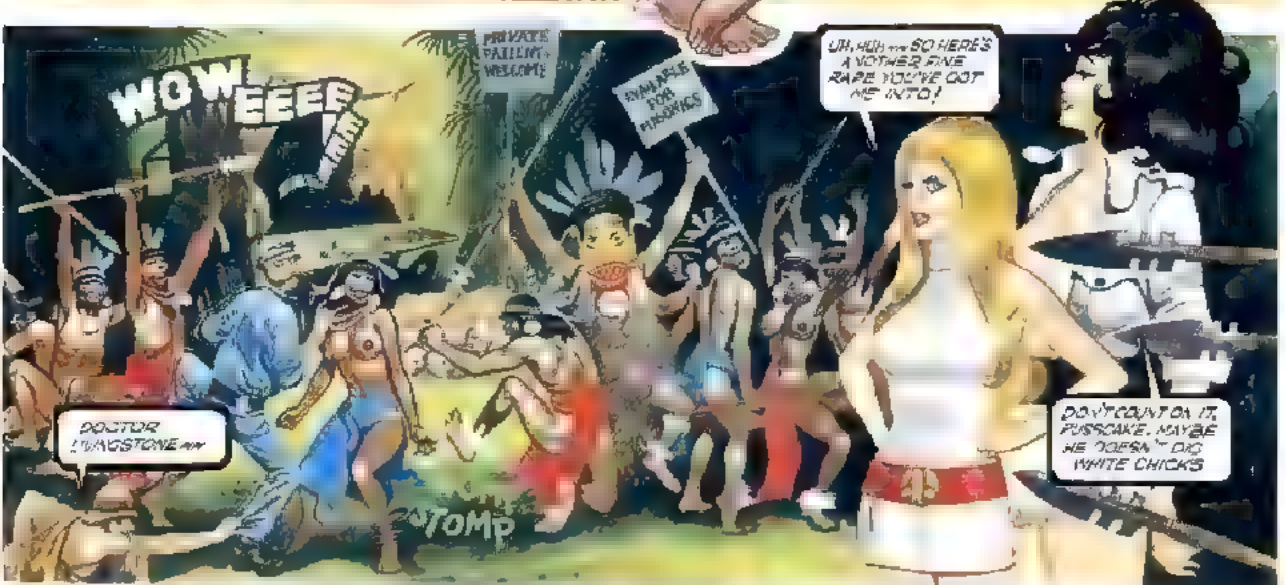
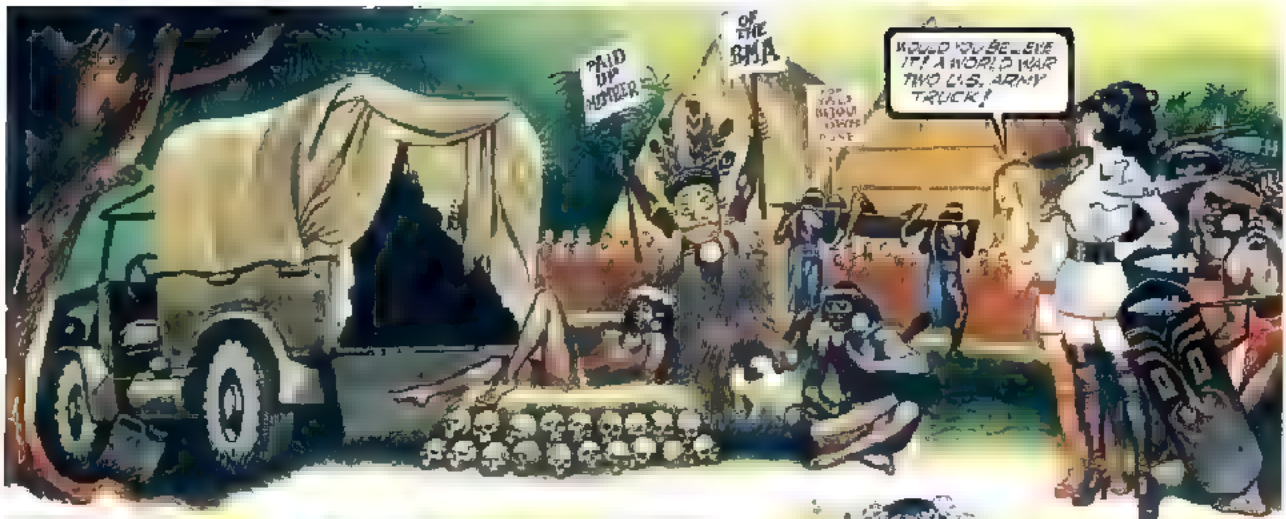
AND SO, DEEP INTO THE
BORNEO JUNGLE *****

TARZAN! TARZAN
BABY — CAN
YOU HEAR ME?

DR LIVINGSTONE,
I PRESUME?

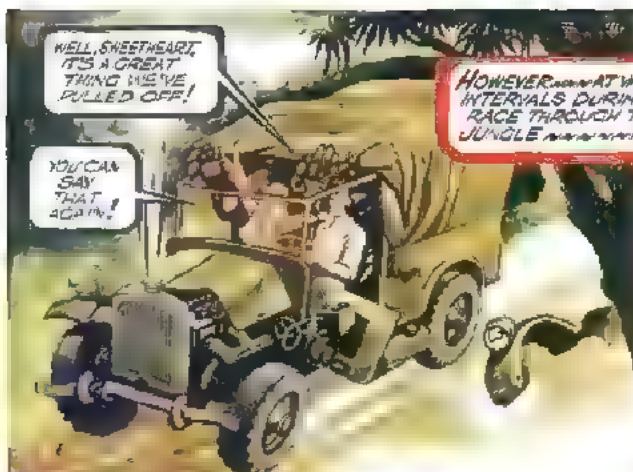
GET
LOST!









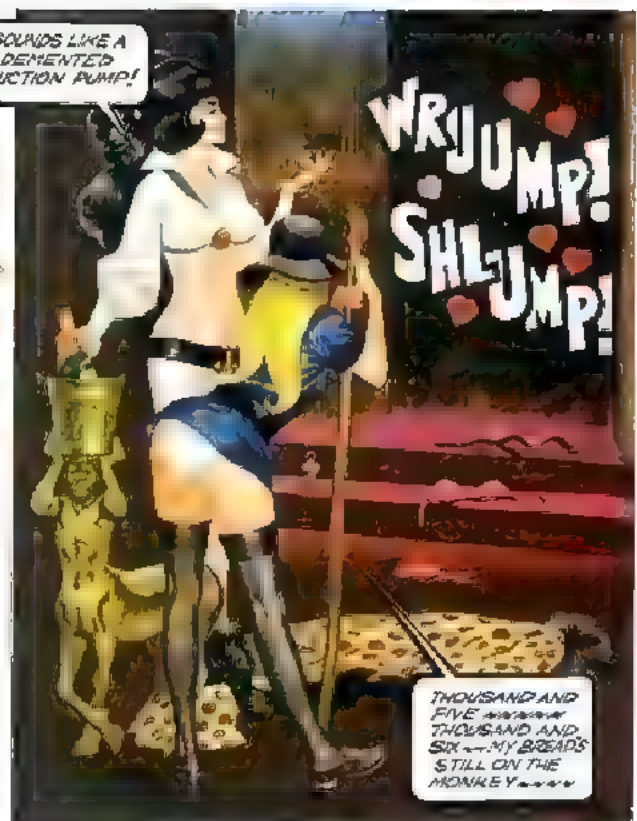


HOWEVER, AT VARIOUS INTERVALS DURING THE RACE THROUGH THE JUNGLE





SOUNDS LIKE A DEMENTED SUCTION PUMP!



OH, WICKED WANDA!

A QUIET EVENING AT THE VON KREEG'S SCHLOSS, FROM THE PINK BOUDOIR COMES THE GENTLE WHIRRING OF THE PUNISHMENT MACHINE AS WANDA ATTENDS TO THE MISDEMEANOURS OF HER EAGER PIF FOLLOWERS

CONTROL YOURSELVES!

I'M NEXT!

NO, ME!

REPORT SHEET

ME!

PATHETIC!

HOW ABOUT SOME NEW ENIGMAS, BOOBYL?

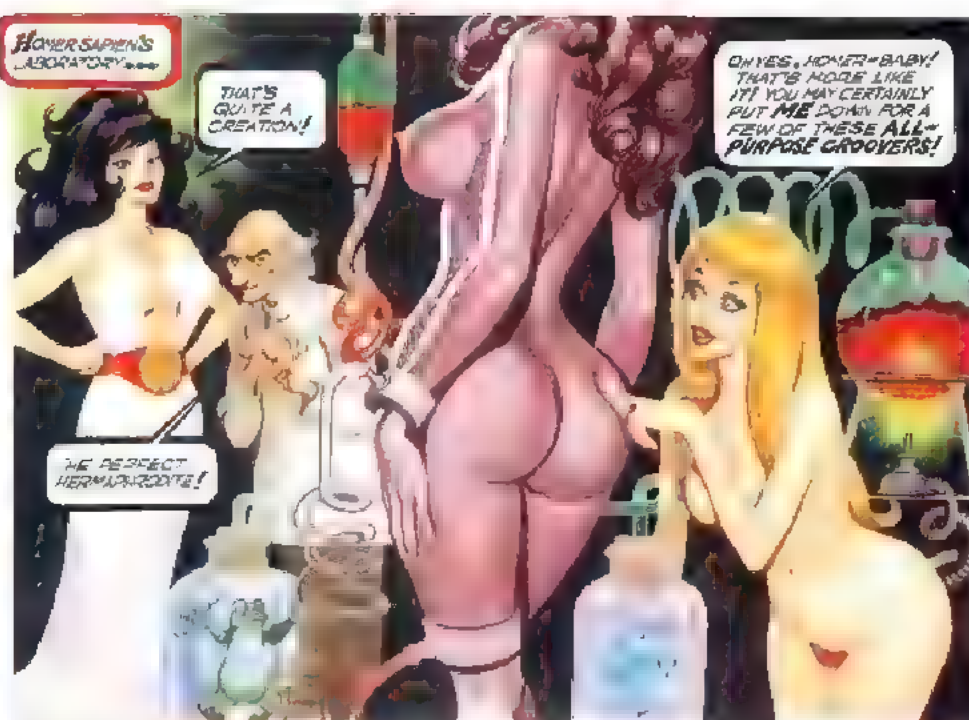
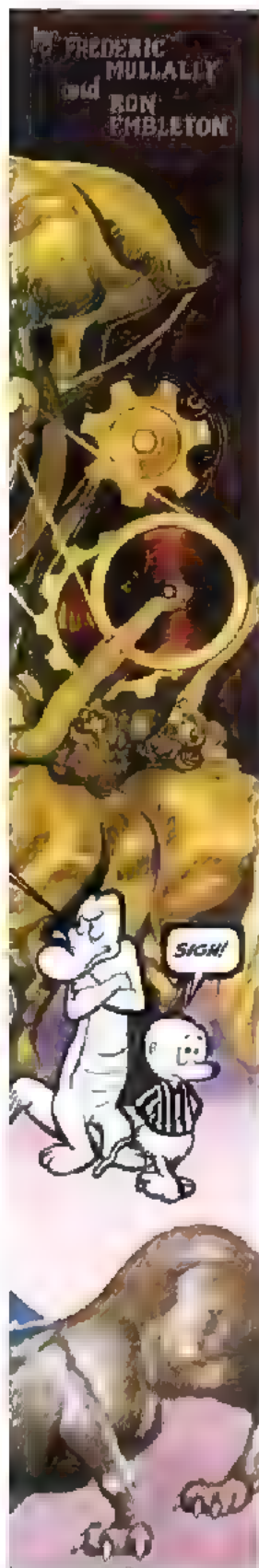
YES—IT'S TIME I DREAMED UP A NEW CAPER

IF THIS IS THE HUMAN SEXUAL CONDITION—GIVE ME THE LIFE CYCLE OF THE OYSTER!

MADE IN U.S.A.

Maider's Delight
Your very own
Pleasure
FREE
Puncture outfit





AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE WELL GUARDED
APARTMENT OF HIGH-POWERED WRITER
AND JOURNALIST NOGHMAN MAILMAN...

...AND SO, BEING
AN AQUARIAN, AND
THEREBY POSSESSED
OF RESONANT BRASS
NECK, SCRAPPED
THE RESTRICTING AND
LABORIOUS FACT...

...WHICH MEANT
GOING TO PUBLIC
LIBRARIES AND
LOOKING THINGS
UP, AND DEvised
THE FACTOID...

...WHICH MEANT
GOING TO PUBLIC
LIBRARIES AND
LOOKING THINGS
UP, AND DEvised
THE FACTOID...



MR MAILMAN? PRINCE PUBLISHERS
HERE. HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE TO WRITE
A BIOGRAPHY OF
THE WORLD'S
SEXIEST SPORTS
ROMAN? THERE'S
HALF A MILLION
IN IT FOR YOU

DOLLARS OR
DOLLARoids?
THE FACTS MAY
BE INVENTED, BUT
I'M AFRAID THE
CASH HAS TO BE
REAL. HEM-HEM!



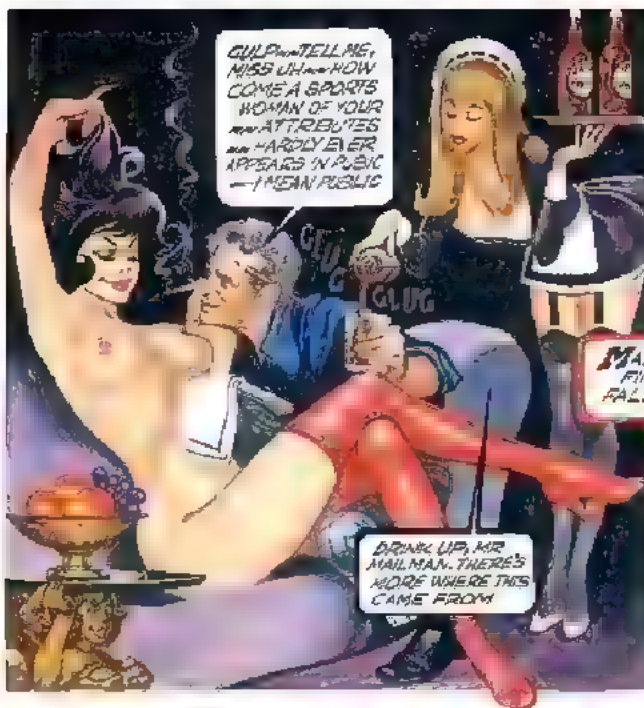
MEANWHILE, ON THE
TENNIS COURT,
BILLYGOAT STING IS
WORKING OUT...

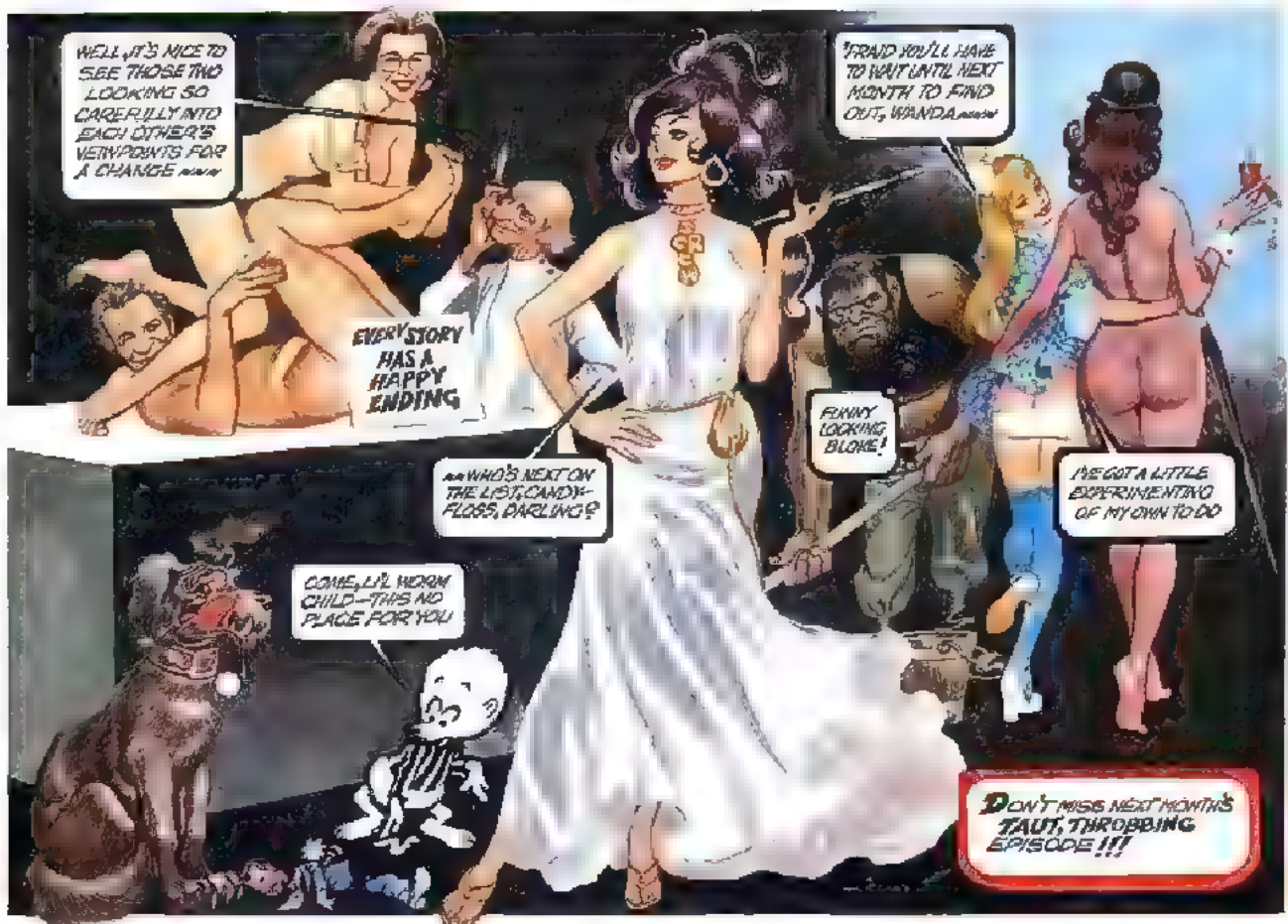
CEASE
FIRE!

CALL FOR YOU,
EXALTED
MADAM!

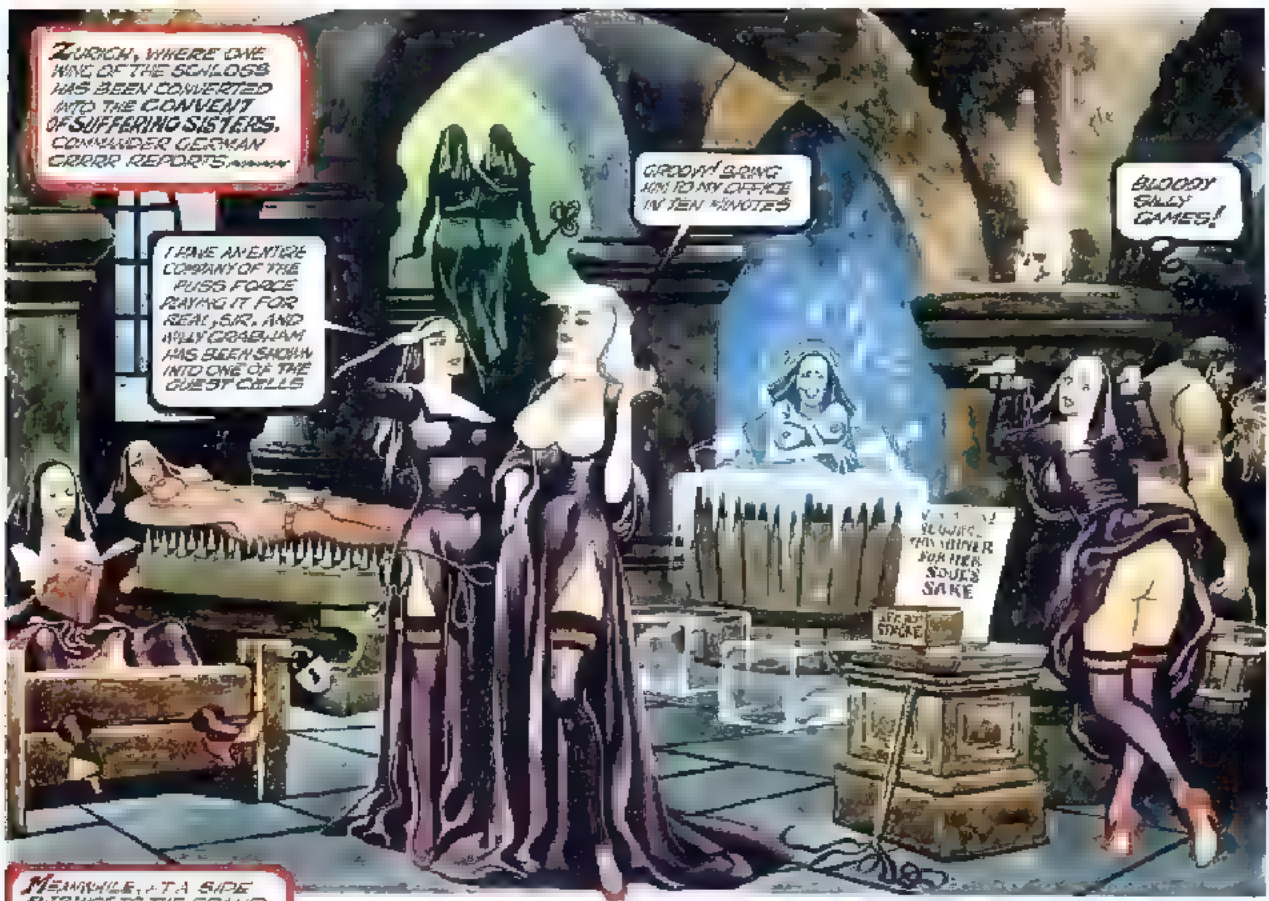
LET THEM... CASP... BRING
ON A THOUSAND... BOBBY
IN PANT... RIGGS - I'LL
BEAT 'EM ALL!



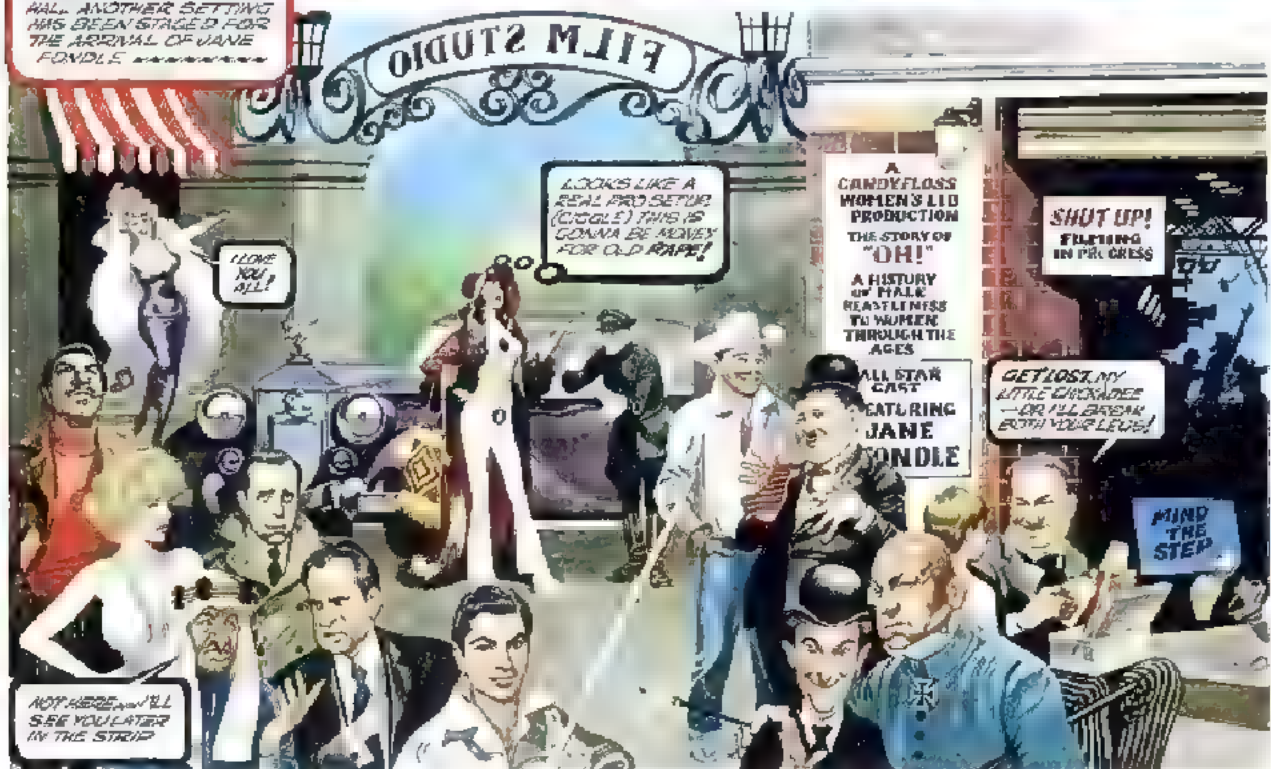


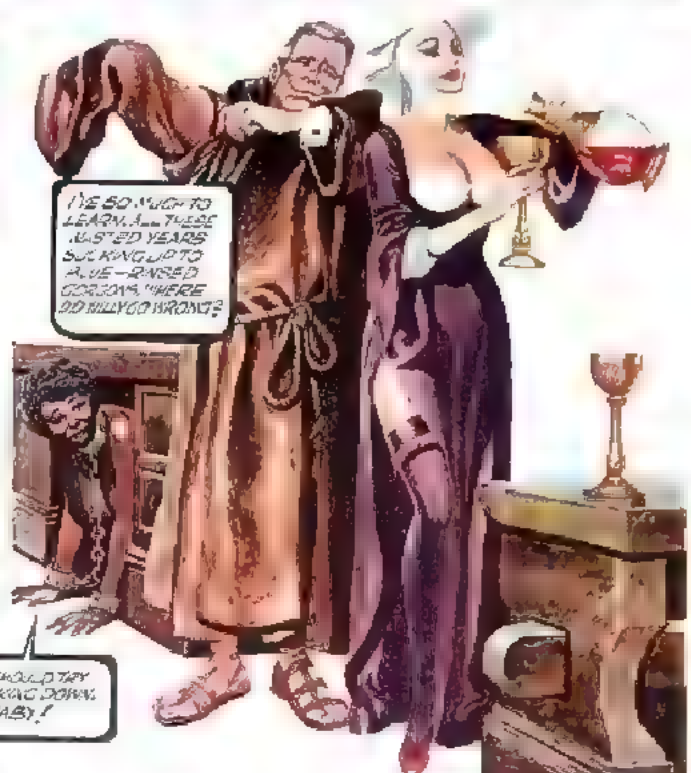
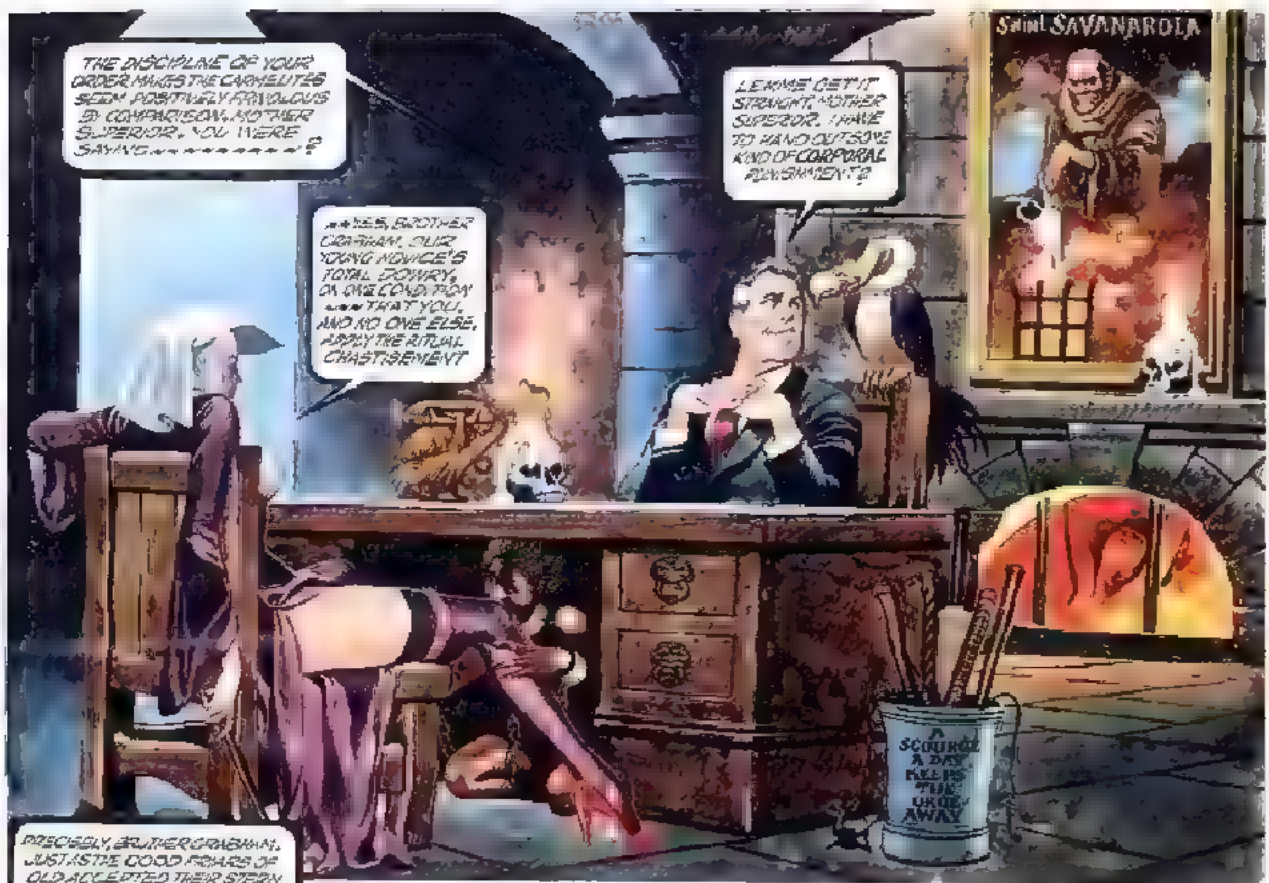


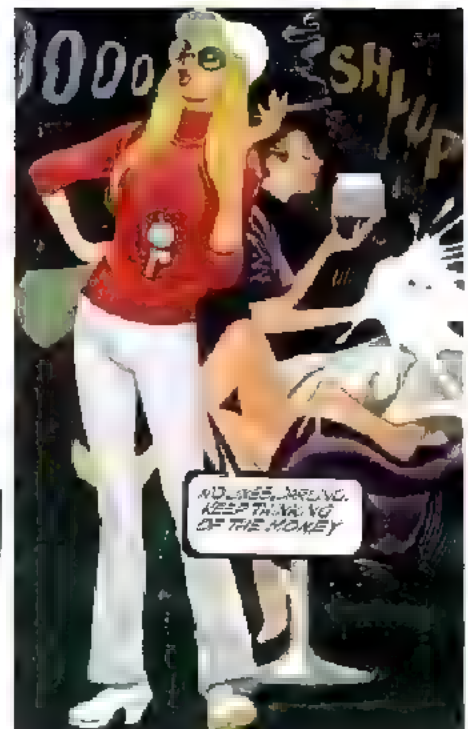
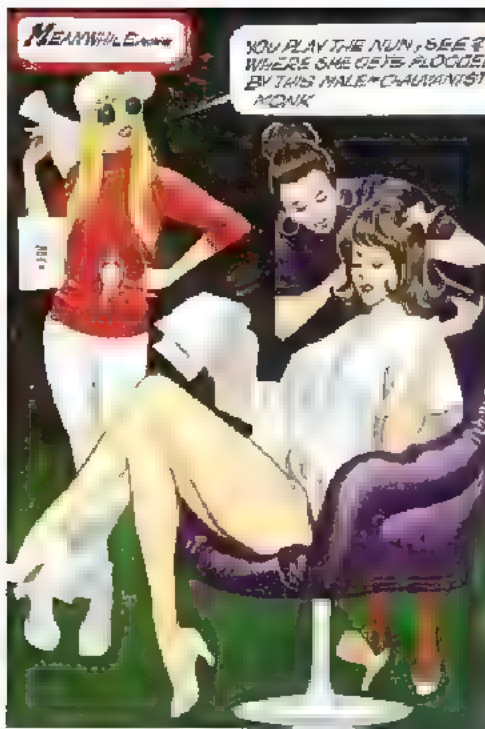


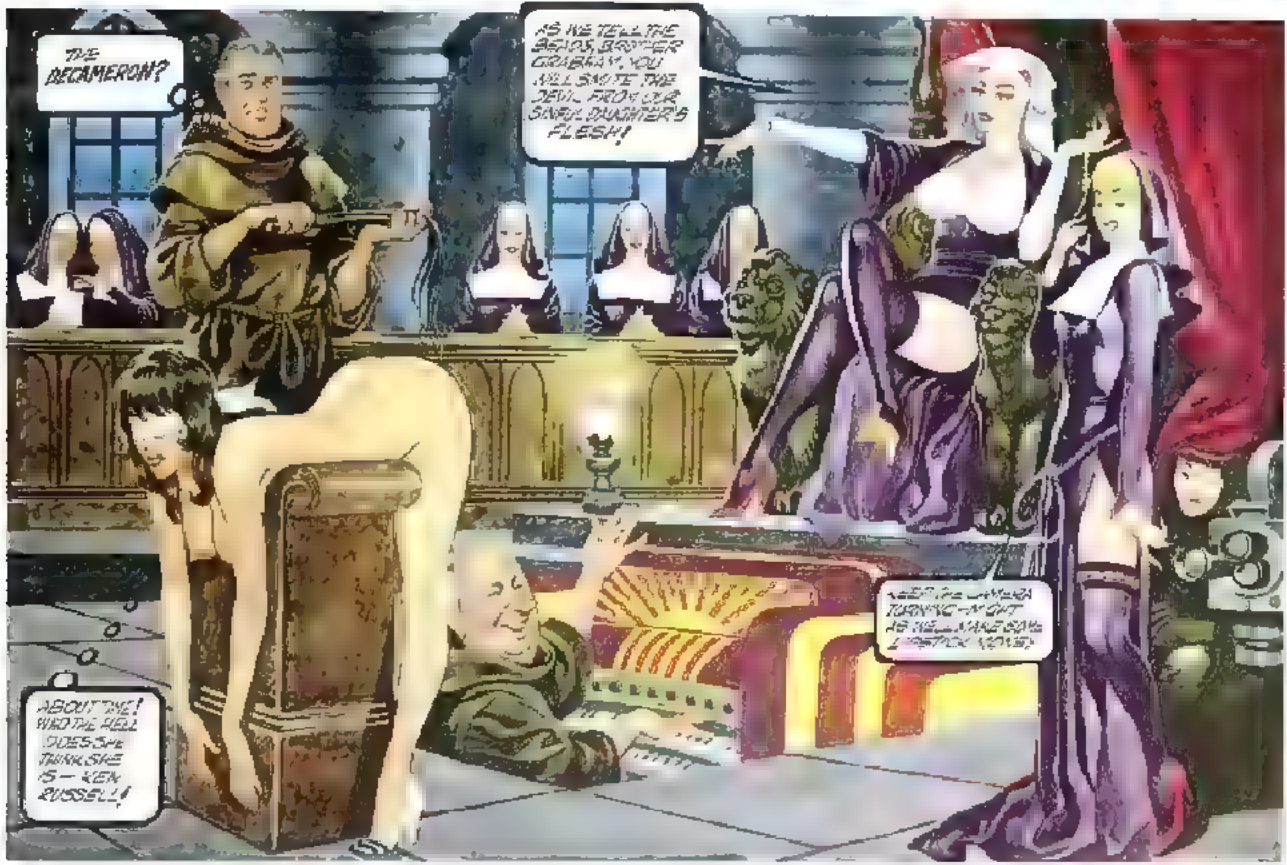
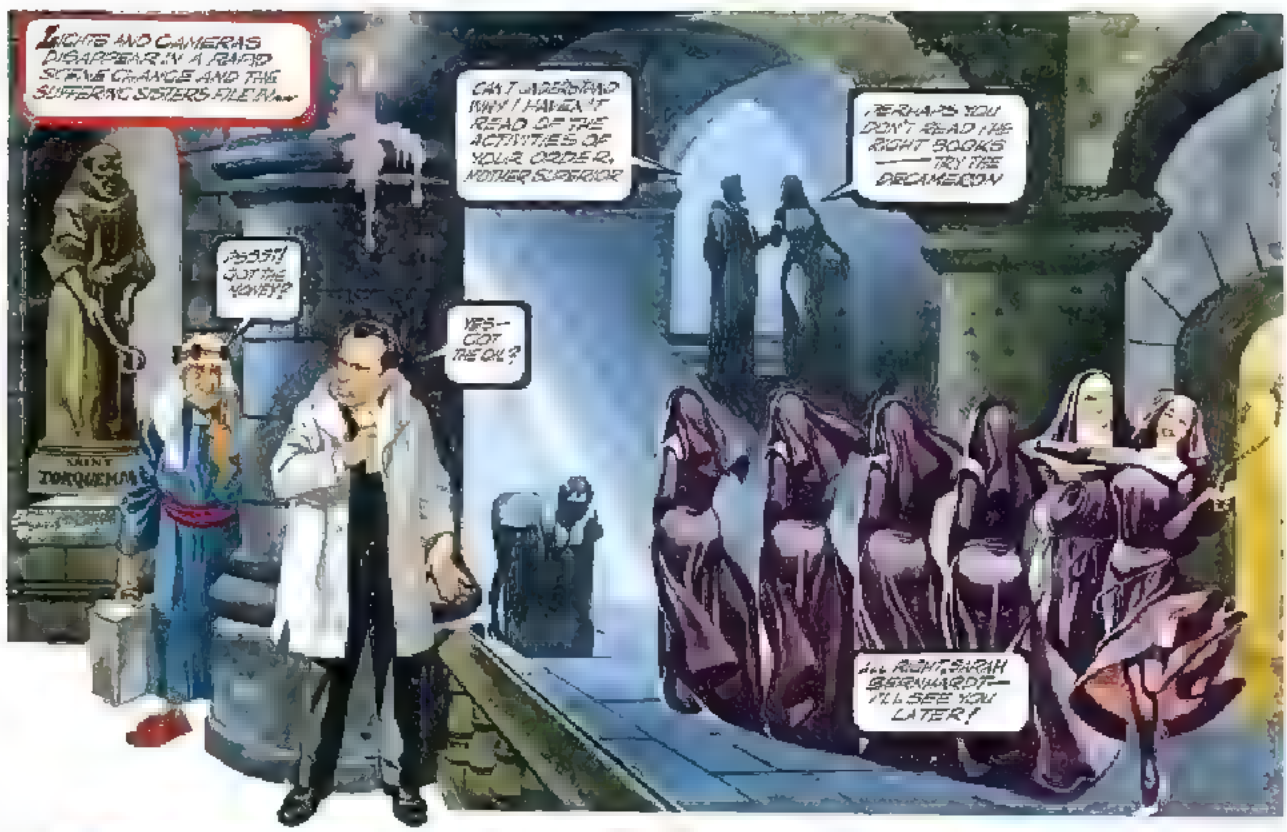


MEANWHILE, AT A SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND HALL, ANOTHER SETTING HAS BEEN STAGED FOR THE ARRIVAL OF JANE FONDLÉ









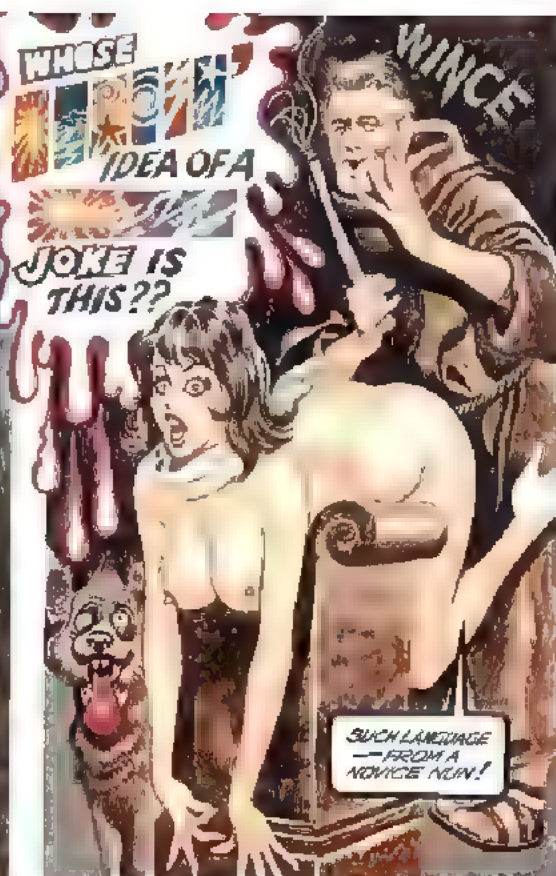


AS WILLY
WIFE...DS THE CAT...

EEAA

YE GODS!
WANDA'S BACK
IN TOWN!

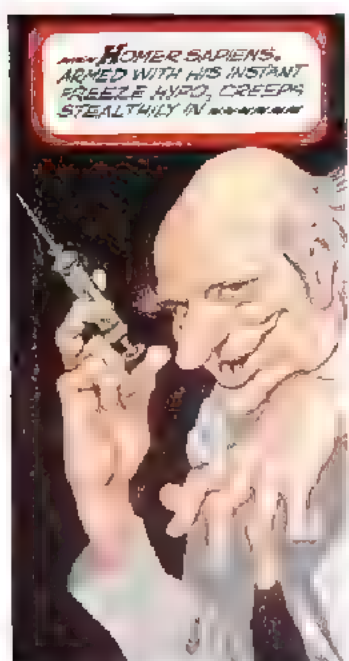
AND NOW A
LITTLE PRICK
FOR YOU, MY PET!



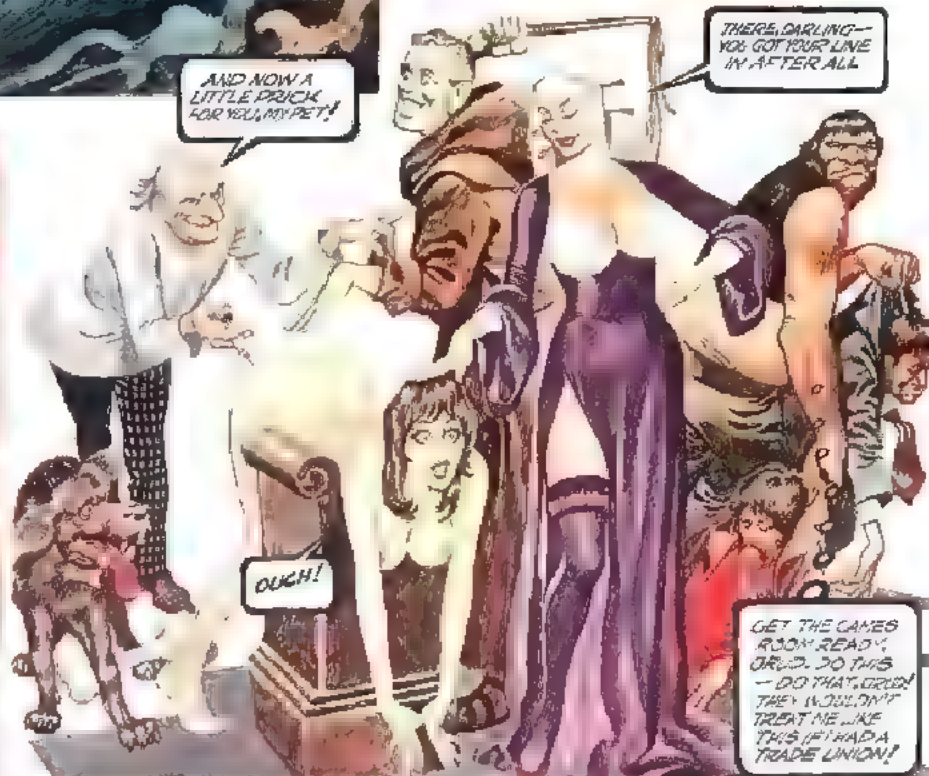
WHOSE
IDEA OF A
JOKE IS
THIS??

WINCE

SUCH LANGUAGE
— FROM A
NOVICE NUN!



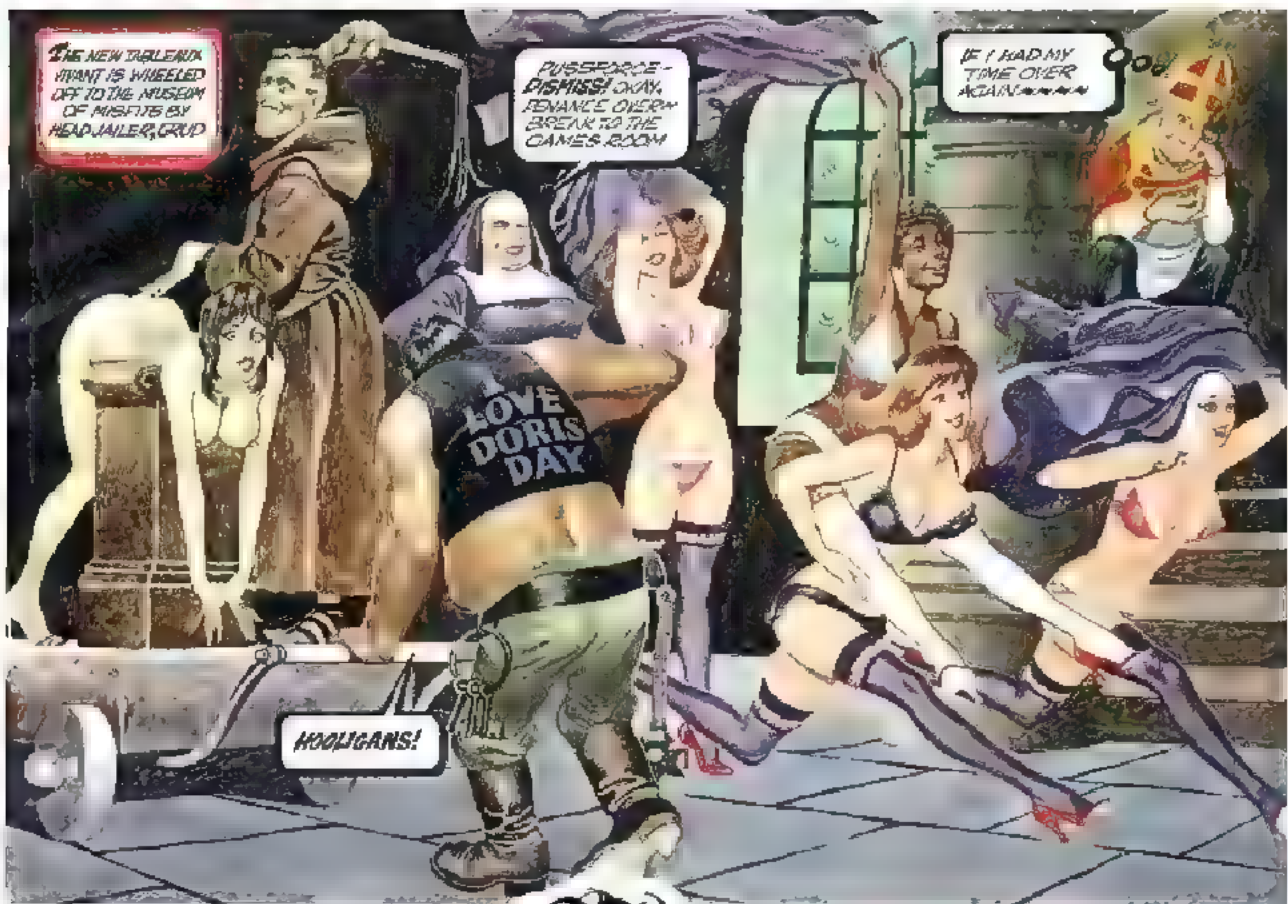
HOMER SAPIENS,
ARMED WITH HIS INSTANT
FREEZE HYPO, CREEPS
STEALTHILY IN...



THERE, DARLING—
YOU GOT YOUR LINE
IN AFTER ALL

OUGH!

GET THE CAMES
ROOM READY!
OR... DO THIS
— DO THAT, GROSS!
THEY WOULDN'T
TREAT ME LIKE
THIS IF I HAD A
TRADE UNION!

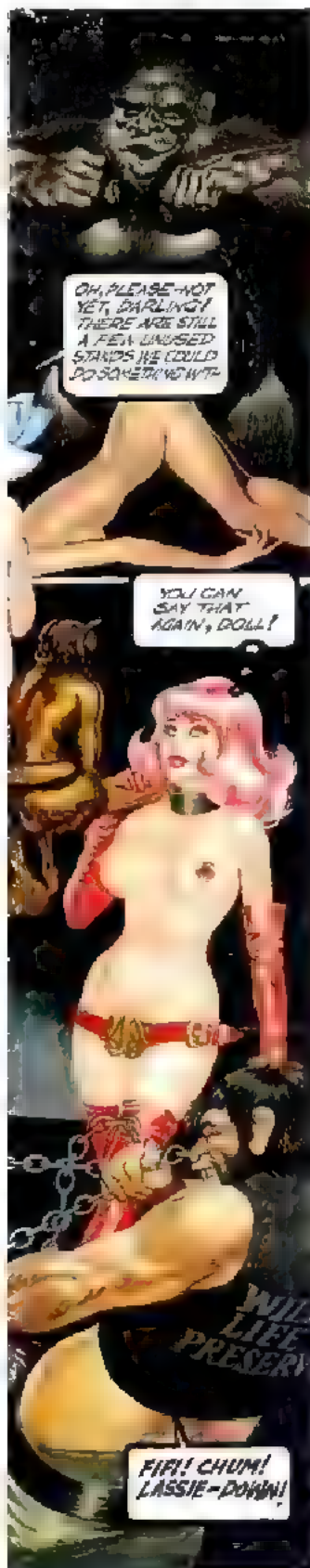


OH, WICKED WANDA!

ON A FINE SPRING MORNING, WARREN KREESUS TAKES HER HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS, ON A TOUR OF HER FIERCELY CONCEIVED MUSEUM OF MISFITS.

IT'S COMING ALONG FINE, RUSSKAKE. MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL IT QUITE AND START OUT ON SOME NEW CAPER?



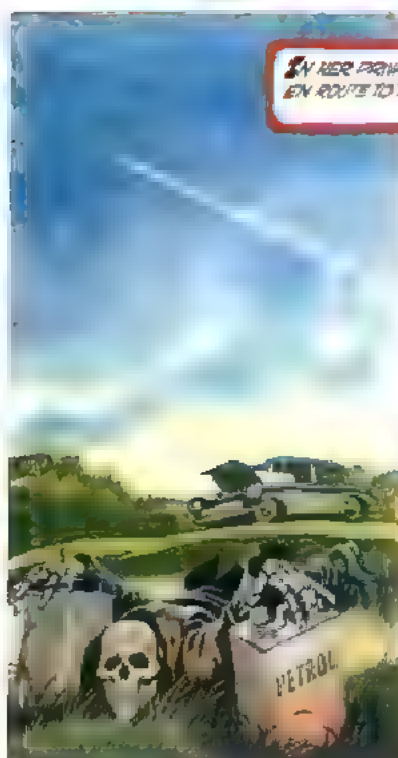


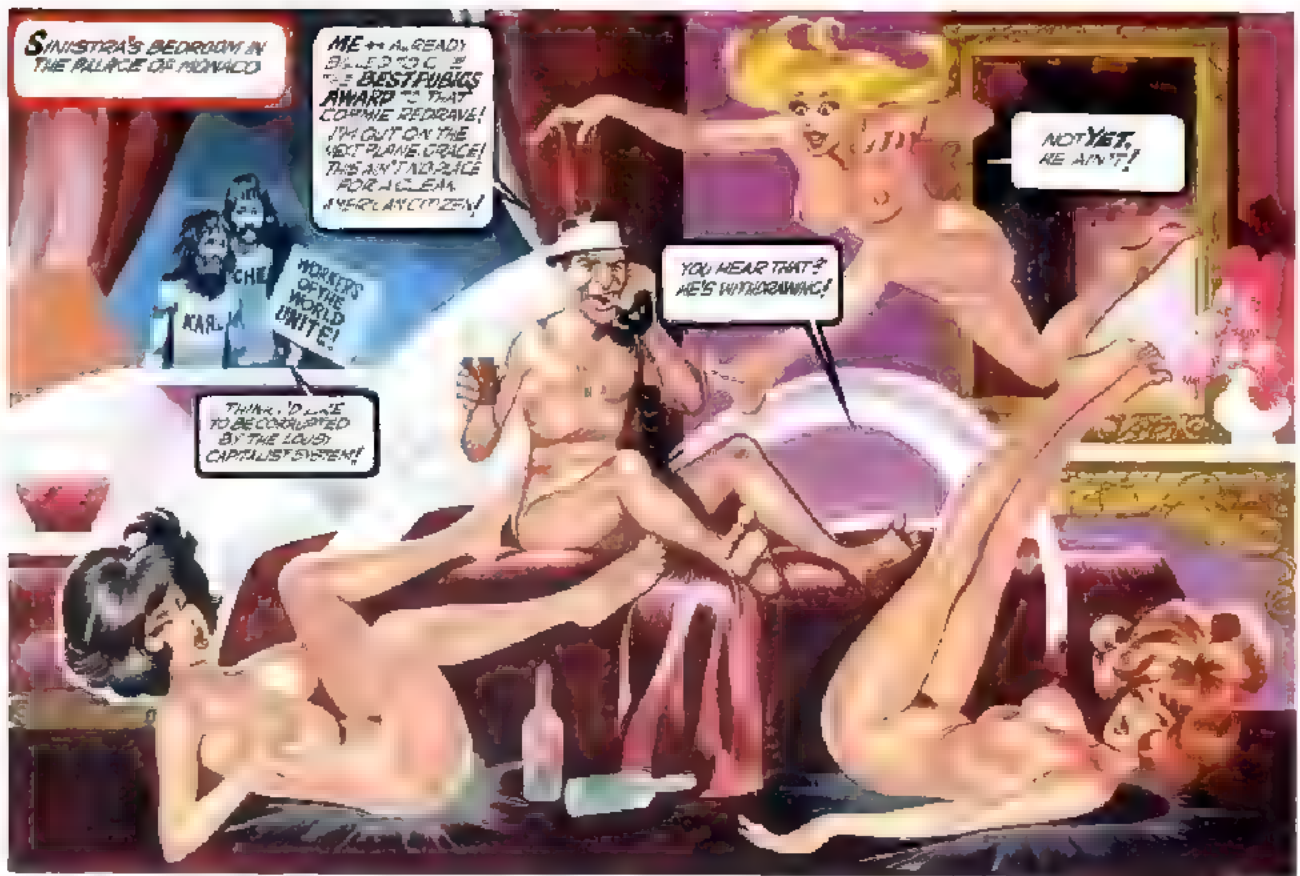


.....ALL THIS WEEK.....SINISTRA IN MONTE CARLO....GUEST OF THE RAINIERS....



..... AND REDRAVE IS IN CANNES, FOR THE FILM FESTIVAL











THESE BOOTS
ARE MADE FOR
WALKIN'!

IT'S A BRUTAL WAY
OF MAKING A GUY
COME TO HEEL,
BUT—CHAGIN
SON BOOT!

LATER, BACK AT THE
SCHLOSS

NINETY EIGHT
~ NINETEEN ~
ONE HUNDRED!
MAKES A SUPER
EXHIBIT, BOO-FUL!
WHAT'S NEXT ON THE
MENU FOR KICKS?

WELL, FOR
STARTERS, YOU
COULD TRY
PUTTING YOUR
YOUTH WHERE
YOUR MONEY IS!

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S
KNEE-TREMBLING INSTALLMENT!!

OH WICKED WANDA!

THE AMPHITHEATRE AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS, EAGER PLEB FORCE COMMANDOS DISPLAY THEIR FIDELITY BEFORE THE CRITICAL EYE OF THEIR BELOVED LEADER

OH MY GAWD!

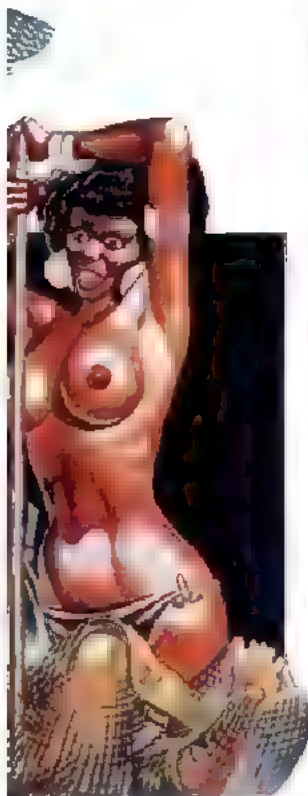
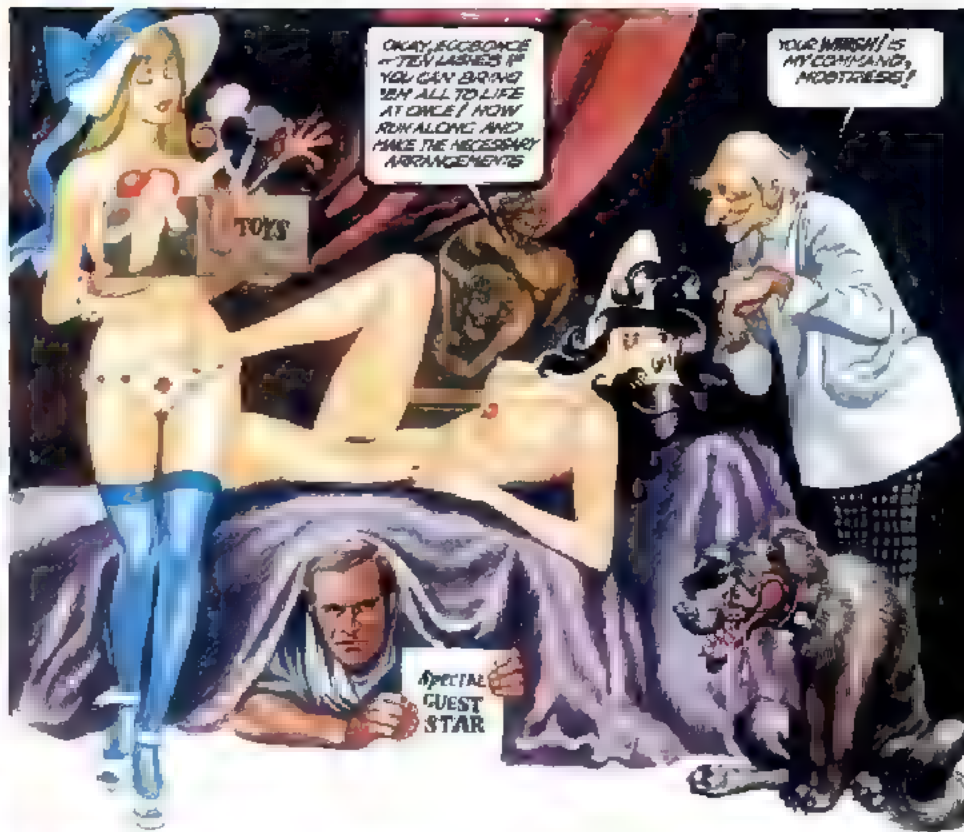
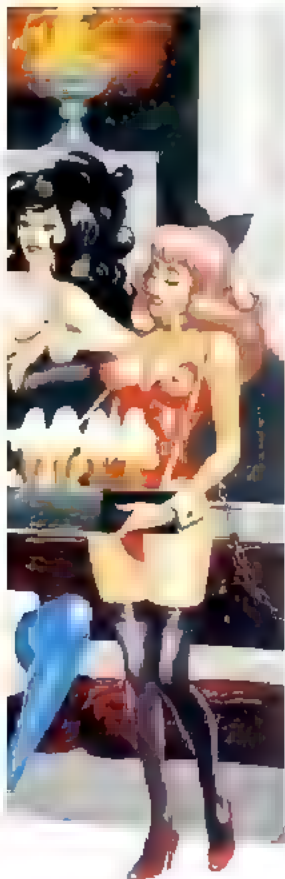
PREPARE YOURSELF - MAN FINK!

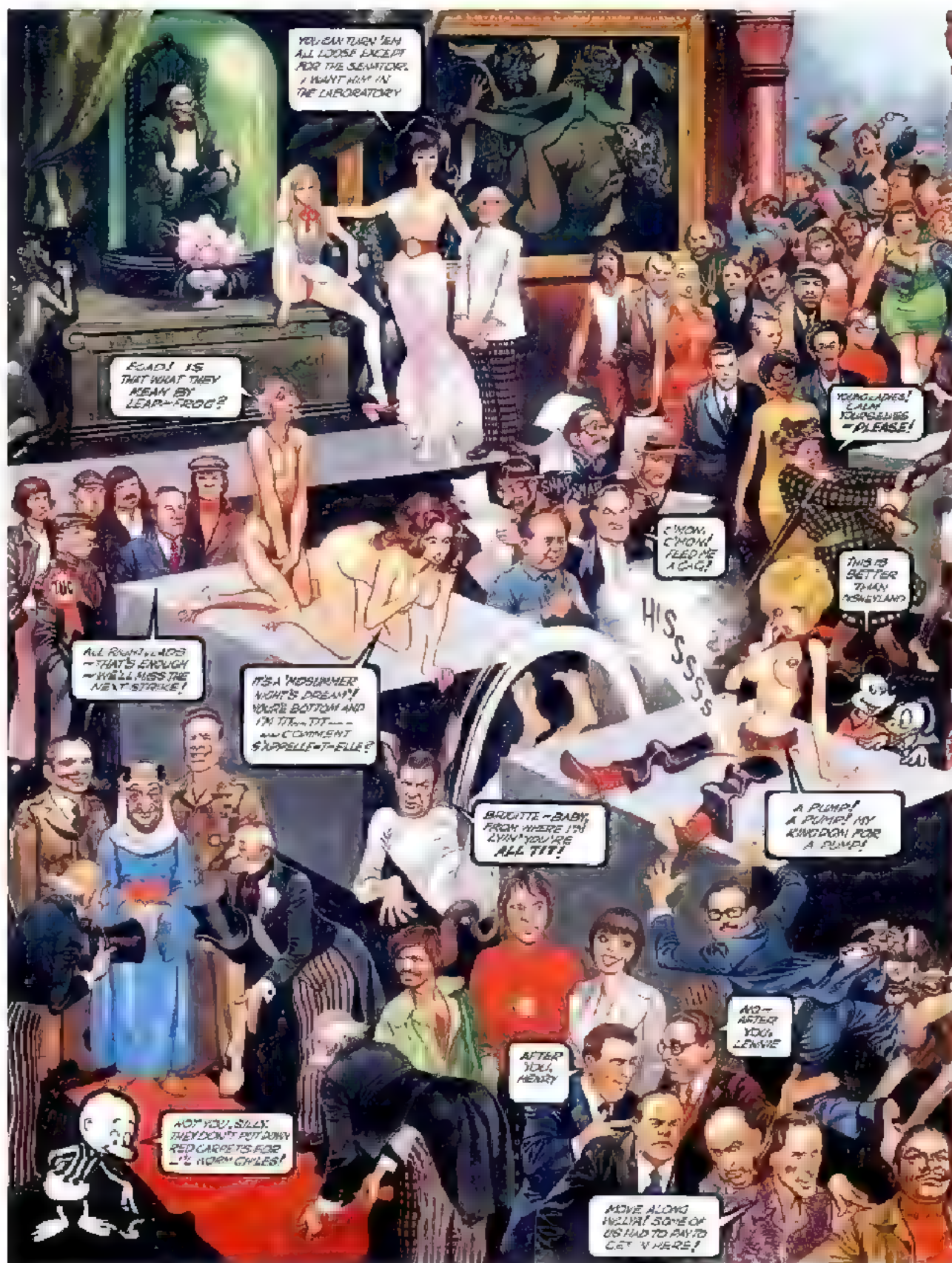
I'VE JUST BEEN DONING MY SUMMERS, PLEB-GAR! SEVEN INDIVIDUAL SPECIES IN OUR MUSEUM - ONE FOR EVERY TENDER YEAR OF YOUR LIFE. SHALL WE CALL IT A DAY?

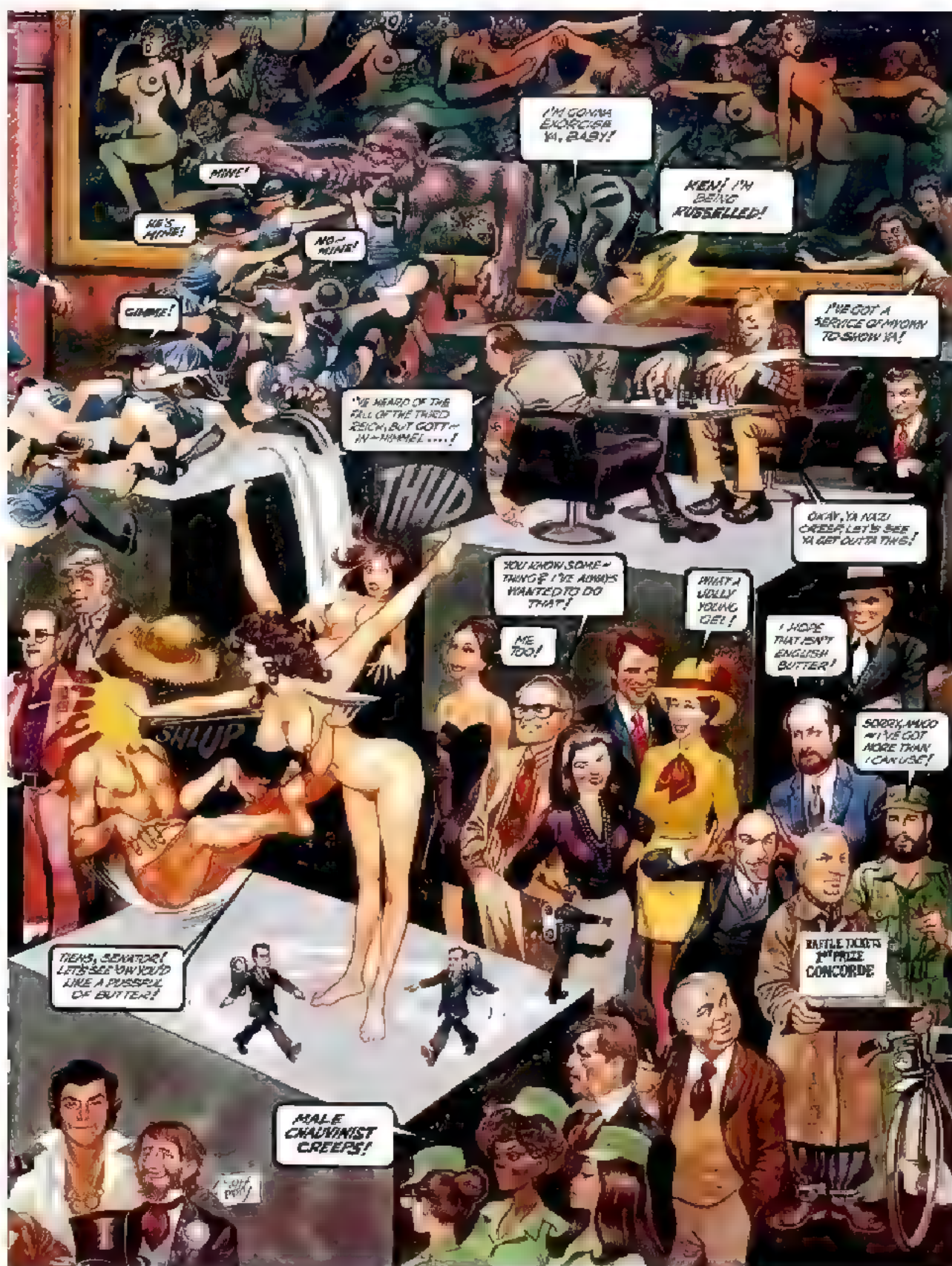
YOU'RE THE BOSS, WANDA DARLING! YOU GOTTA WASTE 'EM?

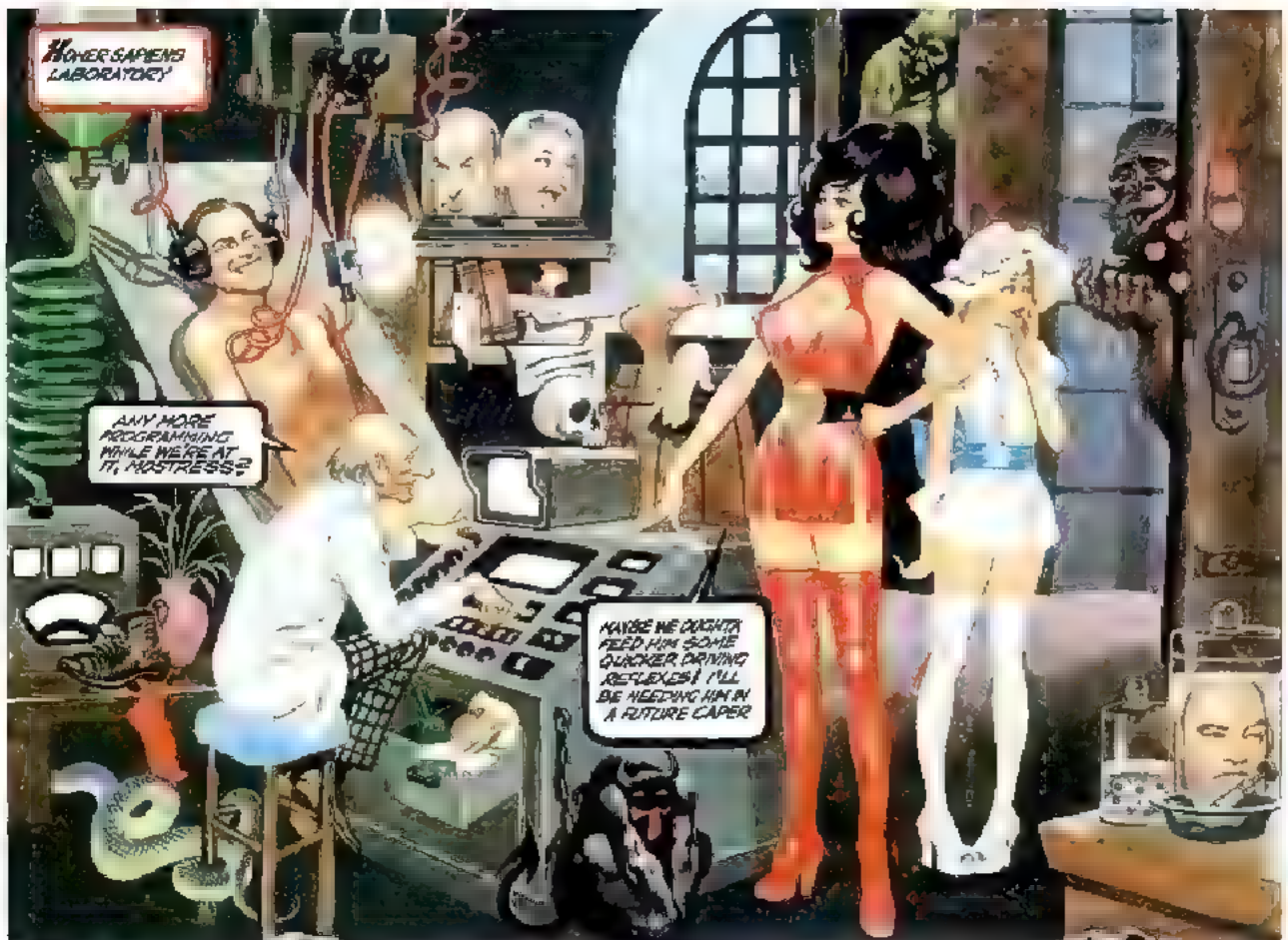
NEGATIVE! WE'RE STAGING A GREAT AWAKENING FOR THE PUBLIC! GET ME HOMER SAPIENS













OH WICKED WANDA!

WANDA VON KREESUS, HEIRESS TO THE KREESUS MILLIONS, IS KICKING UP HEAVEN IN THE VELVET SUITE OF HER SINISTER SCHLOSS OVERLOOKING LAKE ZURICH. HER HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS, IS MISSING!

CANDYFLOSS!

WHERE ARE YOU?

THIS USED TO BE A NICE NEIGHBOURHOOD!

FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

WE KNOW SHE HAD A RENDEZVOUS WITH HER EX-BALLET ROSEBUD FRIEND, CHIEF. PERSON CALLED LOLA LUTZITT

THE POLICE SAY THEY'VE FOUND HER CAR, MISTRESS, PARKED IN A GENEVA SUBURB. NO TRACE OF CANDYFLOSS!

DON'T BULL ME! MY LITTLE PUSSYCAT'S BEEN KIDNAPPED! GET A TELEX OFF TO 'BURRO' BOSSOTTI IN MIAMI!



AND SO TO THE PALM FRINGED PLAYGROUND OF MIAMI, ESCORTED BY LITTLE TONTO, TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR THE CRAPO DI CRAP! OF THE WORLDWIDE COSI' NAISTI!

COME AGAIN, DEARIE

I WISH! HE'S DEAD!

GAMMY! BRING ME ANOTHER BEER!

COMING, LOVER!

WHY CAN'T YOU CONFORM LIKE THE REST OF THE FOOLS AROUND HERE?

BEAT IT!

THIS IS BURRO'S H.Q.?

YOU KNOW BURRO, HE DON'T DO NO OSTENTATION

MORRY! YOUR BAGGEL'S ARE ON THE TABLE - I'M GOIN' SHOPLIFTIN'

I'LL SAY THIS FOR YOU, MYRA - YOU TRY! YOU DO TIZ!

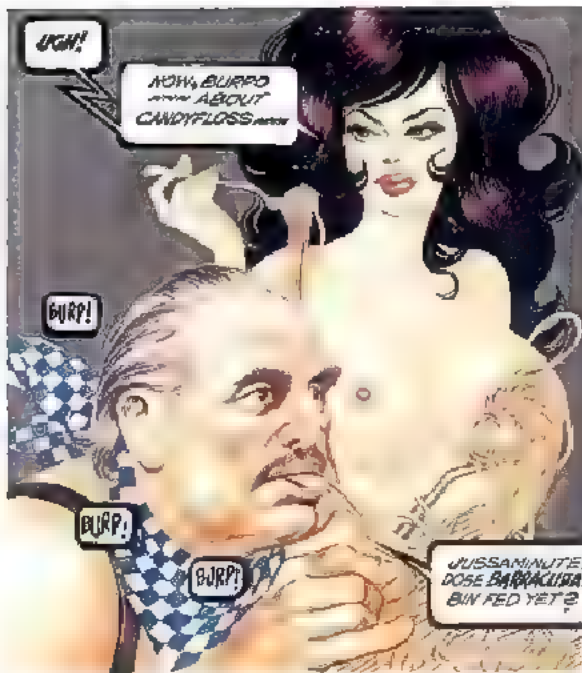
AN' ITT ROME

HONEST SPIRO'S

MOTHER'S DAY AIN'T FAR AWAY
\$150









OH, WICKED WANDA!

LITTLE CANDYFLOSS, ASSISTANT-GENERAL TO WANDA VON KREISLER, HAS DISAPPEARED! BUT GERMAN CROPS AND HER JESS COMMANDOS NOW HAVE THEIR HANDS ON LOLA LUSTITT, THE DICKY WHO DECEIVED CANDYFLOSS AWAY FROM THE SICKLES. NOW REEL ON, WANDA!

MRADDA MEAN SHE WON'T TALK? FETCH ME SOME MORE OF MY ENEMYDE PERSUADERS!

by **FREDERIC MULLALLY** and **RON EMBLETON**

NO DICE, CHIEF. WE ALREADY TRIED THAT. SHE **LUVVITT!**

I'M YA FAIRY GOODWOMEN— COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL THIS!

A RIGHT HANDFUL, THIS ONE!

NO COMPLAINTS FROM THE LEFT, COMRADE!

GET THESE BUTCHES AWAY OFF ME WIFE! I DO 'EM BOTH AN INJURY!

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

BAZ PERKINS

GOD! WHAT AN ENLADYLIKE DISPLAY!





CANDYLOSS WAS NOT
BALLERINA-ASSOLUTA
WITH ME WHEN WE WERE STAR
ATTRACTIONS OF PARIS'S
INFAMOUS BALLET-ROSE ANN

RECENTLY OUR EX-MESSAGEBOY,
THE UNDISPENSABLE DOCTOR
JACHIMO WEIN, GOT IN
TOUCH WITH ME AND MADE
ME AN OFFER I COULDN'T
REFUSE

IN TER

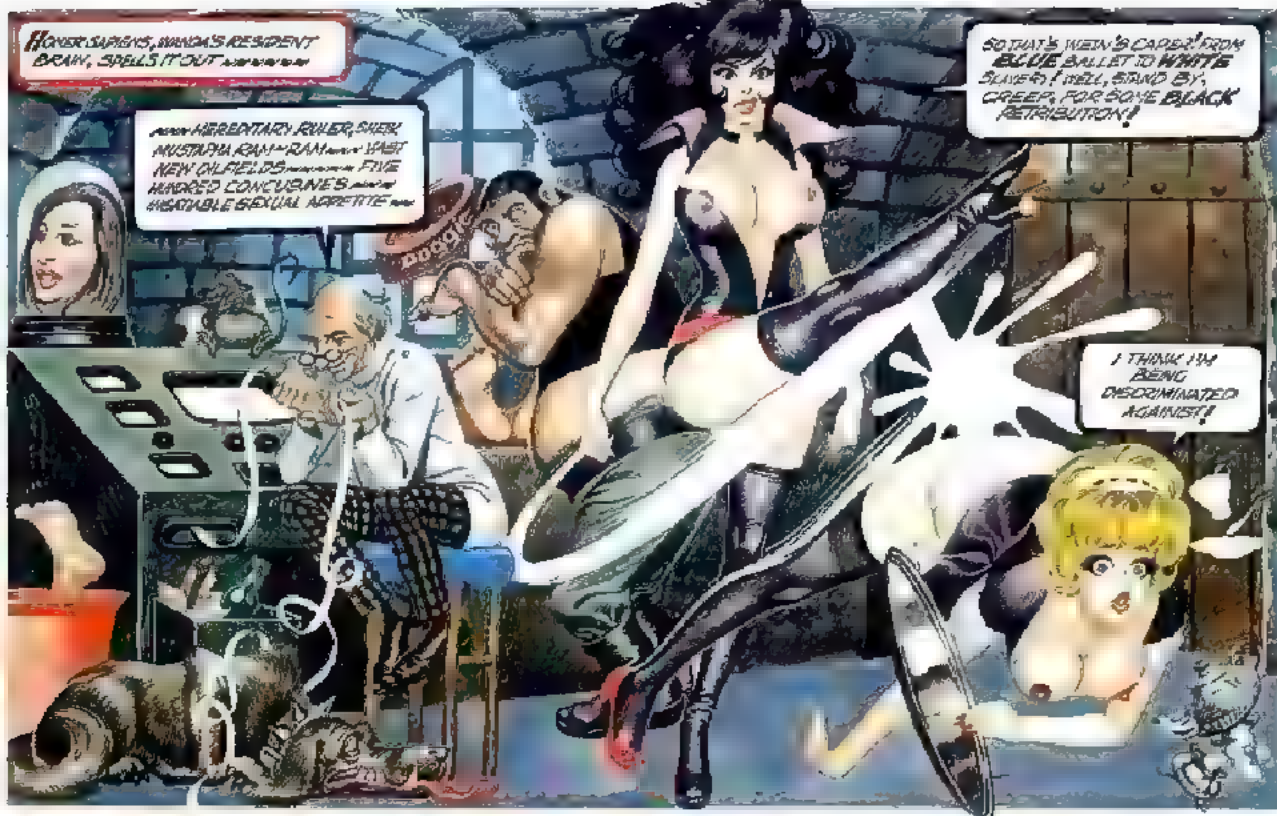
LE WD

YOU CAN KEEP
YA DYIN' SHAW, MATE!

"LURE YOUR DEAR FRIEND
CANDYLOSS OUT OF THE
KAY ROSSIE SCHLOSS", HE
SAID. "THERE'S FORTY PIECES
OF GOLD IN IT FOR YOU,
LOLA-BABE"

WHAT'S THAT? YOU'RE
DARN RIGHT SHE NEVER SAW
ME. SEE, THERE WAS THIS
SECRET DOOR CONNECTING
WEIN'S VILLA TO THE EMBASSY
OF THE MIDDLE EASTERN
KINGDOM OF RAM-RAM!

SO I MADE THIS DATE
WITH HER IN GENEVA, AT A
VILLA BELONGING TO WEIN.
SOON AS SHE SHOWED UP I
SPLIT - AFTER COLLECTING,
OF COURSE



MEANWHILE, IN THE PALACE OF
CUSTODIA 3:41-3:41

THE AD SAID
"HIS PAIR
WANTED!"

I WONDER WHAT
THE OLD GUY AT
WHITE HORSE STREET
ARE DOING NOW?

HOW MUCH LONGER
DO I HAVE TO WAIT
TO SEE THIS MYNAP
WITH THE SECRET OF
INEXPRESSIBLE
PLEASURE
INDEFINITELY
PROLONGED?

LATE 5:00 PM. WE'VE
NEED 87,000 DISPOSABLE
DIAPERS... 2 TONS
OF REDUCED BABY FOOD.

GOT THE
KEY TO
THE PRADER
STORE?

THAT'S
ABOUT
ALL HE
HAS GOT!

AND TO THINK I COULD
HAVE BEEN PRINCIPAL
CASTRATO IN THE
VATICAN CHOIR!

SHE IS BEING PREPARED RIGHT NOW
FOR YOUR MAJESTY'S PLEASURE.
YOUR MAJESTY, MEANWHILE, IF YOUR
MAJESTY WOULD BE PREPARED TO
SIGN OVER THIS MISERABLE
OIL CONCESSION.

FORBIDERS
JOURNAL

EXCESSIVE
PENHOUSE
FIT
ERASER

YOU KNOW, DOING THIS
"GENERATION" KICK-
ASSER THAT MIGHT HAVE
TO WORK FOR A LITTLE!

GAY KANDA AND HER DIFCOS
SAVE LITTLE CANDYLOSS FROM
THE RAIN-RAMIFICATIONS OF
THE DESPOTABLE WHEN? OIL
IN FAVOR SAY "AH!"

OH, WICKED WANDA!

APART FROM SOME BICKERING
THAT THE DEVILS JACKINO
WEIN AND SHEIKH MUSTAPHA
RAY-RAM, IT'S A PRETTY
AVERAGE DAY IN THE PALACE.

ANYONE'D THINK ALL
THIS MASTERS AND
JOHNSON STUFF
WAS NEW!

WELL -
A GORE
NEEDS
A HOBBY
AROUND
HERE!

Masterbatory
techniques
Frederic
Mullally
and
Ron Embleton

LOOK AT
HER-SHE'S
AT IT
AGAIN!

PEEL IT
FIRST!

I'M SAYING NOTHING,
INFIDEL, TILL I'VE ROAD-
TESTED THIS NYMPH
WITH THE SECRET OF
(INEXPRESSIBLE-
PLEASURE-INDIFFINELY
-PROLONGED!

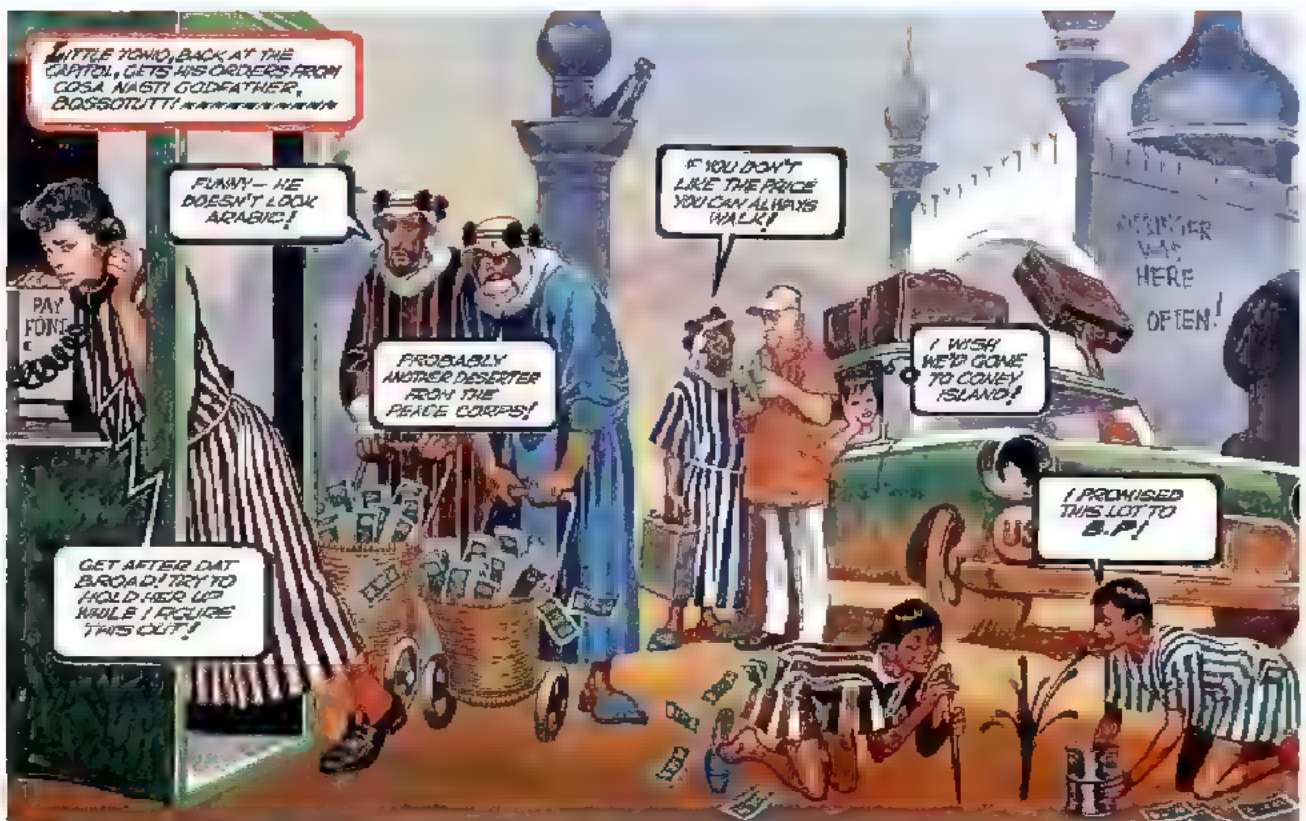
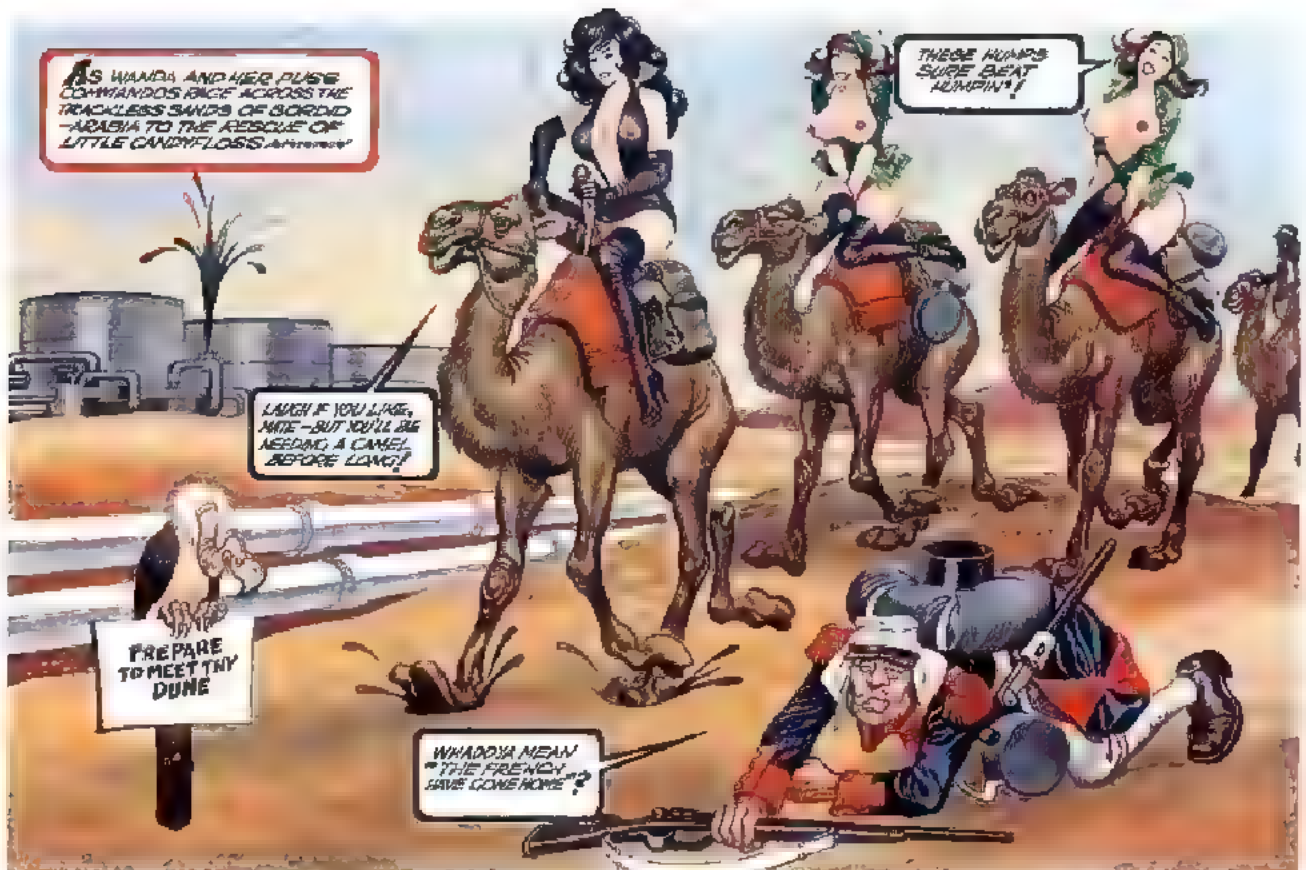
OIL
CONCESSION

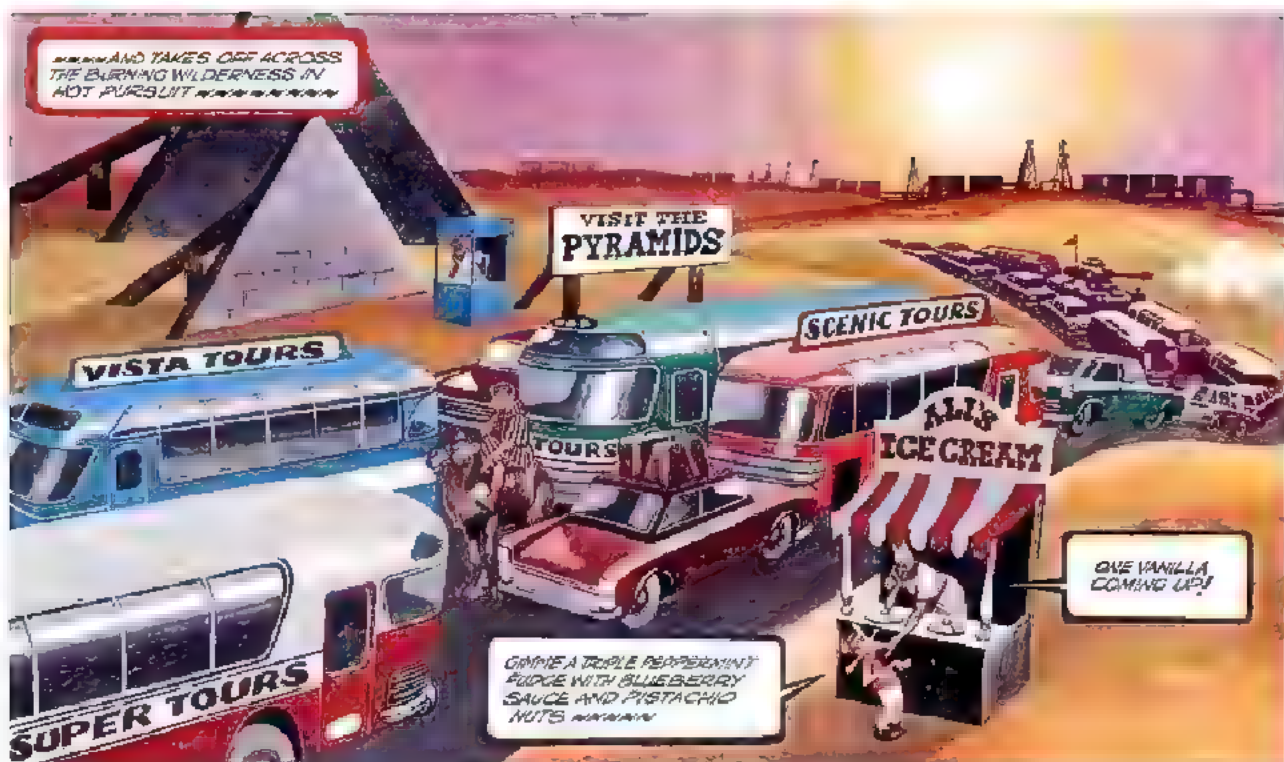
SHE'S PREPARING
HERSELF E'EN NOW,
YOUR SERENITY!
WHAT SAY A LITTLE
BIZNESS BEFORE
-HEHEHE- P.P.P

GLADYS BLUNTZ - YOU
HAVE A DEGREE IN
SOLOXOXY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ELLO,
SAILOR!









GET 'EM UP!
THIS IS A
HILARIOUS

YOU'RE TOO LATE!
WE'RE ALREADY
BEIN' HILARIOUS!

YOU KNOW WHAT GETS
ME? A HUNDRED YEARS
AGO I COULD'VE SENT A
GUNBOAT UP THE NILE
AND TAKEN THE LOT!

WHAT ABOUT MY
INEXPLESSIBLE
PLEASURE
INDEFINITELY
PROLONGED?

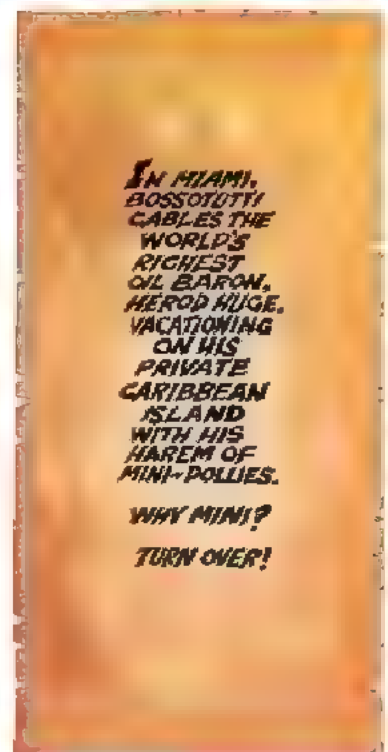
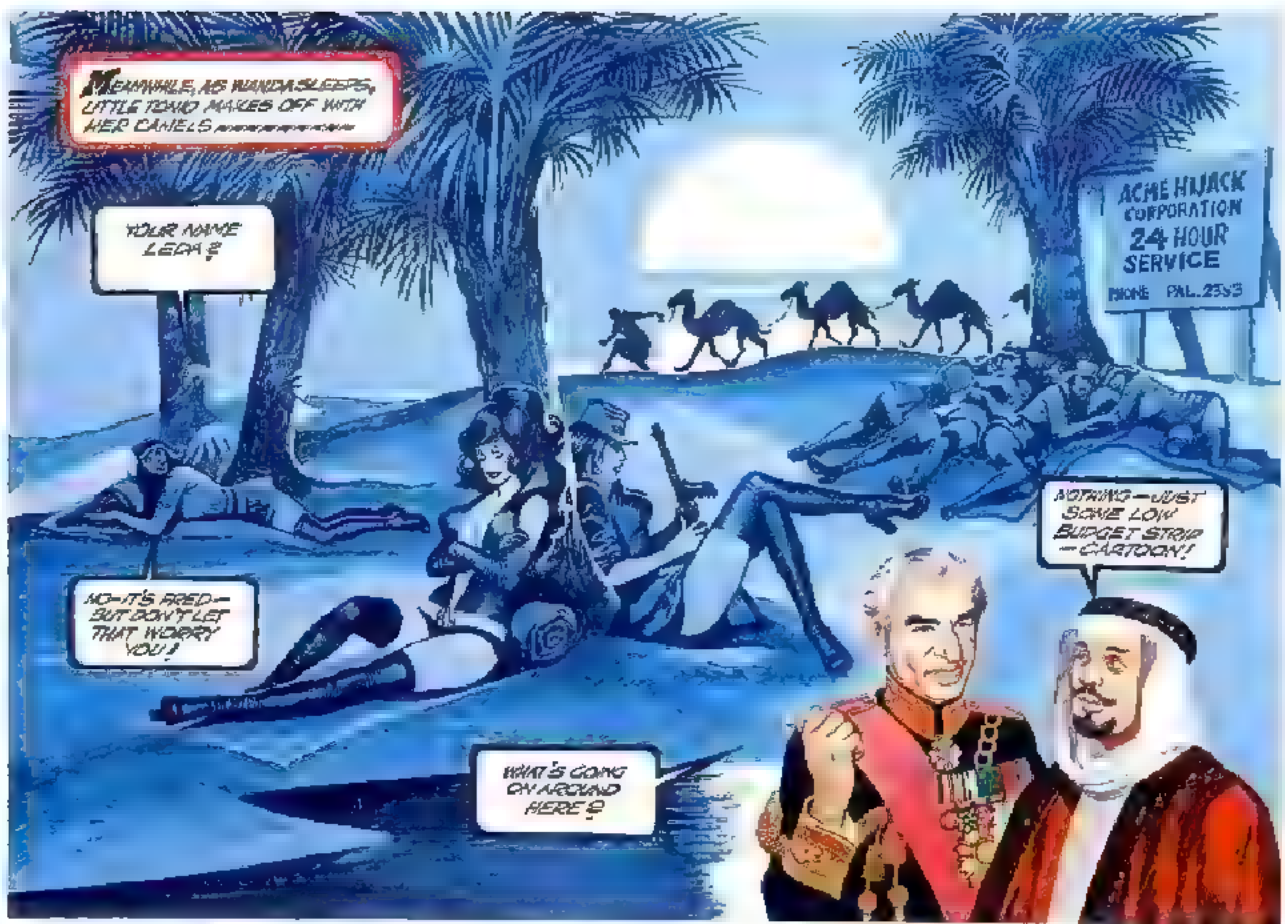
CAPTAIN, TELL YOUR
CREW TO PUT UP
THEIR HANDS, THIS
IS A HILACK!

SORRY, SHEKIE
-BABY, FRESH
OUT OF JIPPI!
HOWEVER, IF
YOU WANNA TALK
ABOUT THAT OIL
CONCESSION
YOU'RE OFFERING
THAT SLOB
INCHING WEINER

IT REMINDS ME
OF THE ARABIAN
NIGHTS!

IT REMINDS ME OF
A BUTCHER'S SHOP
WINDOW ON
CHRISTMAS EVE!





HE'S MEAN! HE'S MOODY! HE'S

MAGNIFICENT!

I HATE
SEEING NOW
THE OTHER
HALF LIVES!

FANCY A QUICK
FULL ROYAL
BUPPEE TEA?

HAI MY DEAR FRIEND, BURRO!
SEND LUNCH TO MEET ME,
MIDDAY TOMORROW. TURKISH
HIDEBS IN WADA VOM KREBSLEB
HEADING FOR RAM-RAM WITH
FRESH CRUMPET FOR SHAKIN
MUSTAPHIA!

HEAD UP—SHOULDERS
BACK—MUCH
BUTTER, MISS
SNAPPLANCE!

TRY THAT WITH AGE,
MITE—AND YOU'LL
GET THE STRAIGHT
IN THE MOOSH!

THAT'N
NOT A
WEEF
KNOT!

POUNCE
FOR ALL
THE SEX
STUFF!

NO—GAVE
A GOOD
BONE
ANYDAY!

WINTER
FEEL
TO ME!

BENT, KID—YOU
DON'T GET BADGES
FOR WHAT'S GOIN'
ON AROUND HERE!

AT LAST
I'VE
SEEN
EVERYTHING!





OH WICKED WANDA!

OUTSTRIPPING THE PLUS COMMANDOS
IN HER ANXIETY TO RESCUE
CINDYFELLS FROM HER OCHLOUS
KIDNAPPERS, WANDA NOW KREESES
WALKS SLAP INTO A SALVATION OF
SORDID-ARABIAN SLAVE TRADERS

A SUNSHINE HOME
AWAY FROM IT ALL?
CALL RASCHID
BEN VESCO INC.
(RAM-RAM 69)

AMAZON—
SHAMAZON!
CAN'T THOUGHT
SEE SHE'S
SHEDDING A
FULL PAIR?

COULD BE
ONE OF THOSE
ISRAELI
ANGELS ON
HER WAY
HOME?

ANYWAY, WHO'S
GONNA ASK—
HEH! HEH!—
WHAT RELIGION
SHE IS!







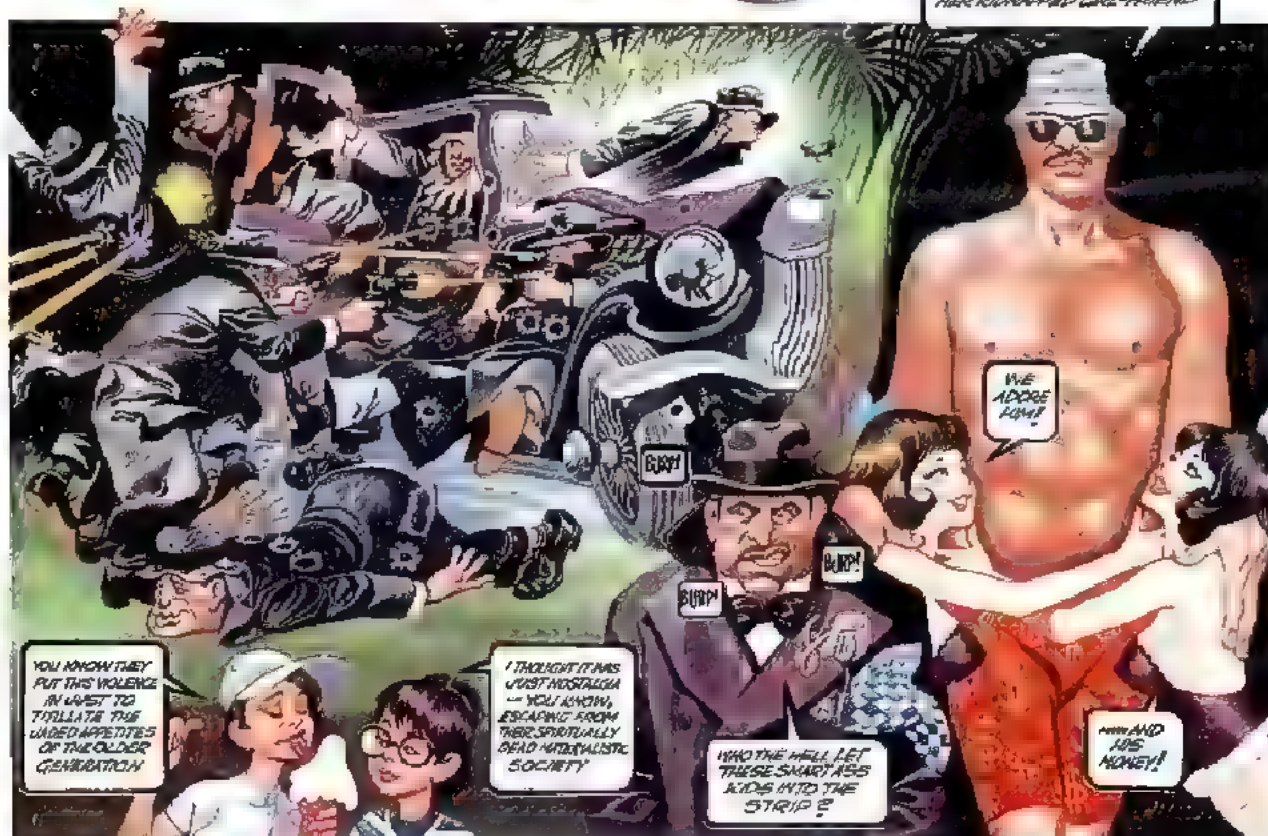
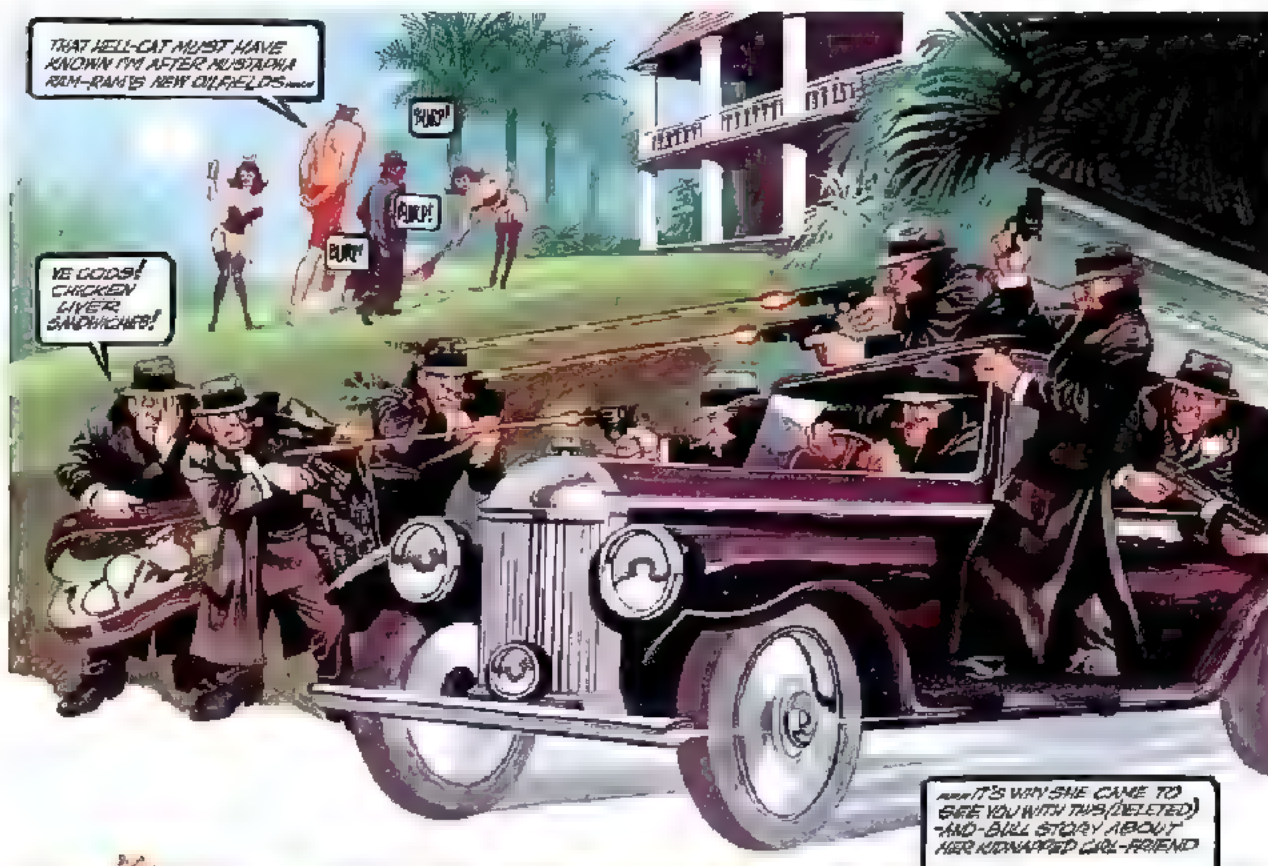
ON HIS PRIVATE CARIBBEAN ISLAND, HEROD HUGE GREETES BURRO BOSSOTUTTI, CRABO DI CRABO OF THE COSA NOSTRA.

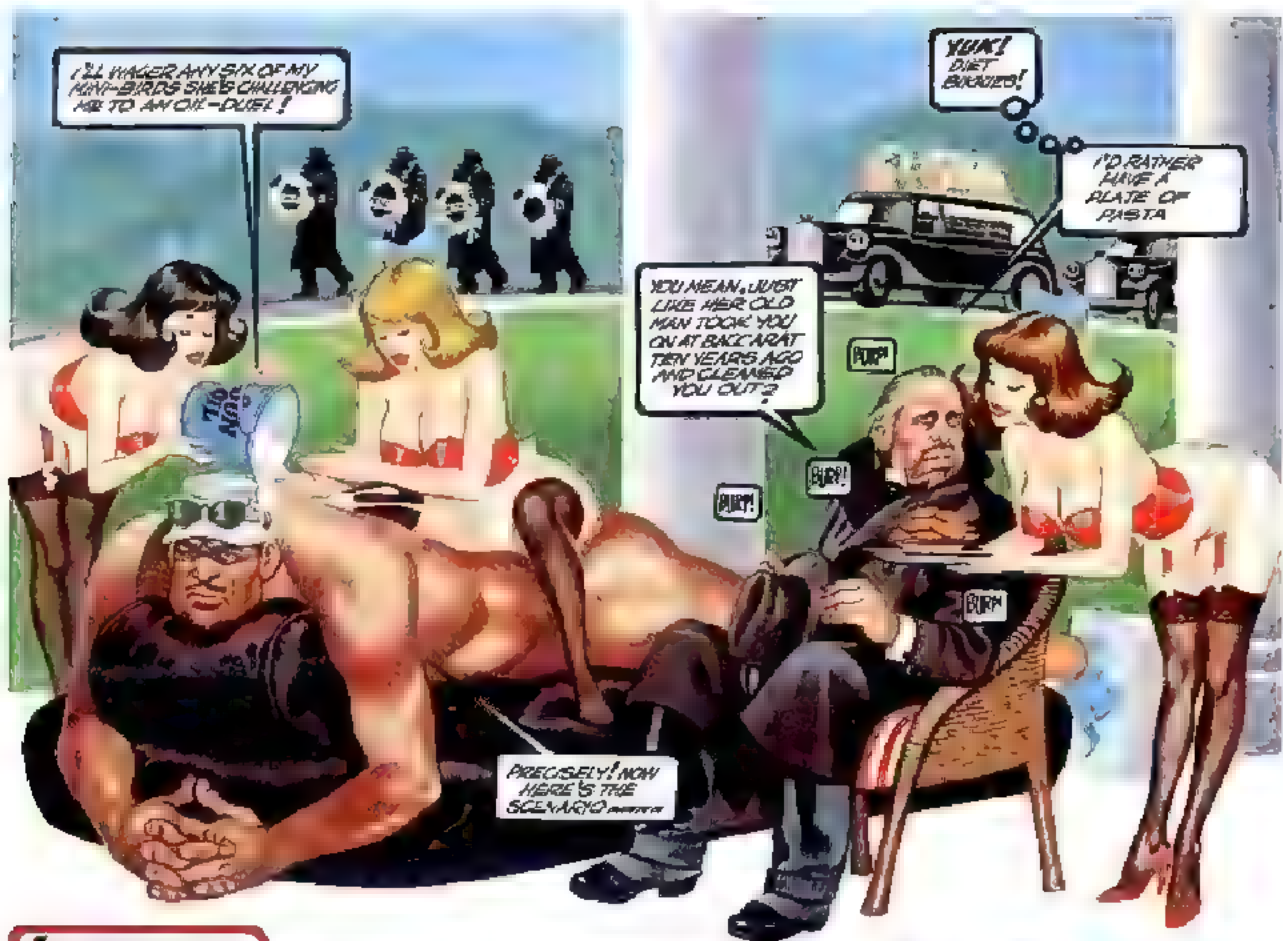
HI, HEROD - I MEAN, MR. HUGE! GET MY CABLE ABOUT WANDA VON KREESUS?

YEP! AND I'VE BEEN SUSSING IT ALL OUT!



AT FIVE MILLION DOLLARS, MR. HUGE - IT'S A STEAL!







THE AUCTION BEGINS NOW

LOT NO. 1, EXCELLENCIES!
NAME OF GERDA. LOW
MILEAGE AND ONLY ONE
PREVIOUS OWNER. THIN
CARBURETTORS, SYNCHRONESH
FIVE-GEAR STICK CONTROL.
UPHOLSTERY AS NEW. REAR
SUSPENSION SOMETHING
YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT!

SOMEWHERE OUT
THERE IS MOSTAFIA'S
MAN. SO LET'S SHARE
'EM FOR THE SHEKIN
AND HOPE FOR
THE BEST!

WAIT I'LL TELL THEM
ABOUT THIS BACK
AT FINISHING
SCHOOL!

THIS IS THE
MOMENT THEY
ALWAYS DREAMED
ABOUT!

HONEST ABDUL'S FLESH
MART

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
NO ROAD TESTS.

6,000
RHYADO!

5,000
RHYADO!

THAT'S WHAT
I MISS BACK
HOME, MARY!
-TRADITION!

THE BRUNETTE!
I'LL GO UP TO
10,000! GATEFOLD
SOX PAJES BLACK
AND WHITE AND
SHE GETS TO MEET
AGNEW!

I BID
7,000
RHYADS!

LOTS
PLUS
LUCKY
DIP

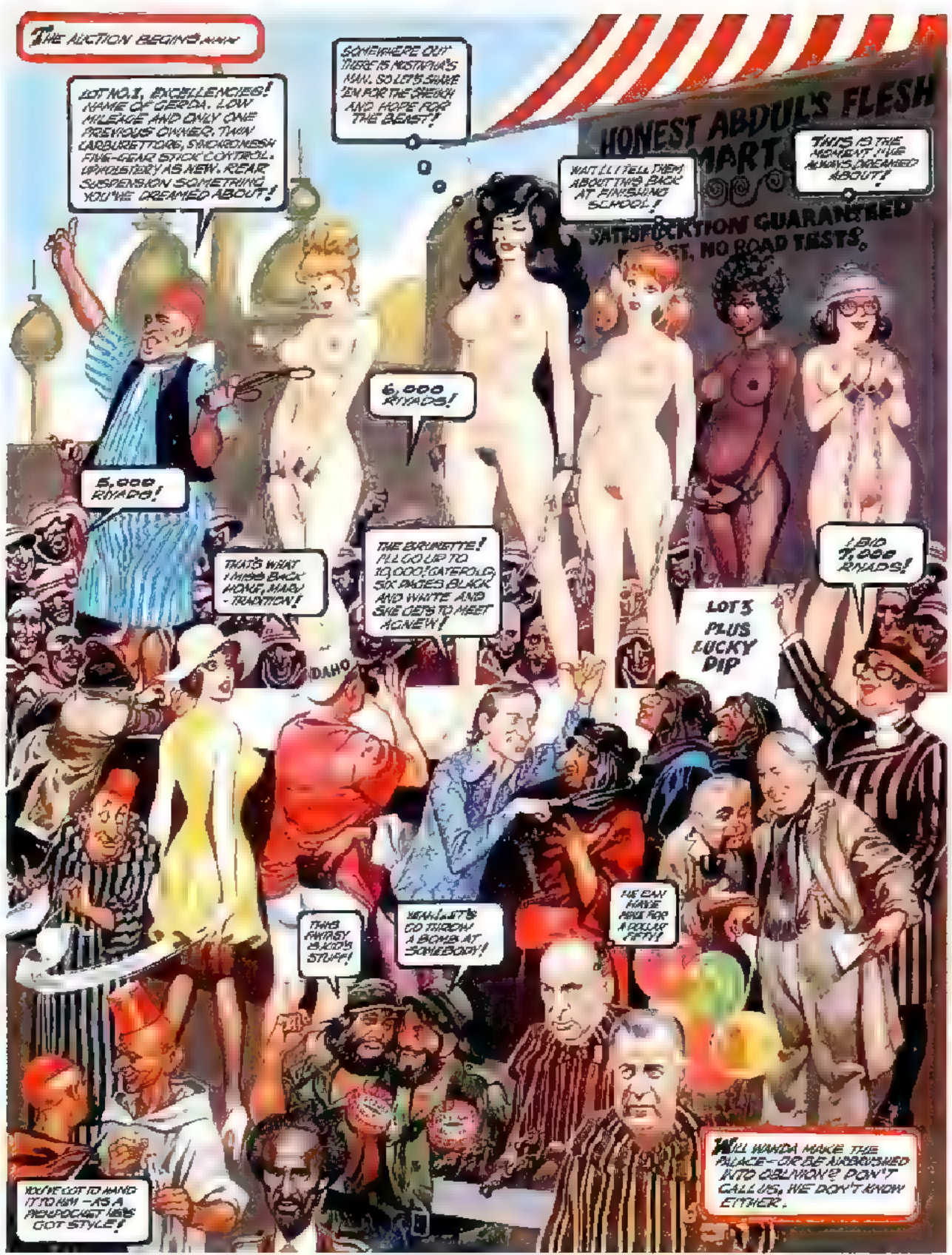
THIS
FANCY
CLOTHS
STUFF!

YEAH LET'S
GO THROW
A BOMB AT
SOMEBODY!

WE CAN
HAVE
MORE FOR
A DOLLAR
FIFTY!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND
IT TO HIM - AS A
PNEUMOGUT IBS
GOT STYLE!

WILL WANDA MAKE THE
PALACE - OR BE APPROVED
INTO OBLIVION? DON'T
CALL US, WE DON'T KNOW
EITHER.



OH, WICKED WANDA!

WANDA'S BID TO RESCUE HER KIDNAPPED LITTLE ADULTANT—GENTAL CANDYLOSS FROM THE KIDNAP OF SHEKH MUSTAPHA RAM-RAM CAME UNSTUCK WHEN SHE WAS CAPTURED BY SLAVE TRADERS. NOW IT'S GOOD AGAIN, 'CAUS WANDA'S BEEN BOUGHT BY THE SHEKH'S OWN PROCLER.

ALI "NEVER-A-DUD" ASSPINKA

WHEN THOU SETTETH EYE'S UPON THIS ONE, O MUSTAPHA... THOU WILT DISCRETLY TRY ENTIRE KAREN!

I.R.I.P! I WANT MY I.R.I.P!

WHAT'S A EUNUCH?

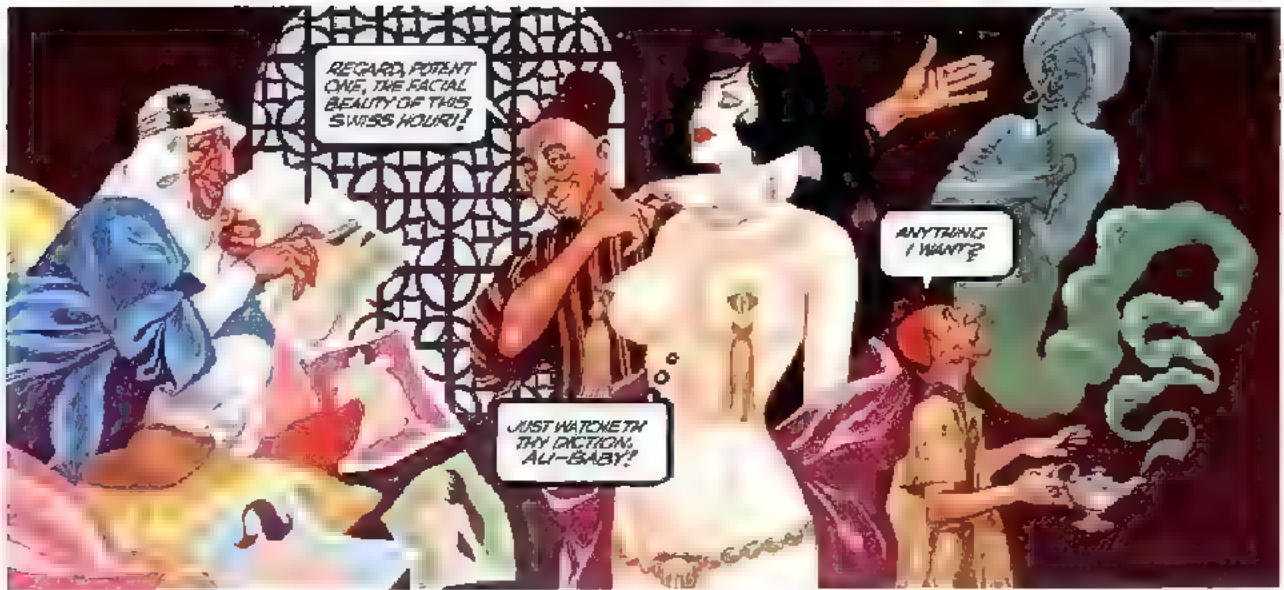
INEXPRESSIBLE PLEASURE, INDEFINITELY PROLONGED... OH, CANDYLOSS, THAT'S OUR SECRET YOU'VE BEEN BANDING ABROAD!

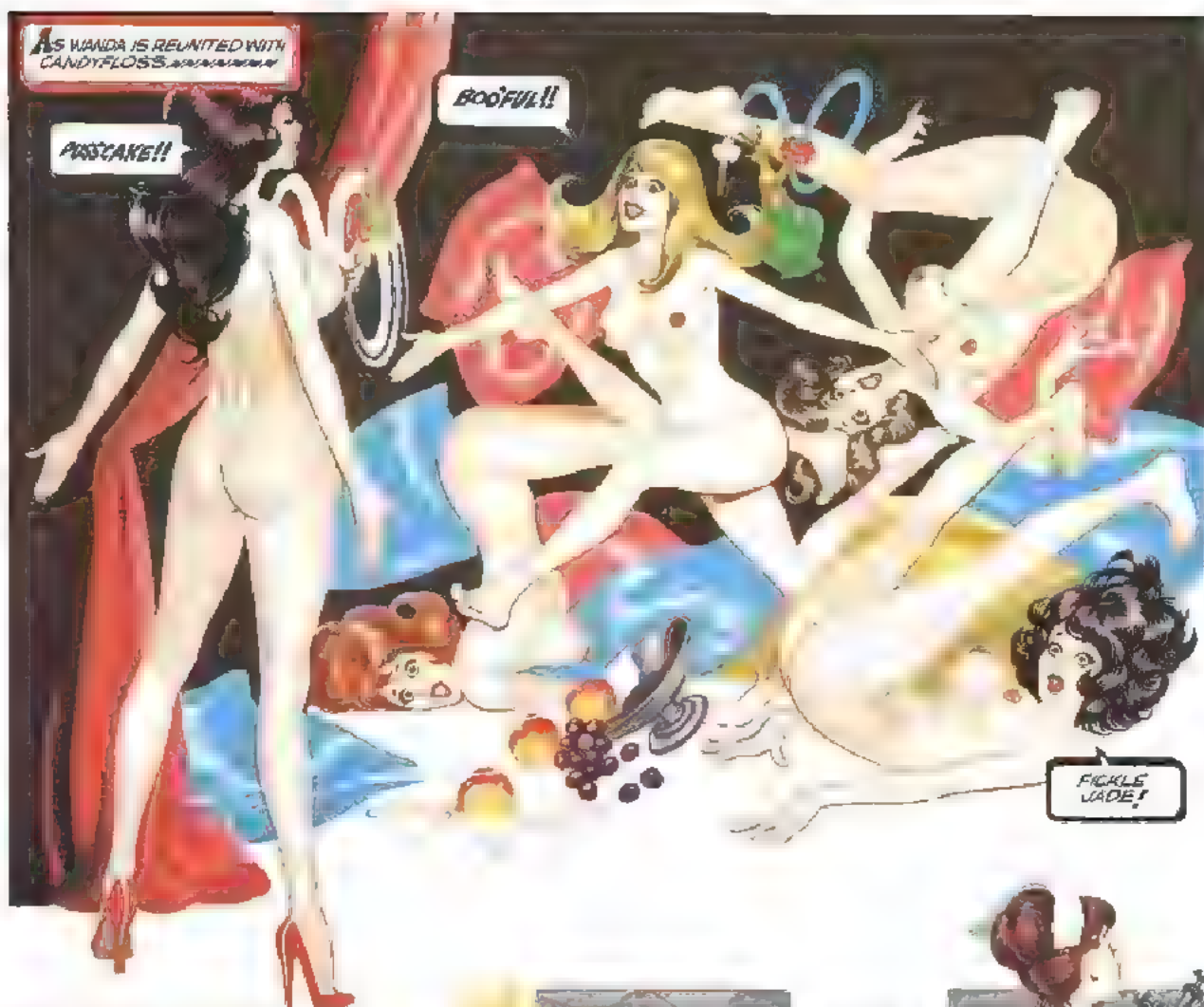
AN EMASCULATED MALE, PROBABLY MAKE A VERY GOOD MOTORIST—NO HANDUPS

YOU WAIT UNTIL OUR NORTH SEA OIL COMES THROUGH—YOU WON'T SEE ME STANDING IN LINE THEN!

76







AND HEROD HUGE,
RICH AS WANDA AND TWICE
AS MEAN, HAS BEEN
LISTENING - IN

I WANT THE FACTS, BURRO!
WHAT'S THE VON KREESLUS
BRAT DOIN' IN RAM-RAM?
HAS SHE SCREWED UP/OIL
DEALS WHAT CAN SHE OFFER
MUSTAPHA THAT I CAN'T LICK?

YOU CAN HAVE
THE EAST SIDE!

AWH!
I'M GONNA RID
DECENT SOCIETY
OF THAT DECADENT,
MAN-NATIN'
SPAWN OF A
ZURICH GNOME!

YEAH WELL
NOW

BURP!

BURP!

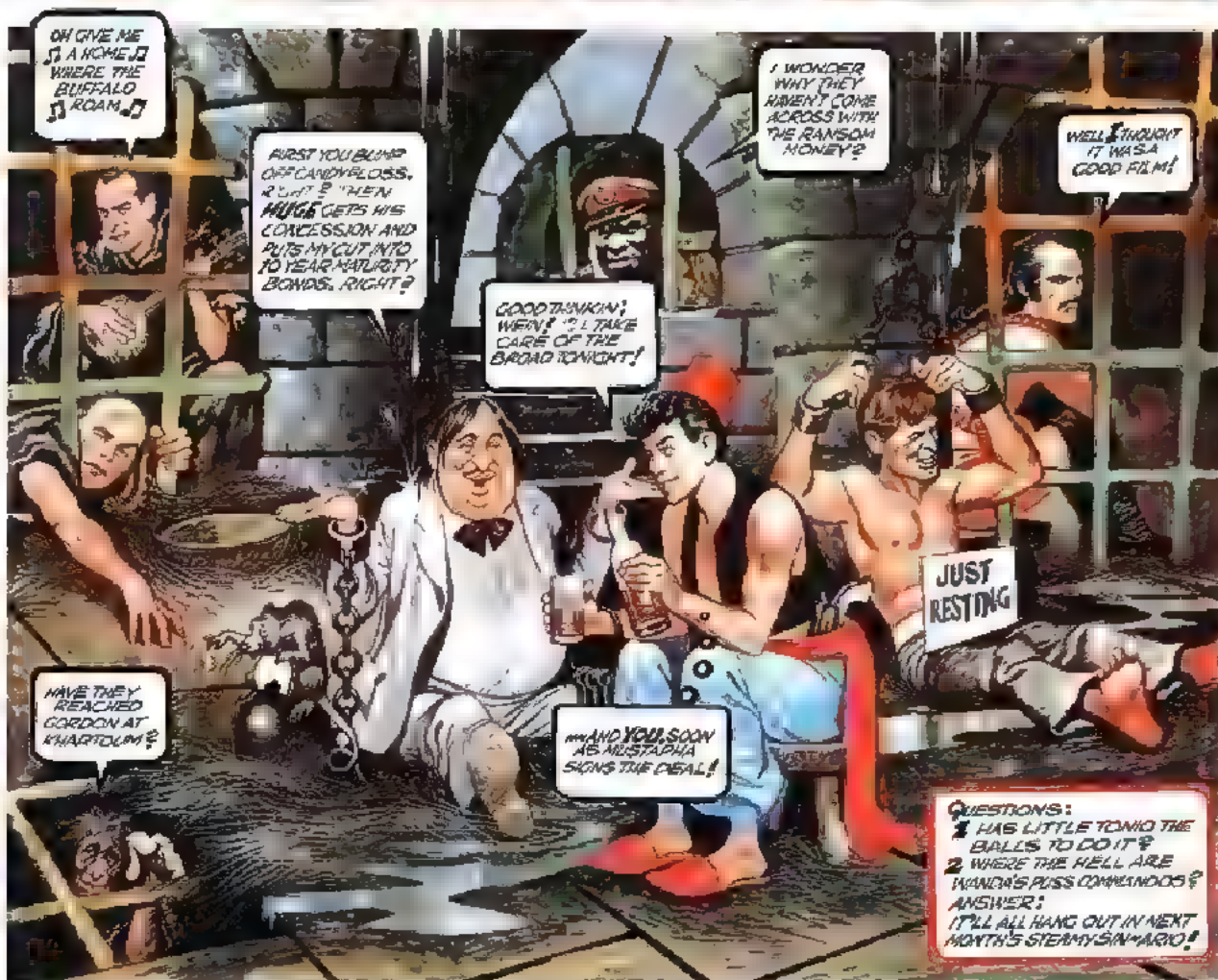
BURP!

TWANG!

YIKE!







OH WICKED WANDA!

HEROD HUGE, RICHEST AND BEASTLIEST MAN IN THE WORLD, IS AFTER THE UNTAPPED OIL OF THE SHEIKNDOM OF RAY-RAM.

SHEIKH MUSTAPHA LUSTS FOR CANDYLOSS AND HER SECRET OF INEXPRESSIBLE PLEASURE—INDEFINITELY—PROLONGED.

BURPO BASSOTTO HOPES FOR A CUT OF THE OIL CONCESSION. **WANDA** WANTS HER LITTLE PLAYMATE SAFELY BACK IN THE VON KREESLUS SCHLOSS. SHEIKH THAT GOT UP TOGETHER—AND WAIT FOR THE **BANG!**

CABLE FROM LITTLE TOWN, MR. HUGE. MUSTAPHA'S ABOUT TO SIGN OVER THE OIL TO LANDYLOSS BEFORE GETTING HIS L.E.P.P. OKAY FOR TOWN TO BUMP HER OFF?

CABLE BACK: HIT LANDYLOSS. SAVE THE VON KREESLUS FARMED FOR ME!

AND HAVE ONE OF MY VETS STAND BY AT MASSAU TO TAKE US TO JIGGA-JIGGA!

MONEY, SUN, SEX, LUXURY! WHY AM I BORED!

I'LL TELL YA WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD—THE CAPITALISTS GET ALL THE CRUMPT!

BURP!

BURP!

YOU'RE COMING INTO SOME MONEY—IT BANG HERE!

THIS AIN'T CHIANTI!

BURP!

BURP!

IT'S P.R.P. POIS..... GASPI!

YOU'RE RIGHT—GO GET ME SUMPY ELSE!

OKAY, BURPO—HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!

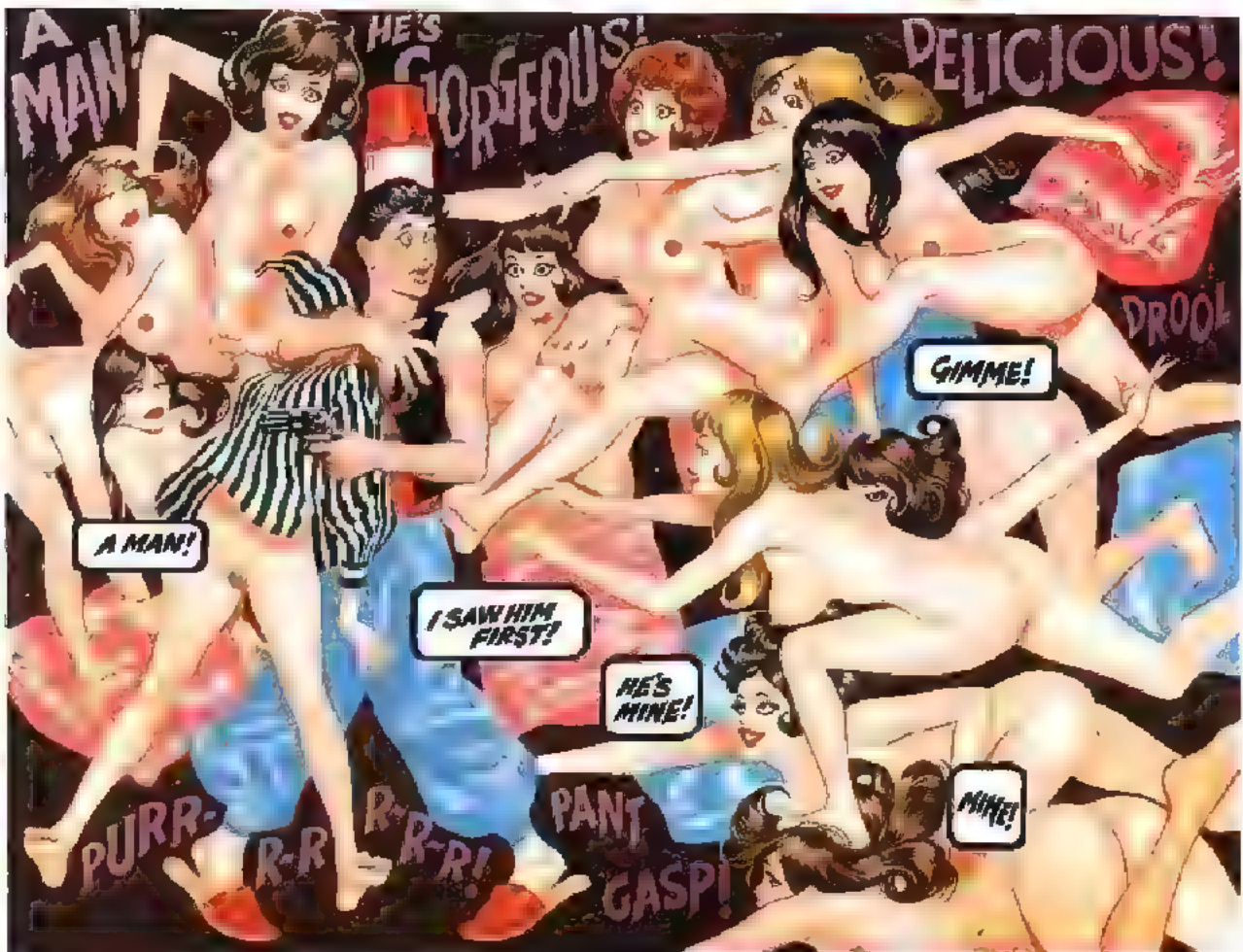
...GET YOURS!

...GET YOURS!













WHAT'S THIS?
"HIT CANDYFLOSS,
SAVE THE MON
KREESUS BROAD
FOR ME!"
SIGNED—
HEROD HUGO!



NONE RINGS A
BELL.... AT LAST,
AN EVENT
WORTHY OF MY
STEEL!



RED ALERT,
BROTHERS!
SOMEONE'S GOT
INTO THE
PUSSY-BANK!

THUNK!



WHO ARE THEY
— PILGRIMS ON
THEIR WAY TO
MECCA?

NO-STRANDED
BRITISH TOURISTS
ON THEIR WAY
TO MANCHESTER!

WILL WANDA SHOOT HER WAY
OUT OF THE HAREM? WOULD
YOU? IF THE ANSWER'S 'YES'
MAYBE YOU SHOULD SKIP NEXT
MONTH'S SALACIOUS SEQUEL

OH WICKED WANDA!

TRAPPED INSIDE THE HARM OF SHEIKH MUSTAPHA RAM-AM-AM, WANDA AND HER HANDMAIDEN CANDYFLOSS PREPARE FOR THE WORST?

RELAX, PUSSCAKE! IT'S PROBABLY SOME KIND OF BATTERING RAM

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE GOING TO DO WITH THAT?

LOOK AT THAT SIGHT! MORE MAGNIFICENT THAN ANY SUNSET!

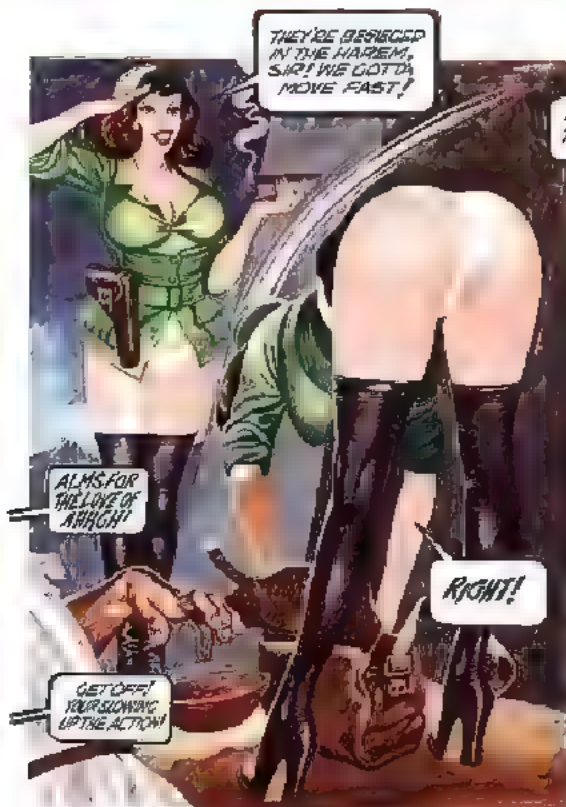
SO I SHOULD RELAX!

NURSE! WE WERE JUST GOING TO USE IT!

GO ON-- I DARE YOU!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY
RON and J
EMBLETON





FROM HIS PRIVATE JET AT
RAM-RAM'S AIRPORT



SPEAK MUSTAPHA?
HERE I'VE YOU
WANNA DO A DEAL
ON THAT OIL
CONCESSION?

LEFT WING
EXTREMISTS!

RIGHT WING
ACTIVISTS!

LIBERAL
MILITANTS!

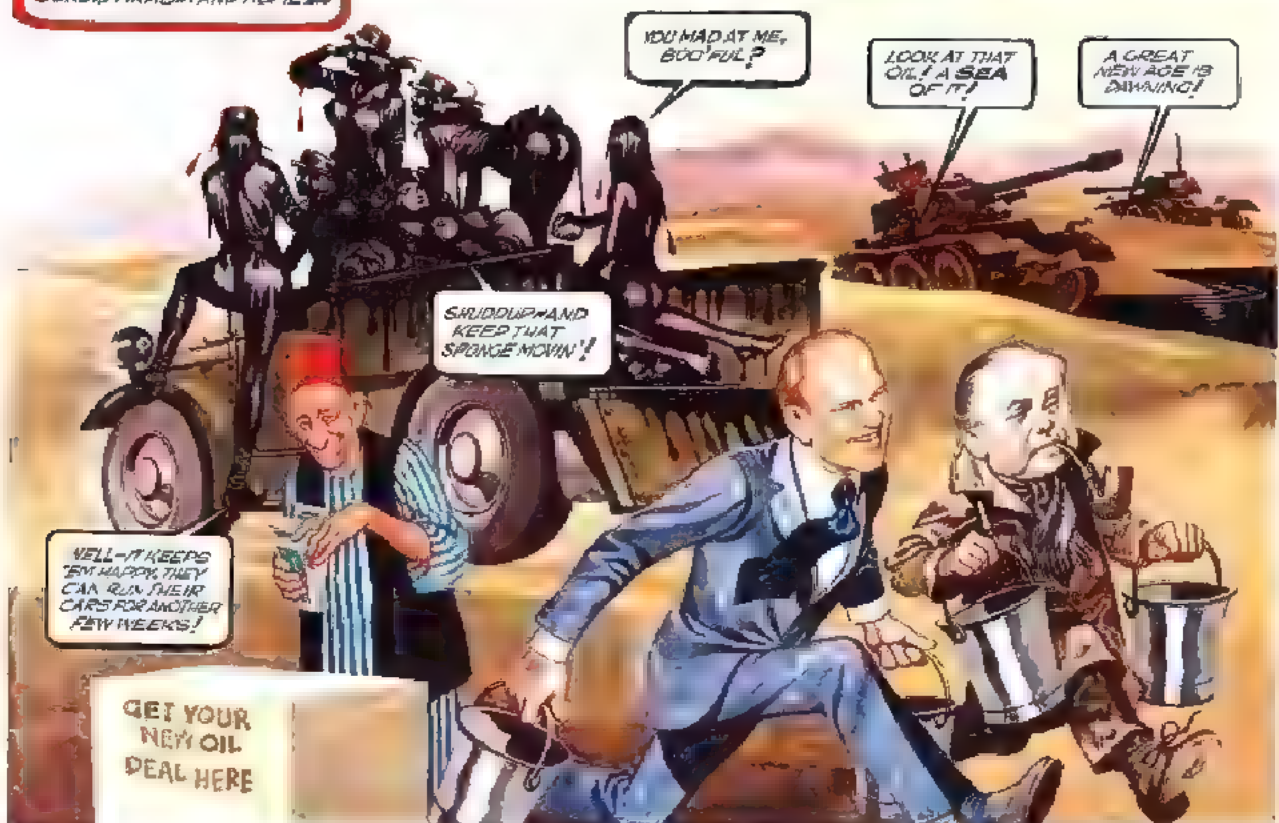
BLOODY
VANDALS!

KERUMPI!





INSIDE A COMMANDEERED
TRUCK, HEADING FOR
SORDID ARABIA AND HOME



BACK AT THE SCHLOSS—
AND A SOMBER SESSION
WITH HOMER SAPIENS.

MY PORTFOLIO
OF INDUSTRIAL
STOCKS SHOWS A
LOSS OF \$1.2
BILLION, EGGBOY!
ALL OF IT FROM
JACKED-UP FUEL
COSTS!

OOOOW!
I WANT ONE
OF THOSE!

PLEASE! JUST
A LITTLE!
PLEASE!

SEX TOY
CATALOGUE

THAT'S ONLY HALF
OF IT, MISTRESS.
YOUR BANKS ARE
NOW STUFFED WITH
MORE SHORT-TERM
ARAB DEPOSITS
THAN WE CAN
POSSIBLY RECYCLE!

ABOUT TIME
TOO! I'VE BEEN
OUT OF THE
STRIP FOR
MONTHS!

THE DAY OF
THE THIRD
WORLD IS
AT HAND!

WELL, ~~MY~~ TIME I
HAD ANOTHER
CHAT WITH THAT
WILY OLD BASTARD
DOWNSTAIRS IN
THE GLASSUARY!

CAN WANNA BE REFERRING
TO HER DEAR FATHER, THE LATE
(AND MUMIFIED) & OINGMONGUE,
WALTER VON KREESESUS?
IF SO—ALLAH HELP US ALL!

OH, WICKED WANDA!



A FITTING POSTURE
BUT SURELY A
TRIFLE DISTRACTING
TO THE OLD MASTER'S
SPIRIT!

NEGATIVE, EMBODIMENT!
YOU KNOW A BETTER
WAY OF RAISING
THE DEAD?

FREDERIC
MULLALLY
and
RON
AMBERSON

ADONAI SABBAOTH

**BACK AT THE SCHLOSS—
AND A SOMBER SESSION
WITH HOMER SAPIENS**

PLEASE! NOT
A LITTLE?
PLEASE!

MY PORTFOLIO
OF INDUSTRIAL
STOCKS SHOWS A
LOSS OF \$1.4
BILLION! FORGODS!
ALL OF IT FROM
JACKED-UP FUEL
COSTS!

0000H!
I WANT ONE
OF THOSE!

SEX TOY
CATALOG!

"KIDS ONLY!" HALF
OFF, MISTRESS.
YOUR BANKS ARE
NOW STUFFED WITH
MORE SHORT-TERM
ARAB DEPOSITS
THAN WE CAN
POSSIBLY PEOPLE!

THWAP
THWAP

ABOUT TIME
TOO! I'VE BEEN
OUT OF THE
STRIP FOR
MONTHS!

THE DAY OF
THE THIRD
WORLD IS
AT HAND!

I'M...TIME I
HAD ANOTHER
CHAT WITH THAT
BLOODY BASTARD
DONAGLIERS IN
THE GLASSUARY!

CAN WANDA BE REFERRING
TO HER DEAR FATHER, THE LATE
(AND MURDERED) KING-GNOME,
WALTER VON KREESLUS?
IF SO— ALLAH HELP US ALL!

OOOOH!
I WANT ONE
OF THOSE!

MY PORTFOLIO
OF INDUSTRIAL
STOCKS SHOWS A
LOSS OF \$1 1/2
BILLION, FORGONE!
ALL OF IT FROM
JACKED-UP FUEL
COSTS!

PLEASE! JUST
A LITTLE!
PLEASE!

"KIDS ONLY" HALF
OFF! MISTRESS,
YOUR BANKS ARE
OVERGROWN WITH
MORE 34287-TEEN
AGE DEPOSITS
THAN WE CAN
POSSIBLY PEOPLE!

ABOUT TIME
TOO! I'VE BEEN
OUT OF THE
STRIP FOR
MONTHS!

H'M... TIME I
HAD ANOTHER
CHAT WITH THAT
HELL-BOY BASTARD
DOWNSTAIRS IN
THE GLASS JAR!

CAN WANDA BE REFERRING
TO HER DEAR FATHER, THE LATE
(AND MURDERED) KING-OF-OMEGA,
WALTER VON KREESUS?
IF SO-ALLAH HELP US ALL!

ASTOUNDINGLY

LOAD OF RUBBISH!
WHAT'S HE TALKIN'
ABOUT? THE RIGHTS
OF MAN - I AIN'T
GOT NO RIGHTS!

I SOMETIMES
WONDER WHAT I'M
DOING HERE!

THE WORLD IS
CHANGING, KIDDO!
WHO KNOWS WHERE
ANY OF US'LL BE
TOMORROW!

DIDN'T I TELL
YOU SHE'D MAKE
CONTACT!

I'D NEVER HAVE
BELIEVED IT -
HEN-POSSABLE!

THERE'S A CERTAIN
INITIATION CEREMONY
FOR NEW RECRUITS
TO THE PUSS-ORCE!





ALL I GOT FROM
THE OLD WHORE -
MASTER WAS -
"TELL SHANE TO GO
BACK IN HIS HEMLOCK!"

A PRETTY GOOD
JOURNEY, BY ALL
ACCOUNTS!

HOPE
IT CHICKS
YOU!

HOW CAN I STRIKE
FOR BETTER
CONDITIONS? WHO
CAN I BLACKMAIL?

I CAN'T PUT
PRESSURE ON THE
GOVERNMENT OR
THE PUBLIC.....

JUST BECAUSE I'M
NOT A DOCTOR OR A
NURSE OR A DENT
MAN.....

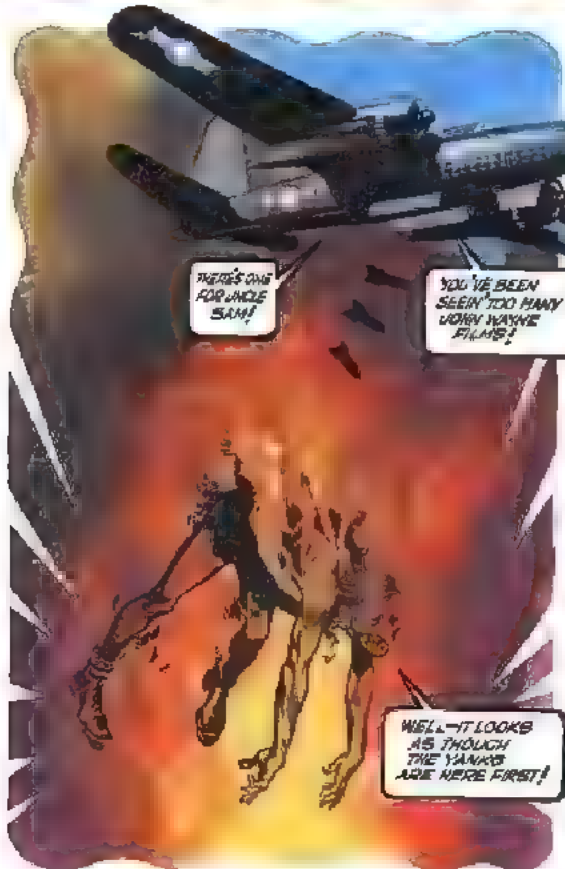
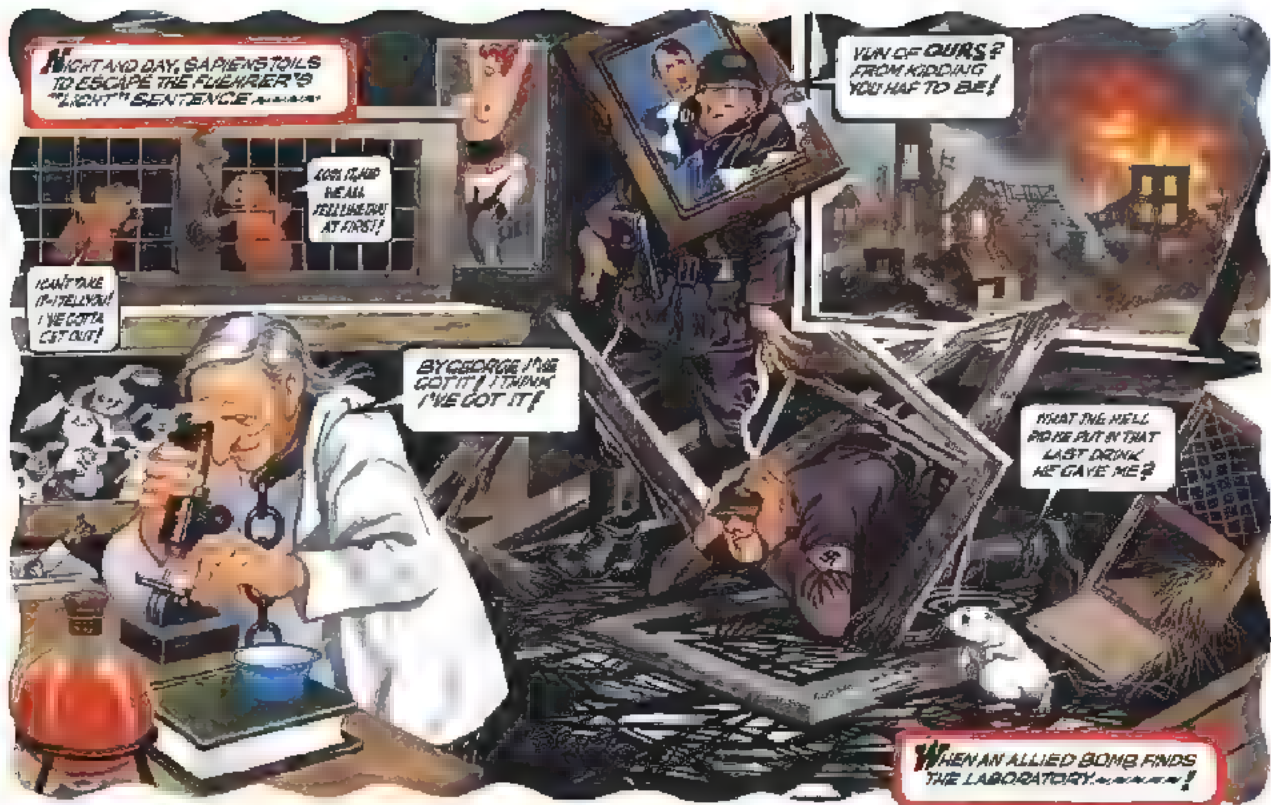
O'HAN - COME TO
THE RSPCA -
SEE IF I CARE!

WE ARE ALL IN
THE GUTTER
BUT SOME OF
US ARE LOOKING
AT THE STARS

IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS
PRIVATE SHELTERS, HE CALLS THE
TURNING POINTS OF HIS LIFE.....







WATCHLESS, BUT WITH HIS
NOTES INTACT, SAPIENS FINDS
A NEW PATRON IN SWITZERLAND

ONE DAY, ALL
THIS WILL BELONG
TO MY LITTLE
DAUGHTER!

LET ME KEEP THE MARK,
THE SABLE, THE RINGS
AND THE ROLLS—JUST
TO REMEMBER YOU BY?

A NEW
KOREAN
RANG FOR
A MASSAGE!

BUT HE'S
HAD THE
BEST YEARS
OF MY LIFE!

PLEASE MISS
WANDA! NOT
MY DARLING
FIFT!

THAT'S
ALL HE
WANTS,
MATE!

MY FEET
ARE
KILLING
ME!

... HE'S BEEN CHASING
ME AROUND THE FOREST
ALL DAY IN ONE OF HIS
"WOOD NINNY" FANTASIES!

YOU'RE LUCKY—
I'VE GOTTA WEAR
THIS GEAR IN CASE HE
FANCIES A MERMAID!





I'VE GOT IT,
EXALTED ONE!
THE ANSWER TO
OUR PROBLEMS!

FOUR SAPIENS SEES IT.
CANDYFLOSS SURE AS HELL
SEES IT. WHY CAN'T WE?
PATIENCE, FELLERS! IT'LL
ALL BE REVEALED IN NEXT
MONTH'S ENSTALKMENT!

OH, WICKED WANDA!

THINK, EGGBOUCE! YOU GAVE IT TO AN

WHERE AND THE CRAFTY

HER VAST INHERITANCE WENT
(BY EVERYONE?) BY THE
OPEC OIL WEIGTS, WANDA
LEARNED OF AN ASTOUNDING
DISCOVERY MADE BY
HOMER SAPIENS BACK
IN 1945. BUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO IT? 200000

THINK, EGGBONCE!
YOU GAVE IT TO MY
OLD MAN AND HE
GOT PAID BY THE
OIL TYCOONS TO
SUPPRESS IT. —JERRY

WHERE
AND THE CRAFTY
SOLD HIDE YOUR
ORIGINAL FORMULA?

**BUT WHAT HAPPENS
IN THIS INITIATION
CEREMONY?**

**EVEN IF I KNEW,
YOU'D STILL HAVE
TO BEAT IT OUT OF
ME, MIGHTY
MISTRESS!**

YOU WANT I SHOULD
CLOCK HIM ONE?





THAT'S IT! IT'S GOTTA BE IN ONE OF OLD WALTER'S PRECIOUS CUCKOO CLOCKS!

SHE DID SAY "LOOK INTO EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY"!

IT'LL BE ON MICRO-FILM... LIKE THOSE LETTERS WE FOUND FROM SALZHENITSKY TO FANNIE FOX!

AND SO TO OLD WALTER VON KREESUS'S LUMBER ROOM

WALTER BUTLER

SIMON GINTY

EMC





WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

IT'S A LIVING!

A TOP SECRET DELIVERY FOR THE LABORATORY, CHIEF

THIS WAY—AND BE CAREFUL WITH IT!

BEHAVING, FELLOW WORKERS

OH, MY CAWD!

YELLO, SAKOR!

MEN!



WANDA'S INTREPID
RUSS COMMANDOS
ENTHUSIASTICALLY
DEMONSTRATE SACHENS
NEW SUPER FUEL

BAROOM!

IT'LL POWER
TURBINES, DIESELS
— THE LOT!
IT'LL EVEN PUT
A MAN INTO
SPACE!

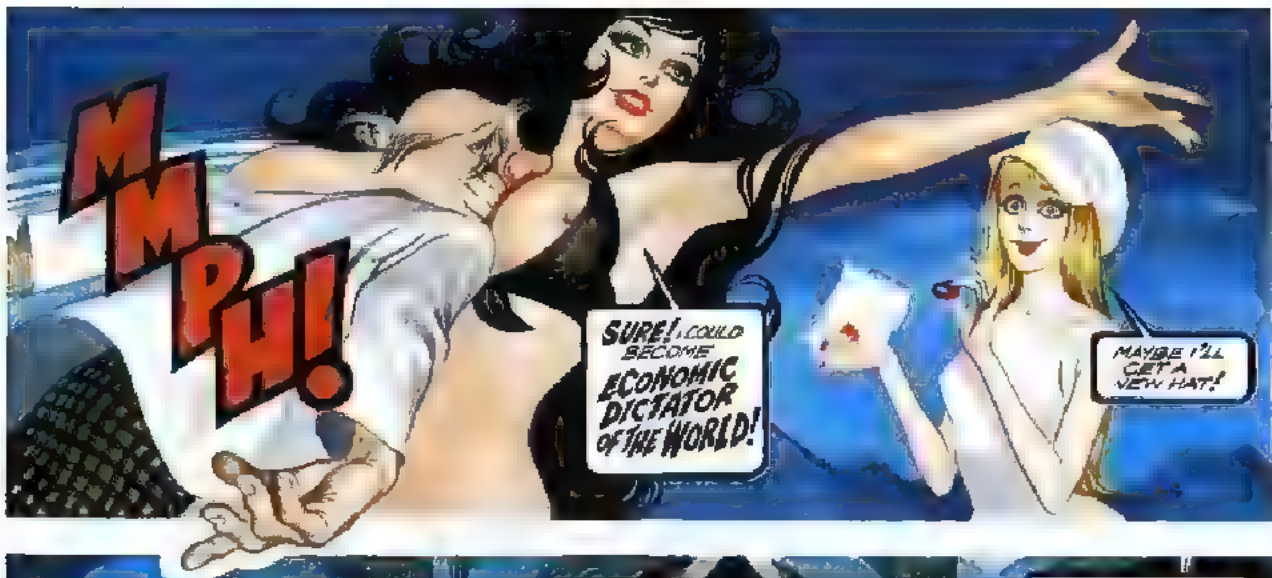
DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
THIS MEANS,
MISTRESS?

FZOOOM!

OOHH!
NASTY!

KERUNCH!







OH WICKED WANDA!

WITH THE SECRET OF SYNTHESIZING FUEL OIL UNDER CLOSE GUARD BACK IN HER SCHLOSS, WANDA FLIES TO SORDID ARABIA TO CATCH HERSELF THAT THE SHEIKHS ARE KEEPING THEIR SIDE OF THE BARGAIN

WELCOME TO SORDID ARABIA MR VON KRIGESUS! I'M THE NEW PRIME MINISTER AND THIS IS MY FRIEND FRANZIA, CHIEF OF POLICE!

I LIKE IT!
I LIKE IT!

NEW SORDID ARABIA

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SOME DOLLARS

YOU ARE MAKING SOME BIG STEPS FORWARD, MINISTER — IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

WOW! WHAT A FLIGHT!

CHEER!

HOW ARE THINGS WITH YOU, OL' BUDDY — BUDDY?

THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF SETTLING WORLD PROBLEMS!

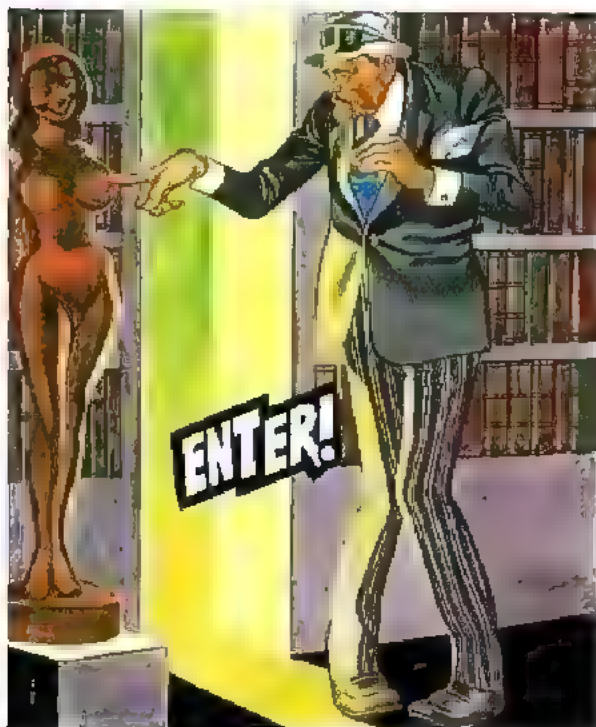
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, MAN — THEY CAN TAKE OVER THE LOT!

AND SMILE, DANNY BOY! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELF!

GREAT, MAN — JUST GREAT!

NO MORE FOREIGN TOURS







EN ROUTE TO THE
ARABIAN CAPITAL

FORD DATSUN VOLVO

PASSAGE
LADIES
CIRCUS

LIBERATION
NOT
PROTECTION

ABORTION C

GROOVY LITTLE
LAYOUT YOU
HAVE HERE, MY
DEAR PRIME MINISTER

THE NINE CAR
FAMILY IS
HELPING
CONSERVATION

WHY, THANK YOU!
WE TRY TO DO
OUR WORST!!

ELECTRIC
BUTTER
SPREADER

MIRACLE
Lettuce
WASHER

SUPER
ALL
SYSTEMIC
CARDIO-
RETCER

AUTOMATIC
MIRACLE
APPLE
PEELER

FREE PILL
DISTRIBUTION
CENTER

EGG
SHELL
MUNCH

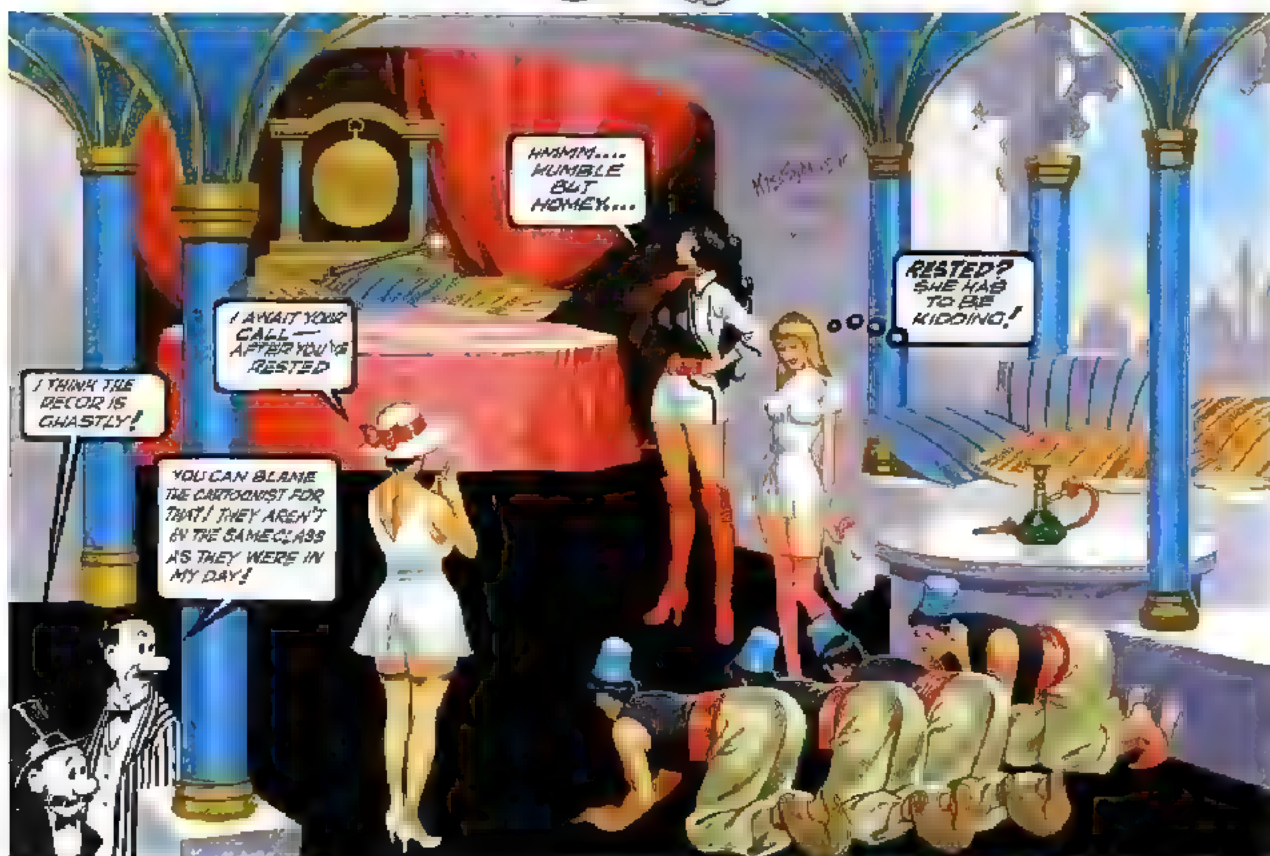
THIS IS WHAT'S
CALLED "MOVING INTO
THE 20TH CENTURY!"

OFFER
ACROSS
JULY
AUTO
TOAST
SPREADER

ROAD HOG!
AIN'T YOU GOT
ANY CONSIDERATION
FOR OTHER PEOPLE?

BOY! HAVE I GOT
PROBLEMS! I CAN'T
STAND KIDS!

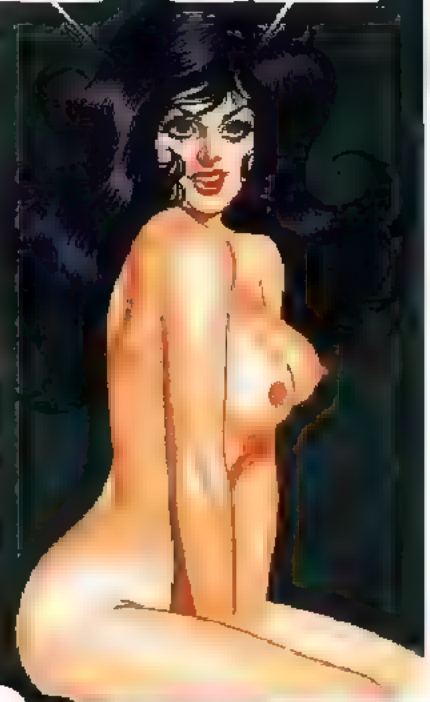
SO FAR
THIS AIN'T
FUNNY!





RUSSCAKE?

CANDYFLOSS!



TROLLOP!



LET US TACTFULLY DRAW A
VEIL OVER WANDA'S WRATH
AND RETURN FOR A MOMENT
TO THAT FAR OFF CARIBBEAN
ISLAND FOR A REVELATION!



AS A STAND IN,
HALDERLICH, YOU'RE
A SPENT POKY!
THE NON KREESUS
BRAT HAS JUST
PULLED ANOTHER
FAST ONE ON US!

SHE H-HAS,
MR H-HUGE,
SIR?

SOMEHOW, SHE'S
GOT THE ARAB
OIL SHEIKHS OVER
A BARREL?!
WANNA KNOW HOW
— AND I WANNA
KNOW FAST!

WHY IS THAT LITTLE
OL' MAN MAKING THAT
GREAT BIG GUN GOING
AROUND LIKE THAT?

THOSE ARE THE SORTS
OF RELATIONSHIPS
YOU CAN HAVE WITH
PEOPLE WHEN YOU'VE
GOT POWER!

SO HALDERLICH'S IN BAD WITH THE
REAL HOWARD RUDE AND CANDY-
FLOSS HAS HAD ONE MOOR THE
MERRIER FOR WANDA'S LIKING....
STIR IT TOGETHER AND WHAT
HAVE YOU GOT? NEXT MONTH'S
EPICASTIC EPISODE!

OH, WICKED WANDA!

WHILE WANDA, POSSESSED OF THE SECRET OF SYNTHESIZING FUEL OIL, DRIVES A HARD BARGAIN WITH SHEIKH RATT EL EN-PAUL, LITTLE CANDYFLOSS SEEKS HARD BARGAINS ELSEWHERE

NEW SORDID ARABIAN NATIONALIZED INDUSTRY

10% DISCOUNT, AND YOU CAN PUT ME DOWN FOR NUMBERS 15, 18, 20 AND 21!

TAKE IT OUT OF THAT, IF THERE ISN'T ENOUGH I'LL WRITE YOU A CHEQUE!

THAT KID'S WORSE THAN CHENGIS KHAN!

NO!
NO!

IS THIS IT—THE FATE WORSE THAN DEATH?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY—IF IT'S INEVITABLE—LIE BACK AND ENJOY IT!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GREAT BRITAIN?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE AMERICAN DREAM?

ALL I EVER WANTED WAS A ROSE COVERED COTTAGE AND SOME FUN AND GAMES ON SATURDAY NIGHTS WHEN THE KIDS WERE IN BED!

COURAGE, MONSIEUR!

BY
FREDERIC MULLALLY
and
RON EMBLETON





MEANWHILE ON HOWARD
HUIE'S CARIBBEAN ISLAND,
HE-HO-HO-THE-WORLD ASSUMES
TO BE HUGE CONSULTS BUDDY
BOSSOYUTI, THE GESA ANIST
GODFATHER.....

BEAT IT,
SMART
ASS!

YOU'RE TRYIN'
TOO HARD,
KID!

ARE ALL
THESE
LADIES
FAMOUS
FILM
STARS?

NO, THEY'RE CALLED
STRIPTERS OR MODELS OR
EXTRAS. THEY'RE JUST
USED TO DECORATE THE
STORY BECAUSE THE CARTOONIST
RAN OUT OF IDEAS!

SHE MAY
LACK LOOKS,
BUT BOY--
SHE'S GOT
AMBITION!

I SAID
A COLD
BEER!

WHY IS IT ALWAYS
OLD MEN WHO
ARE RICH?

THIS KON KREESUS
BRAT HAS SOMEHOW
GOT THE OIL SHEIKHS
OVER A BARREL!
I WANNA KNOW
WHY-- AND FAST!

APART FROM THE
NORMAL AMOUNTS
OF SEWAGE, OIL,
CHEMICAL WASTE
AND INDUSTRIAL
EFFLUENT-- THESE
OYSTERS ARE FREE
FROM CONTAMINATION!

WE GOTTA
GET INTO
THAT SCHLOSS
OF MERS....







AS CANDYPLOSS FLIES HOME IN DISGRACE, GERMAN GRRR. COMMANDER OF WANDA'S PUNKS, COMES ACROSS AN INTERESTING NEWS ITEM...

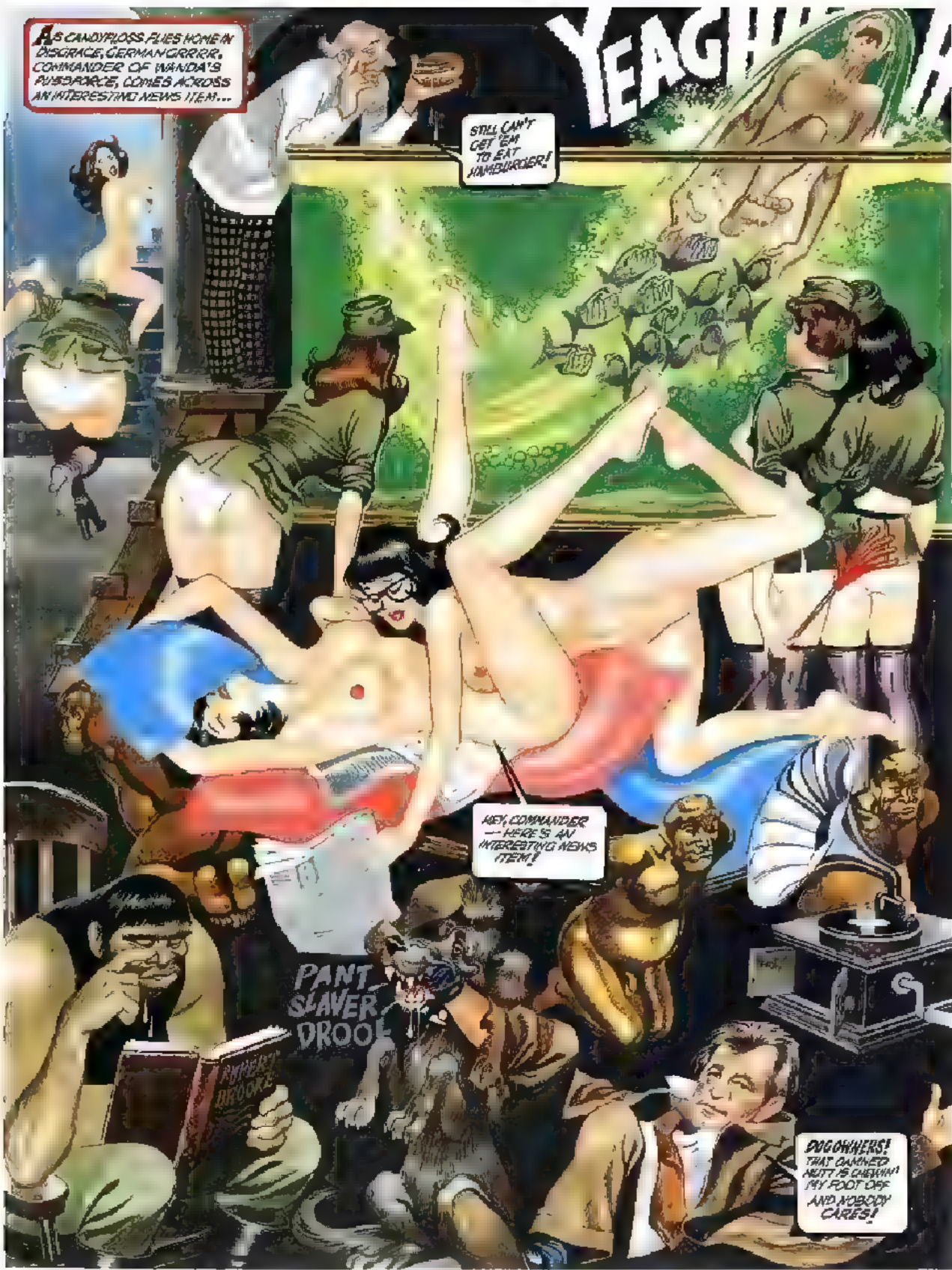
STILL CAN'T GET 'EM TO EAT HAMBURGERS!

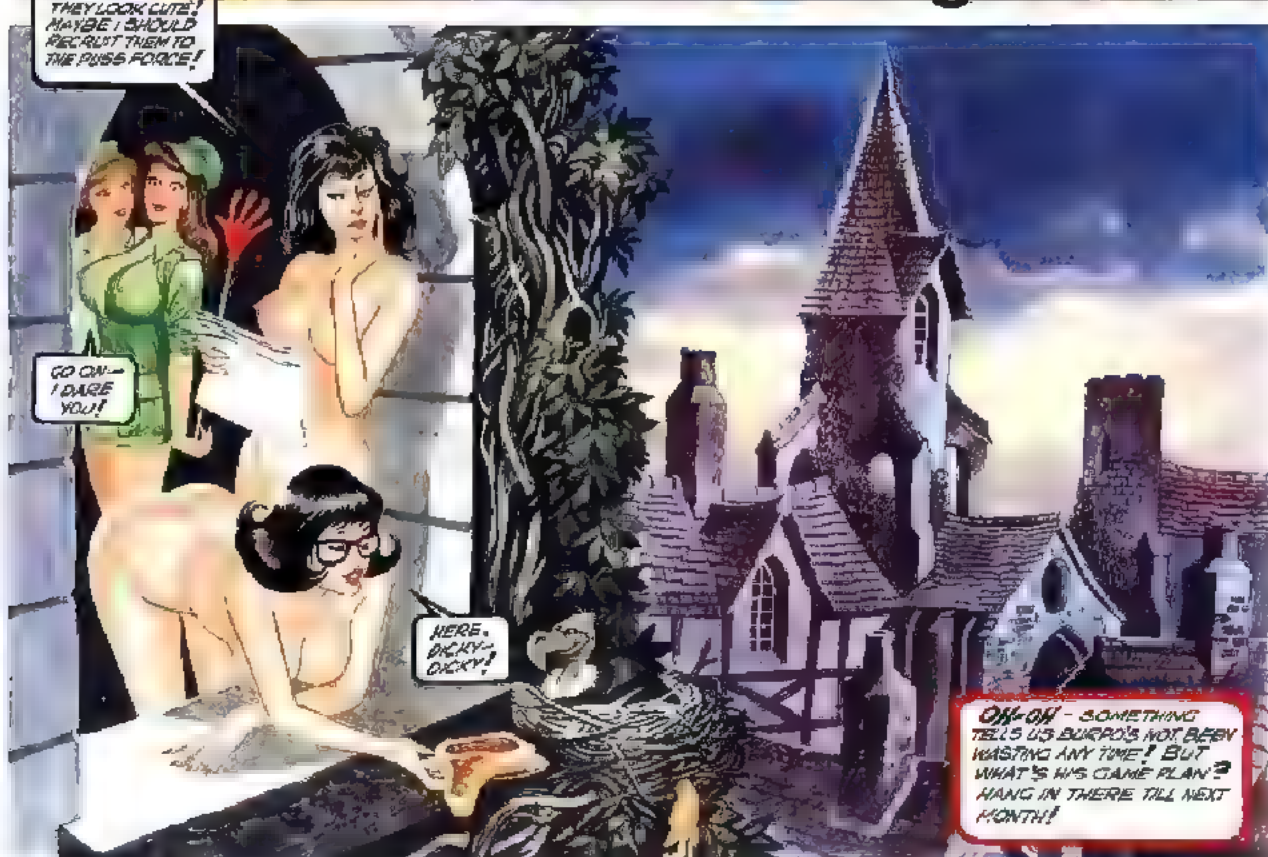
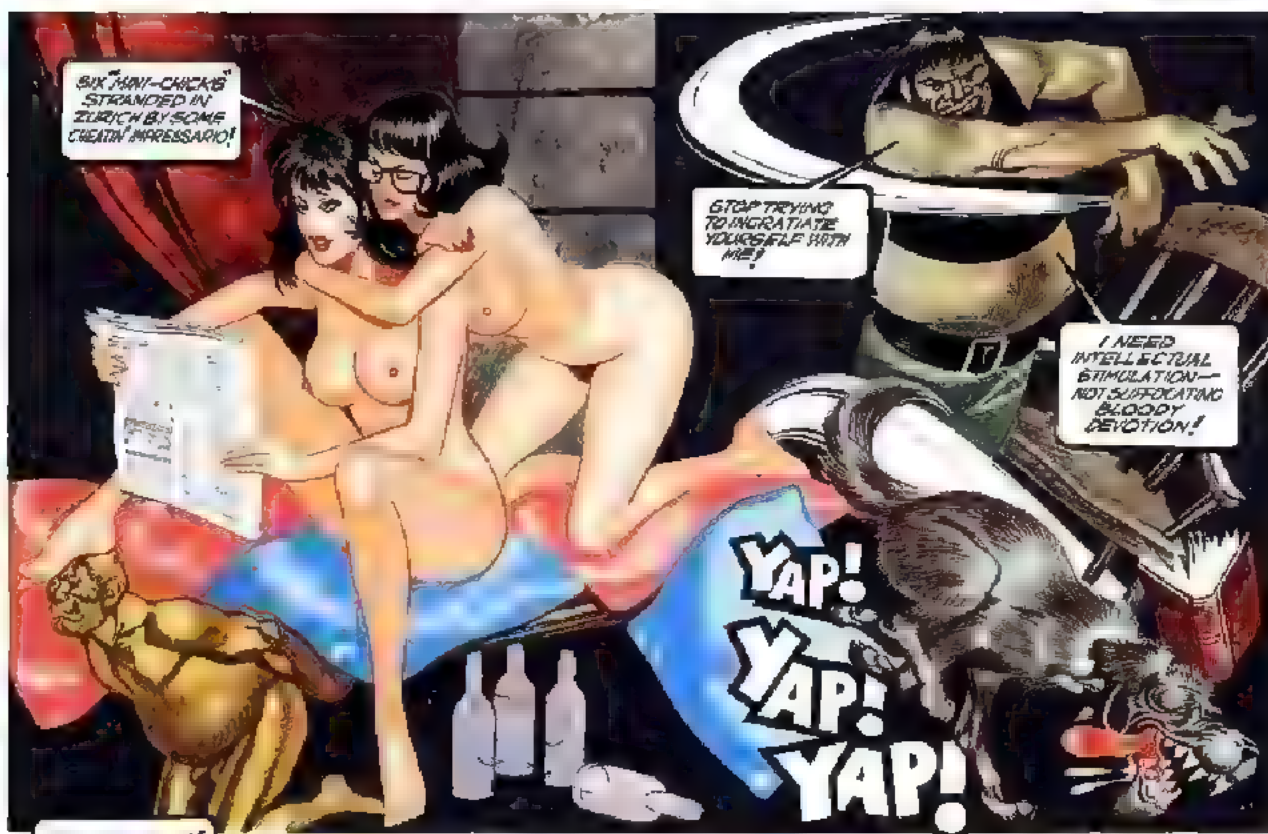
YEAGH

HEY, COMMANDER — HERE'S AN INTERESTING NEWS ITEM!

PANT SLAYER DROOL

DUG OWNERS! THAT DAMNED MUTT IS CHASING MY FOOT OFF AND NOBODY CARES!





OH, WICKED WANDA!

THANKS TO WANDA, THE ARAB WOMEN HAVE BECOME MORE EQUAL THAN THEIR MEN. NOW THE NEW OPEC FINANCE MINISTERS ASSEMBLE TO HEAR WANDA'S FURTHER TERMS FOR SUPPRESSING HOMER BARKER'S MIRACLE NEW SUPER FUEL!

YOU PENTHOUSE READERS MAY FIND ALL THIS AMUSING — BUT JUST WAIT TILL YOU GET YOUR NEXT FUEL BILLS!

I'M TAKING HALF OF YOUR OIL REVENUES AND USING IT TO BUY MIDDLE-EAST REAL ESTATE. I'M GONNA BE AS 50% OF THE ARAB WORLD!

FEMALE CHAUVINISM!

BAND GOES MY NEW MALE HAREM!

SHE CAN HAVE 50% OF ME ANY TIME SHE LIKES!

YOU MEAN, BAND DOESN'T GO YOUR NEW MALE HAREM!

SUEZ CANAL YACHT CLUB

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SCHLOSS

WE'VE RECRUITED ALL SIX OF THOSE MINI-PUSSIES, COMMANDER!

THEY READY FOR INSPECTIONS?

OH BOY, ARE THEY! I MEAN, YESSIR!

I CAN'T KEEP ON ADAPTING TO A WORLD THAT IS CHANGING SO RAPIDLY!

I KNOW HOW IT IS — AND IT'S MY PSYCHIATRIST'S AFTERNOON AT HIS PSYCHIATRIST!

FREDERIC MULLALLY
AND
RON EMBERTON

AT THAT MOMENT, CANDYFLOSS
ARRIVES AT THE SCHLOSS—
SENT HOME FROM THE MUDDLE
EAST IN DISGRACE

MINI-PUSSIES?
WHAT'S ALL
THIS ABOUT?

AND WHO'LL HAVE
TO LOOK AFTER
IT—AND FEED
THE BLOODY THING?
ME!

STRANDED IN ZURICH
BY SOME CROOKED
IMPRESSARIO, QUINN
AMUSEUR C'N-C
TO HAVE SOME
KITTENS IN HER PUSS
FORCE—RIGHT?

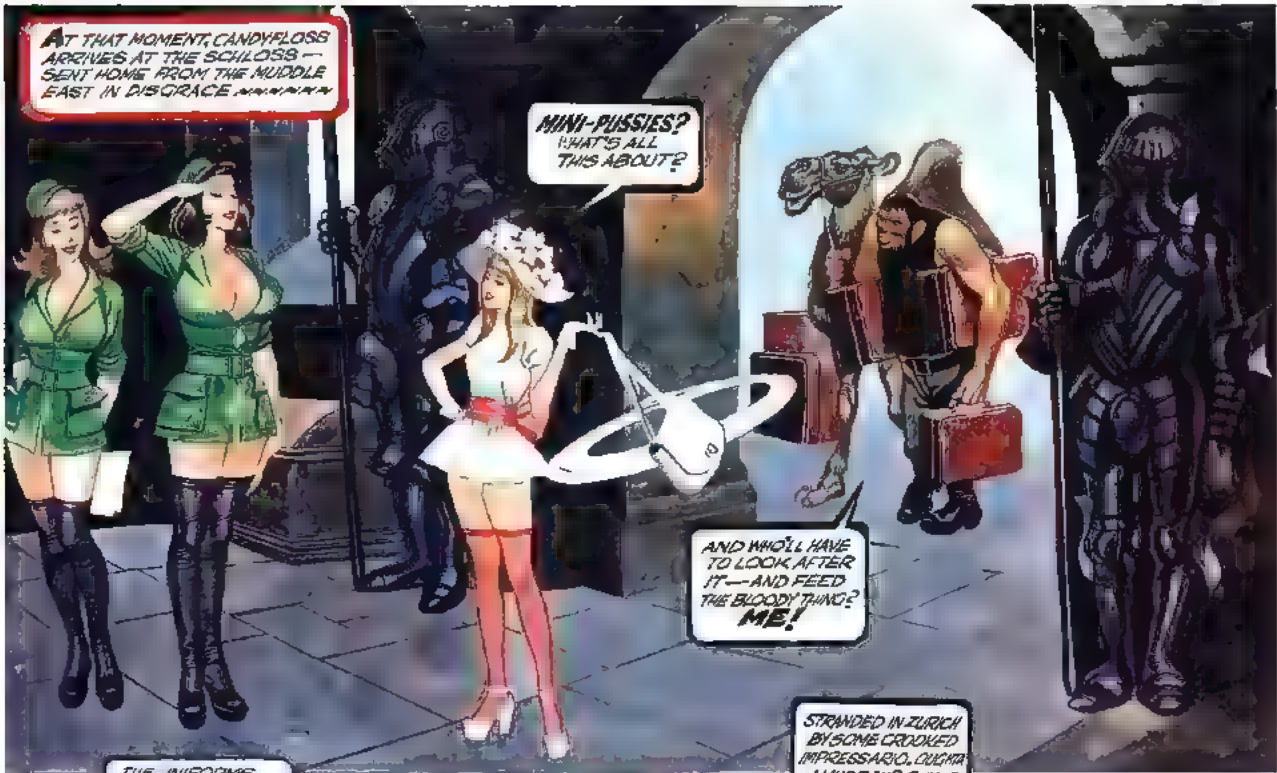
THE UNIFORMS
ARE ONLY TEMPORARY,
OF COURSE!

LEAVE 'EM
JUST THE WAY
THEY ARE!

THIS IS GOING
TO BE A
PUSHOVER!

MIND YOU
DON'T CATCH
COLD, DEAR!

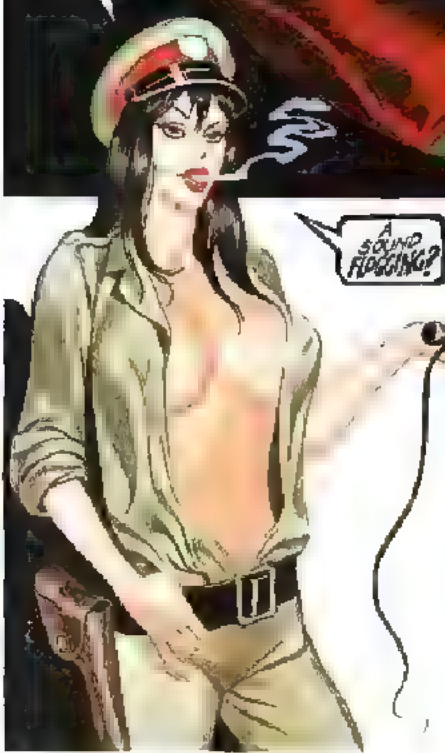
GOOD THINKING,
GERRR! PUT ME
DOWN FOR THE
SIAMESE, THIRD
FROM THE LEFT!



BETWEEN NEGOTIATIONS, WANDA
IS MISSING HER WAYWARD
HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS.
THE PRIME MINISTER AND
CHIEF OF POLICE ARE
CONCERNED.....



A NICE
EXERCISE?



A
SOUND
FIDGONG?



NOW THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT, FAWZIA! I NEED
A GOOD WORKOUT!

MEANWHILE, HUGE'S MINI-CHICKS ARE SETTING ABOUT THE EASY TASK OF SUBVERTING THE ENTIRE PUSS FORCE AND REDUCING THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS TO A DISORGANIZED SHAMBLE...

AREN'T THEY SWEET...SO FULL OF FUN...AT THEIR INNOCENT GAMES.....

DO IT AGAIN—HARDER!

WHAD'YA THINK OF THAT, HONEY-CHILE?

YE GODS! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A DROOLING, SLAVE-ING, TERRIFYING MONSTER! I'M JUST NOT GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER!

YOU HAD A MEDICAL YET?

WHY! AREN'T YOU FELLOWS THROWN?

W-NO!

FOLLOW ME!

SEX!SEX!SEX!
THIS STRIP IS TOTALLY DEVOID OF ANY INTELLECTUAL CONTENT!

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!

IF IT'S PROMOTION YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, MY LITTLE CHICKADEE!

TRAINING, SARGO—IN CASE WE EVER HAVE A CAVALRY UNIT!

THE OIL CRISIS AIN'T THAT BAD, SOLDIER!—I'LL TAKE OVER HERE!

✱ EDITOR'S NOTE. IN THE INTEREST OF PUBLIC MORALITY, PENTHOUSE ADVISES IT'S READERS AGAINST LETTING THEIR MOTHERS OR SISTERS JOIN SUCH ORGANIZATIONS



OH, WICKED WANDA!

WHILE WANDA IS IN THE MIDDLE - EAST SCREWING THE ARABS WITH HER NEW SECRET WEAPON (A "MIRACLE OIL SUBSTITUTE"), HOWARD HUGES' TROOPAN HORSE-BOY MINCHENS-MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME IN THE SCHLOSS

COMMANDER GERRER.....
OOO, SORRY!

HOMER SAPIENS?
GROOVY NAME! IS
THAT HIS LABORATORY?

AND YOU'RE BOTH
CHOPPER PILOTS?
HOW - WHAT A
TURN-ON!

THERE'S MORE
COMING AND GOING
HERE AT NIGHT
THAN THERE IS AT
KENNEDY AIRPORT!

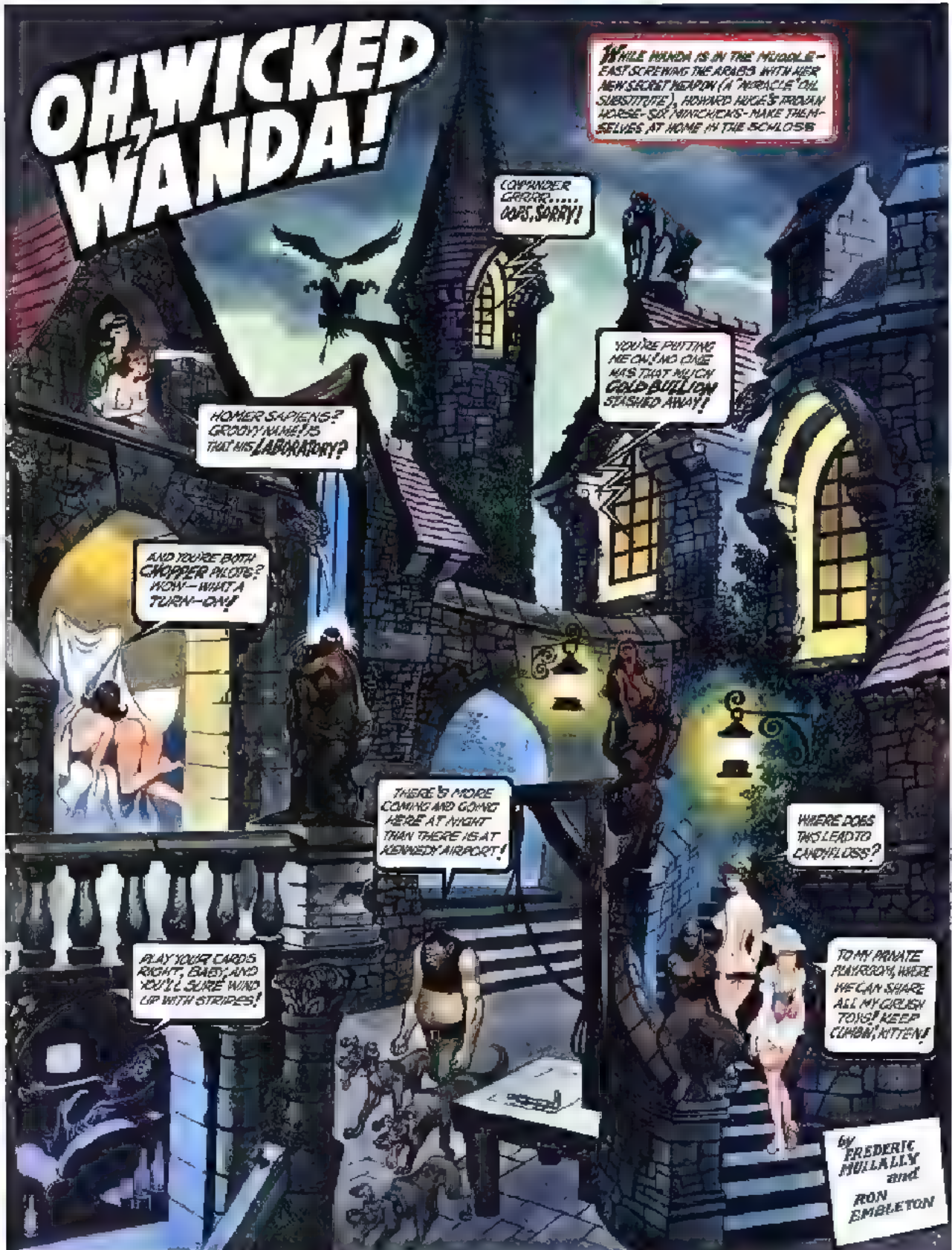
PLAY YOUR CARDS
RIGHT, BABY, AND
YOU'LL SURE WIND
UP WITH STRIPES!

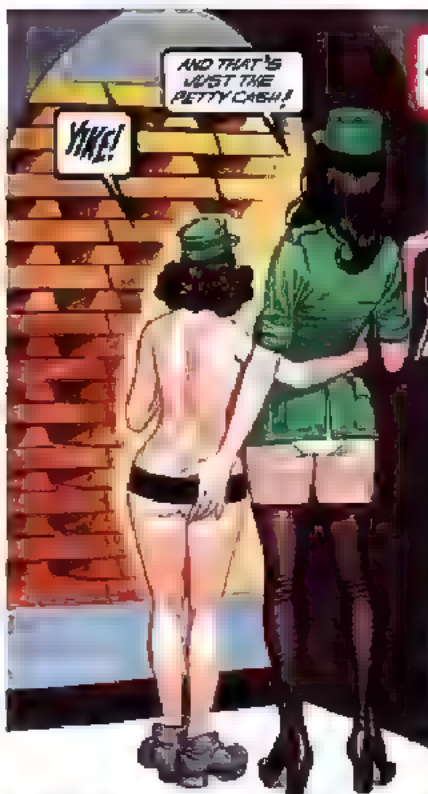
YOU'RE PUTTING
ME ON! NO ONE
HAS THAT MUCH
GOLD BULLION
STASHED AWAY!

WHERE DOES
THIS LEAD TO
CANDYLOSS?

TO MY PRIVATE
PLAYROOM, WHERE
WE CAN SHARE
ALL MY GIRLISH
TOYS! KEEP
CLIMBING, KITTENS!

by
FREDERIC
MULLALLY
and
RON
EMBLETON





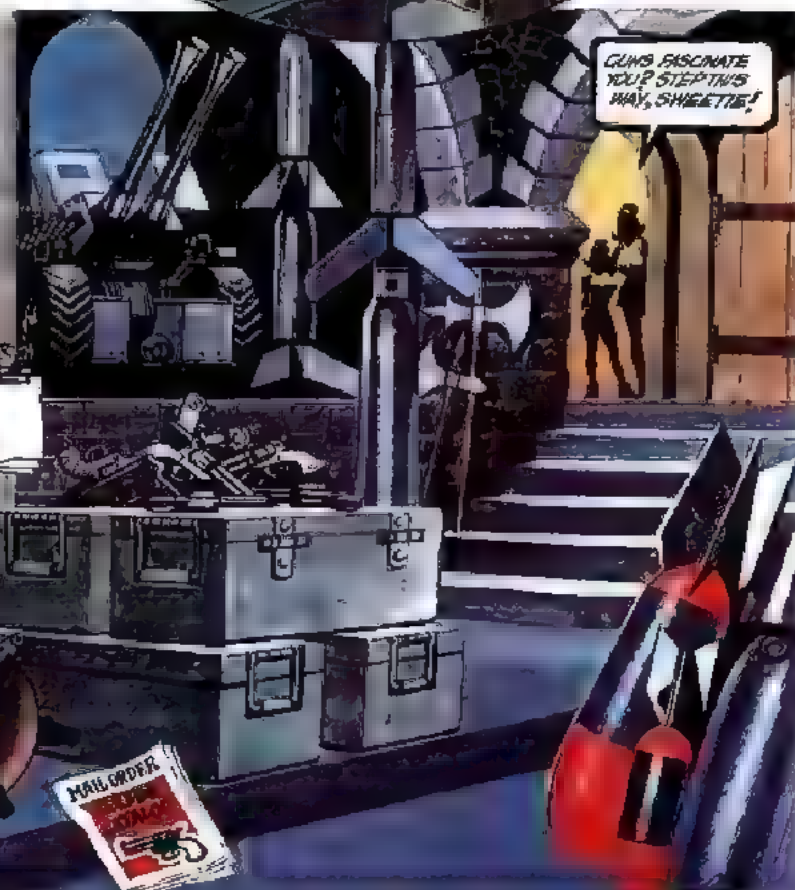
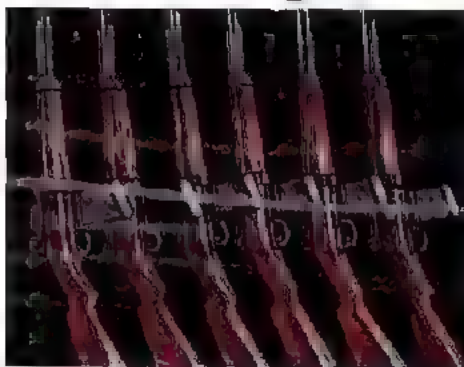
AND THAT'S JUST THE PETTY CASH!

Yikes!

THE BESOTTED RUSS COMMANDOS REVEAL ALL TO THE WILY MINI-CHICKS



YOU MEAN THOSE RUNNY LITTLE SNICKLES ARE THE FORMULA THAT WILL MAKE WANDA ECONOMIC DICTATOR OF THE WHOLE WORLD?



GUYS FASCINATE YOUR STEPTIVUS MAY, SHEETIE!

MAIL ORDER
FREE
STAMP

AS THE SUN SETS SLOWLY ON THE WEST, WANDA, LADEN WITH THE TREASURES OF THE MIDDLE EAST, SETS OFF FOR HOME.

WE'VE GOT TO GET TUTANKHAMEN'S TREASURE IN THERE SOMEWHERE!

PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH THEE, MA'AM! AND NO MORE WILL BE HEARD OF THE SAPIENS FORMULA?

WE'RE GONNA NEED THREE MORE PLANES FOR ALL THIS LOOT!

HOT SO LONG AS THOSE OIL BILLIONS KEEP FLOWIN' MY WAY, SHE/KHRE - BABY!

MAY YOU DROP DEAD SOON!

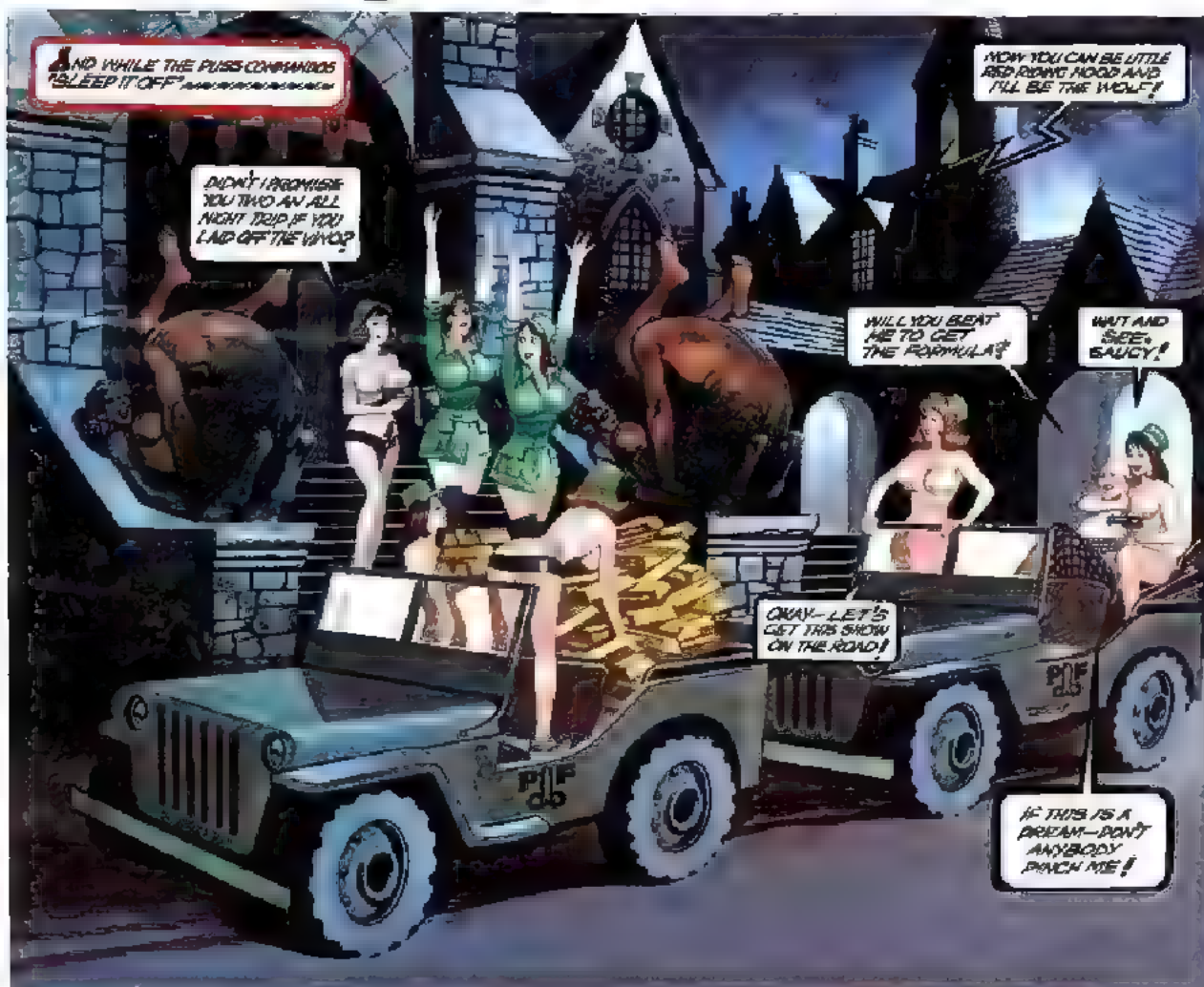
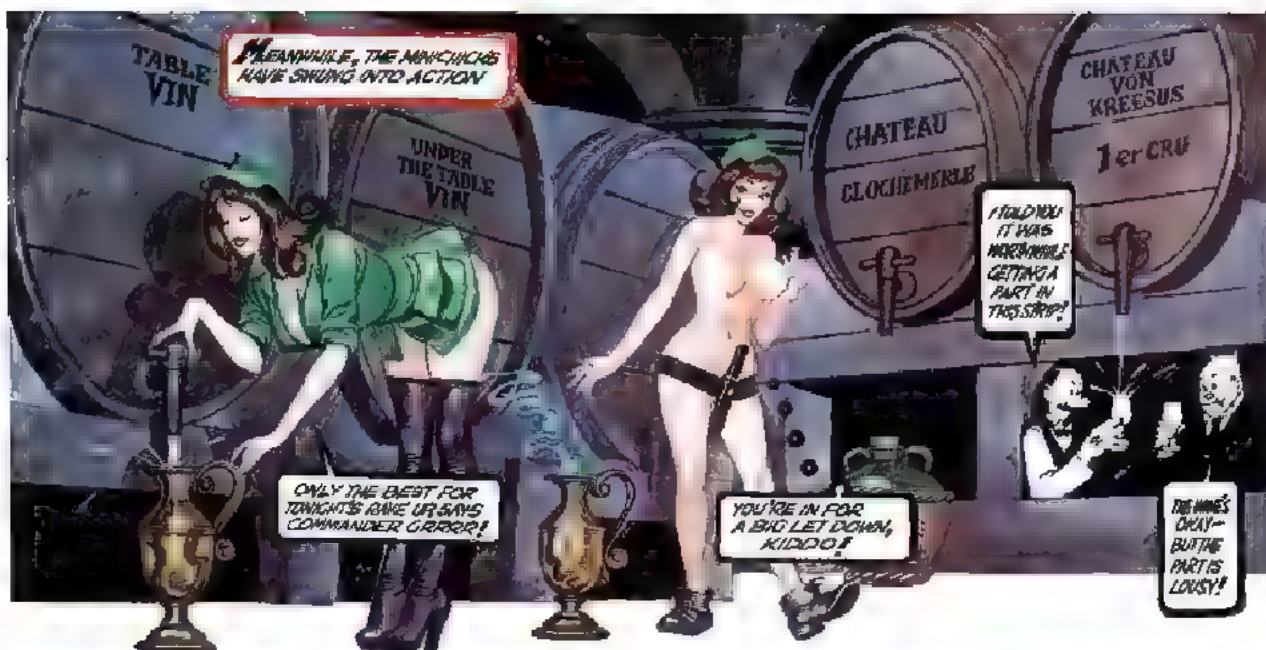
TUT-TUT! DIPLOMACY!

I SORTED OUT THE ARABIC PROBLEM, I FIRED THE WATS ON BID JAMA - AND THE COOKS IN NAIM! I CAN HANDLE THIS BUNCH OF BUNS!

THIS OURE IS A WORLD OF RAPIDLY CHANGING VALUES!

YEAH! I LIKE MY COMIC STRIPS MUCH SIMPLER!





THE FOLLOWING DAY, WANDA RETURNS—LIKE A TORNADO!

NO SENTRIES!
NO PUTY OFFICERS!
WHAT THE HELL
IS GOING ON
HERE?

SHE BEAMS A
BIT OUT OF SORTS
THIS MORNING!

WHERE'S
CANDYFLOSS!

AND I'M ONLY
AN INNOCENT
BYSTANDER!

I'LL G-GO
FETCH HER!

NOW THERE'S A
REAL CONTENDER
FOR THE WORLD
TITLE!









TWO HOURS
LATER, 1914

CHIEF! I THINK
YOU'D BETTER
TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS!

WHY DIDN'T
WE THINK
OF THAT?

♪ WALKIE ROUND THE
GARDEN, LIKE A
TEDDY BEAR, ONE
STEP-TWO STEPS-
'AND TICKLY UNDER
THERE! ♪

HAARGH-
HAARGH!
AGAIN- DO
IT AGAIN!

THAT DOES IT!
GIVE HER
TO THE APE!

NOT THE DREADED UZANG
PRIAPROS?! BUT THEN
AGAIN- WHY NOT, NOW THE
VON KREESLUS FORTUNES
ARE IN JEOPARDY?

OH, WICKED WANDA!

HOWARD HUGHES'S MINCHICKS HAVE MADE OFF WITH HOMER SAPIENS AND HIS MIRACLE FORMULA FOR AN OIL SUBSTITUTE. ONE MINCHICK DIDN'T GET AWAY, ON WANDA'S ORDERS SHE IS PRESENTED TO THE DREADED UTANG PRIAPUS.....

WHAT'S THAT HE'S HOLDING?

YOU MEAN THE IRON BAR?

I MEAN IN HIS OTHER HAND!

I PRESUME THAT UNDERNEATH THE SYDNEY LINE THIS STRIP CONTAINS A HEAVY VEIN OF GOSPELISM

YES-IT'S A QUESTION OF SELF-IDENTIFICATION. THERE'S SOMETHING OF THE UTANG PRIAPUS IN ALL OF US!

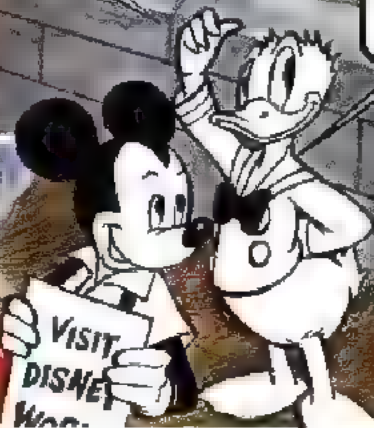
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT?

OF COURSE THAT'S CALLED PSYCHOLOGICAL WARREN! THEY'RE JUST MAKING A JOKING - LIKE THE REST OF US!

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP YOURSELF IN THE TROUSERS - OTHERWISE THEY'LL DISCOVER THEY CAN DO WITHOUT YOU!

TRUE!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON





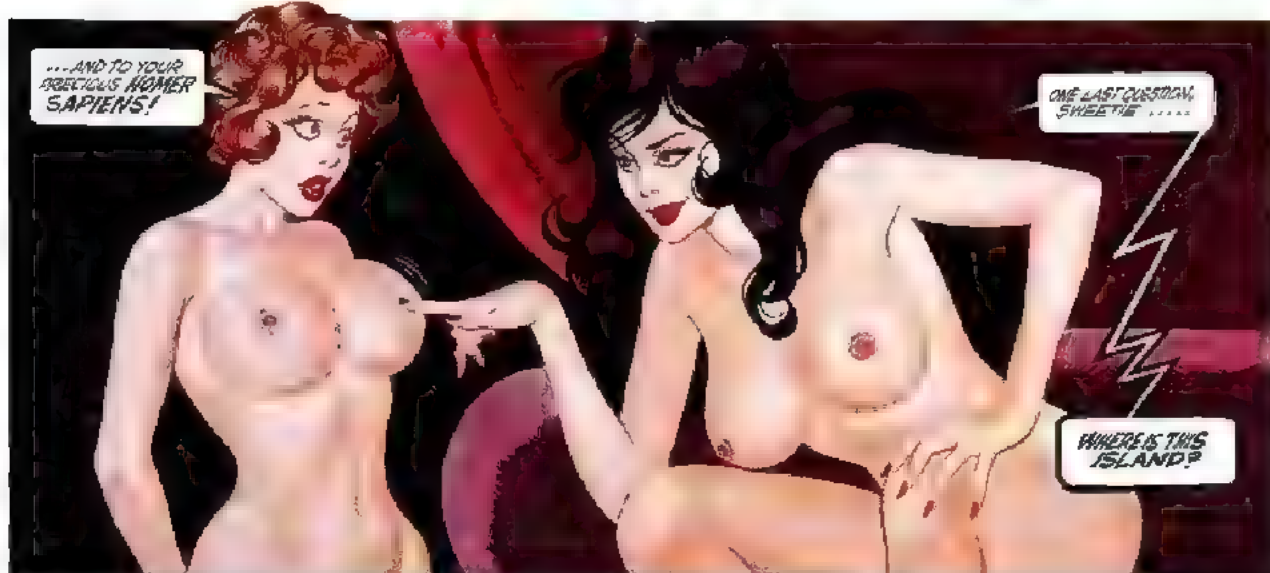
WHAT'RE YOU SO
UPRIGHT ABOUT?
HE **LIKES** YOU!

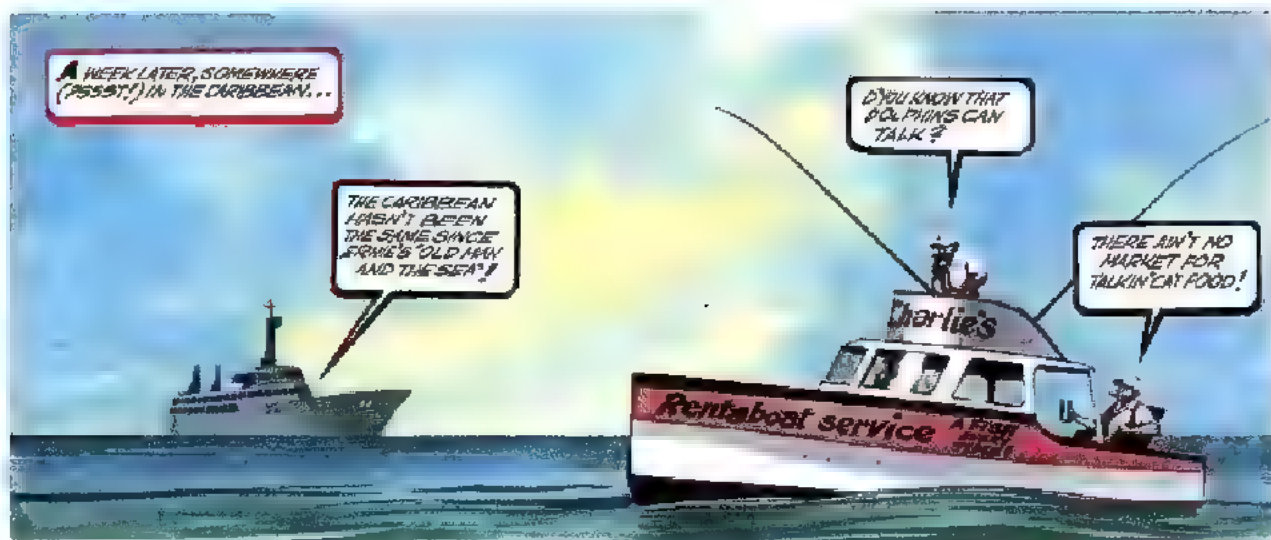
HERE WE GO,
FELLER-DAYTIME!

**I'LL TALK! I'LL
TALK! TAKE ME
TO YOUR LEADER!**

**NO, FUNNY MAN
- HE ISN'T A
RELATIVE OF MINE!**

**WOULDN'T YOU
KNOW IT?**





A WEEK LATER, SOMEWHERE
(PSSST!) IN THE CARIBBEAN...

THE CARIBBEAN
HASN'T BEEN
THE SAME SINCE
ERNE'S OLD MAN
AND THE SEA!

D'YOU KNOW THAT
DOLPHINS CAN
TALK?

THERE AIN'T NO
MARKET FOR
TALKIN' CAT FOOD!



COLD DRINKS, HOT CHICKS,
AND A FORMULA THAT'S GONNA
HOLD THE WORLD TO RANSOM!
WHAT MORE COULD A GOD-
FEARIN' WASP ASK FOR,
BOSSO TUTTI?

MORE BURNESAN!

SEXUAL EQUALITY!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE
KIDDING! O'YOU
KNOW AN EASIER
WAY OF MAKIN'
A LIVING?

SUDDENLY.....

MR HUCE, SAH—
JEE' LOOK WHAT'S
CLOSIN' IN ON US!

WHAT THE
HELL IS IT?

....OR
LEBANESE
FASCISTS..

.....OR
THE ULSTER
DEFENCE
FORCE..

.....OR
ISRAELI
COMMANDOS...

....OR THE
PALESTINE
LIBERATION
ARMY....

...OR BLACK
AFRICAN
FREEDOM
FIGHTERS...

THEY COULD
BE THE
IRA...

WHOEVER THEY
ARE THEY LOOK
PRETTY REPEATING!

.....OR ANY BUNCH OF
HOODLUMS UNDER A
SOCIAL CHANGE BANNER!

I'LL SAY THIS FOR
THE CAPT—E'S GOT
BIGGER BOOBS THAN
WOT OLD ENRY
MORGAN 'AD!

YOU'LL OWING FROM
THE YARDMUR FOR
THIS, MR CHRISTIAN!

YAKE!

THE
GOOD
SHIP
VENUS

POOF

AVAST,
YE
LUBBERS!

ALL RIGHT,
YE SCUM!
STAND BY
FOR BOARDING!





I'VE ALWAYS
ENVIED
THOSE
SABINE
WOMEN!

WHY THE HELL
SHOULD I BE
THE SCAPGOAT
FOR 25,000
YEARS OF MALE
DOMINATION?

I WANT
'EM ALIVE,
MEN!

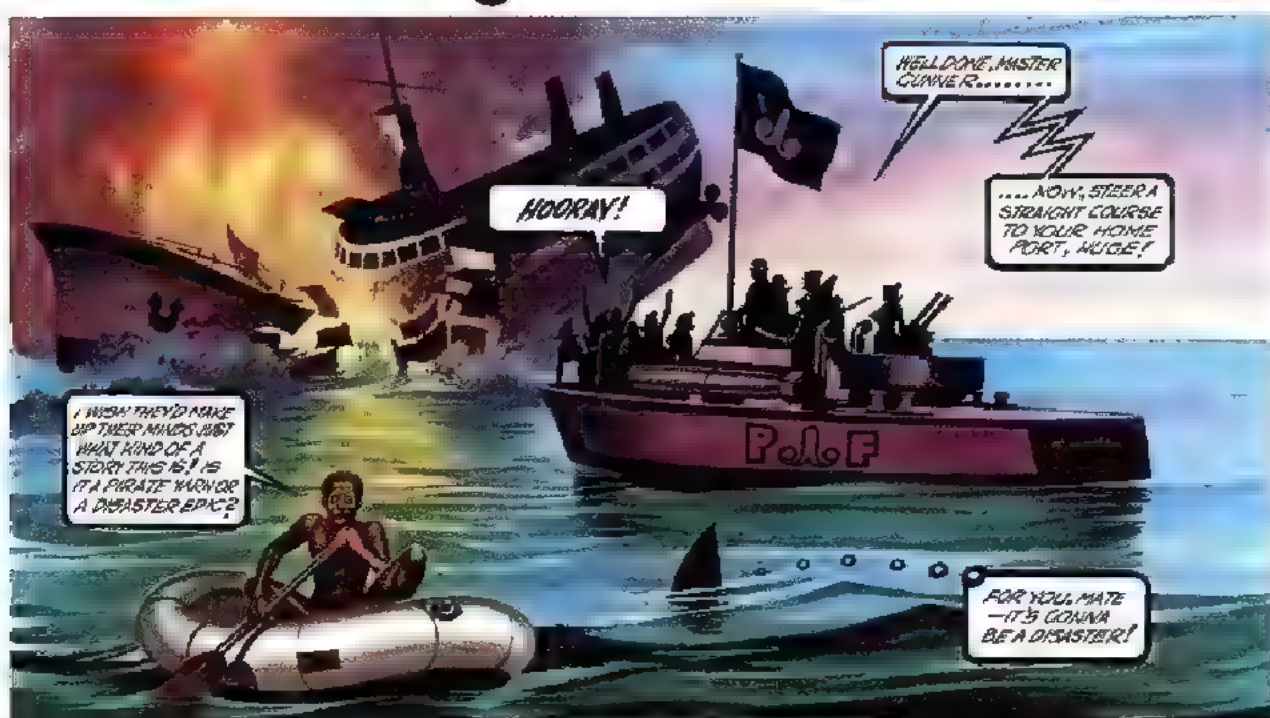
THIS
SITUATION'S
GOT
POSSIBILITIES!

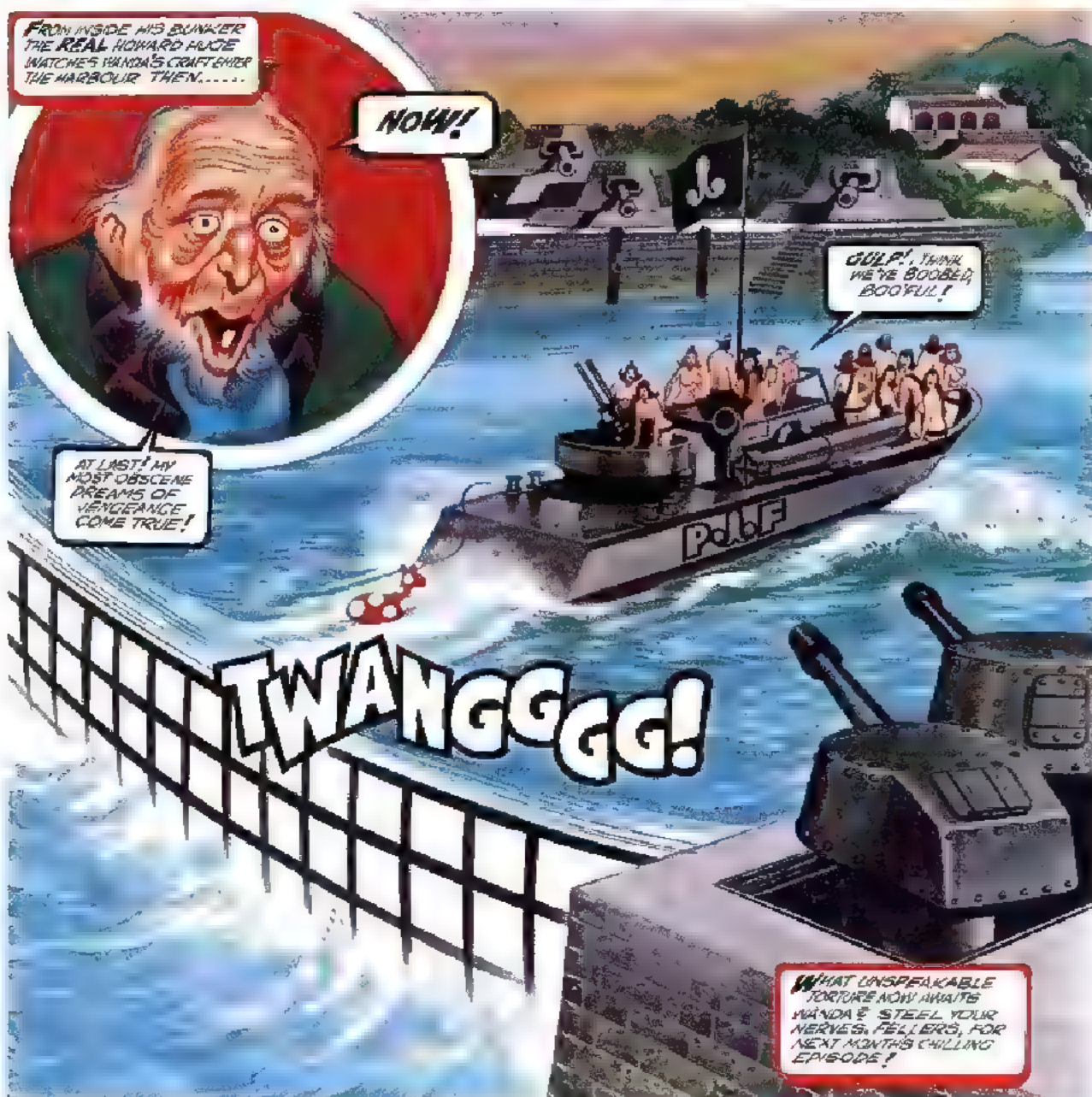
LEAVE SOME OF
THE LOOT FOR
ME!

THE PACKAGE
TOUR HAS RUINED
THE CARIBBEAN!

IF YOU THINK I'M
GONNA CHASE
AROUND WOVIN'
A CUTLASS IN THE
AIR, YOU ARE
MISTAKEN!

DON'T PAY ANY
ATTENTION AND
THEY'LL PROBABLY
GO AWAY!





OH, WICKED WANDA!

WANDA AND HER PUSS
PIRATES ARE PRISONERS
OF HOWARD HUGO, WHO NOW
GIVES HIS FIENDISH
ORDERS TO HALDERLICH
— THE MAN WHOM ALL
THE WORLD THINKS IS
HOWARD HUGO *ANALYST*

AFTER ONE COCK
— UP AFTER
ANOTHER, YOU
NOW HAVE THE
OPPORTUNITY
TO REDEEM
YOURSELF!

YOU ARE GOING
TO PRODUCE A
SPECTACULAR
FOR THESE JADED
OLD EYES OF
MINE. GO STUDY
THIS SCRIPT....

.... BUT FIRST
CHECK THE
PROGRESS HOWER
SAPPHIRE IS MAKING
WITH THAT OIL-
SUBSTITUTE
APPARATUS

BY FREDERIC
MULLALLY AND
RON EMBLETON

TAP TAP

YESSIR,
MR. HUGO,
SIR!

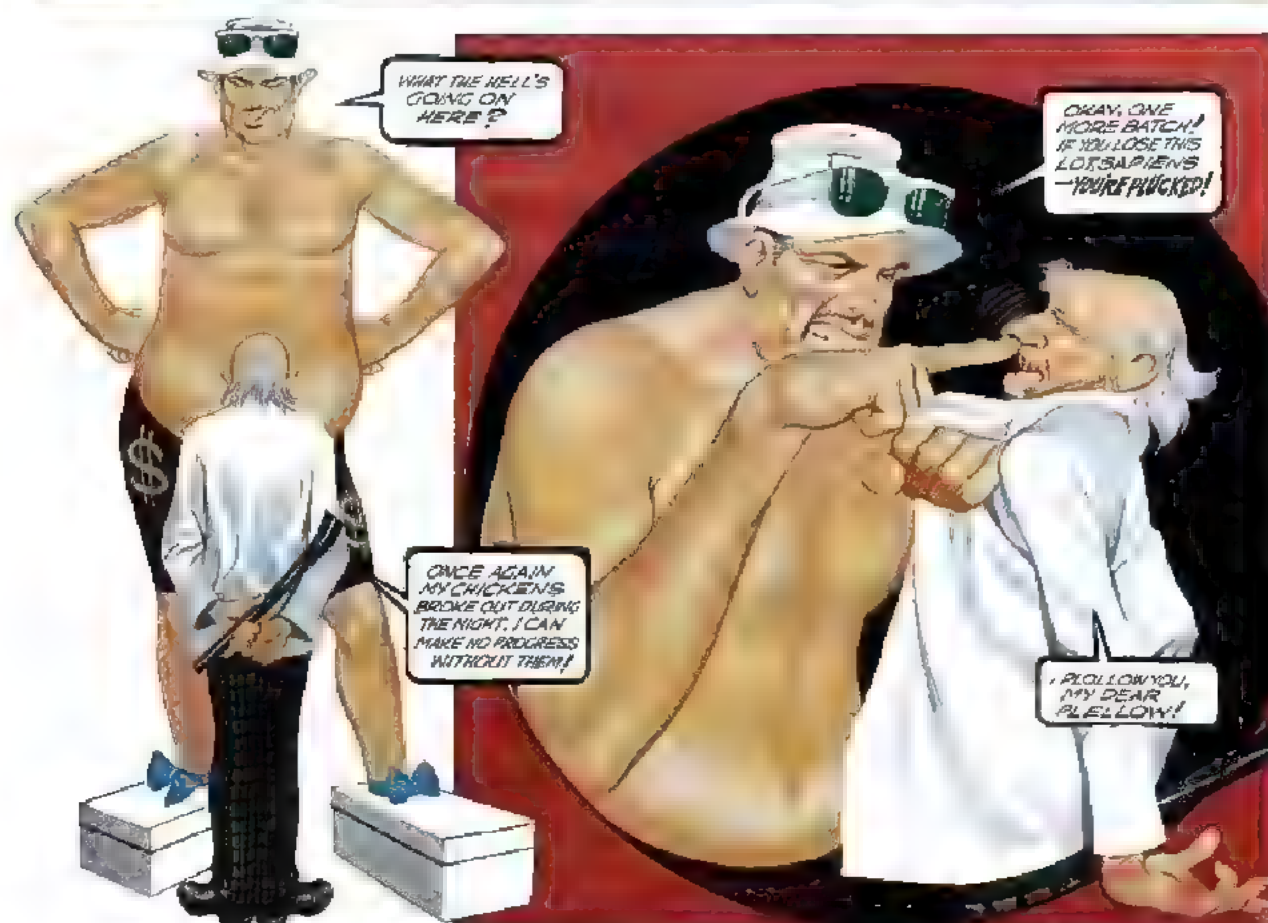
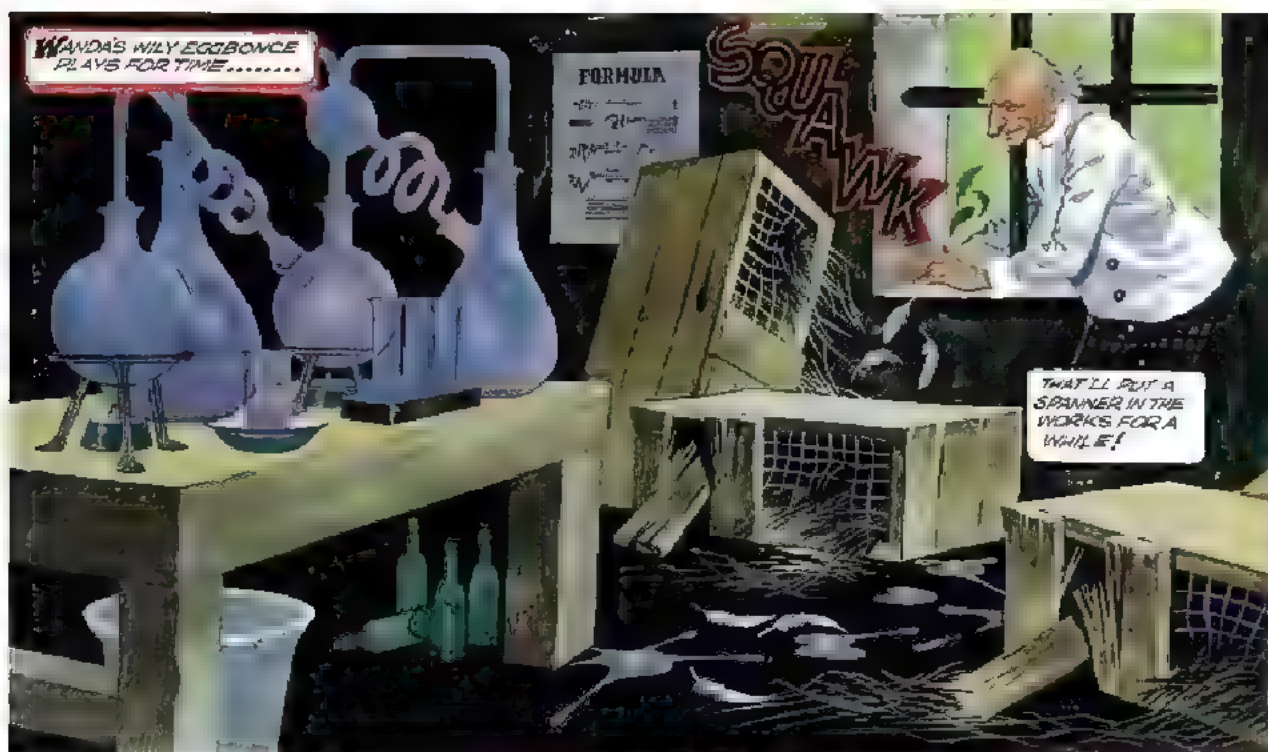
OKAY, YOU
BUNCH OF SHIRT-
ASSES — WHO
DID IT?

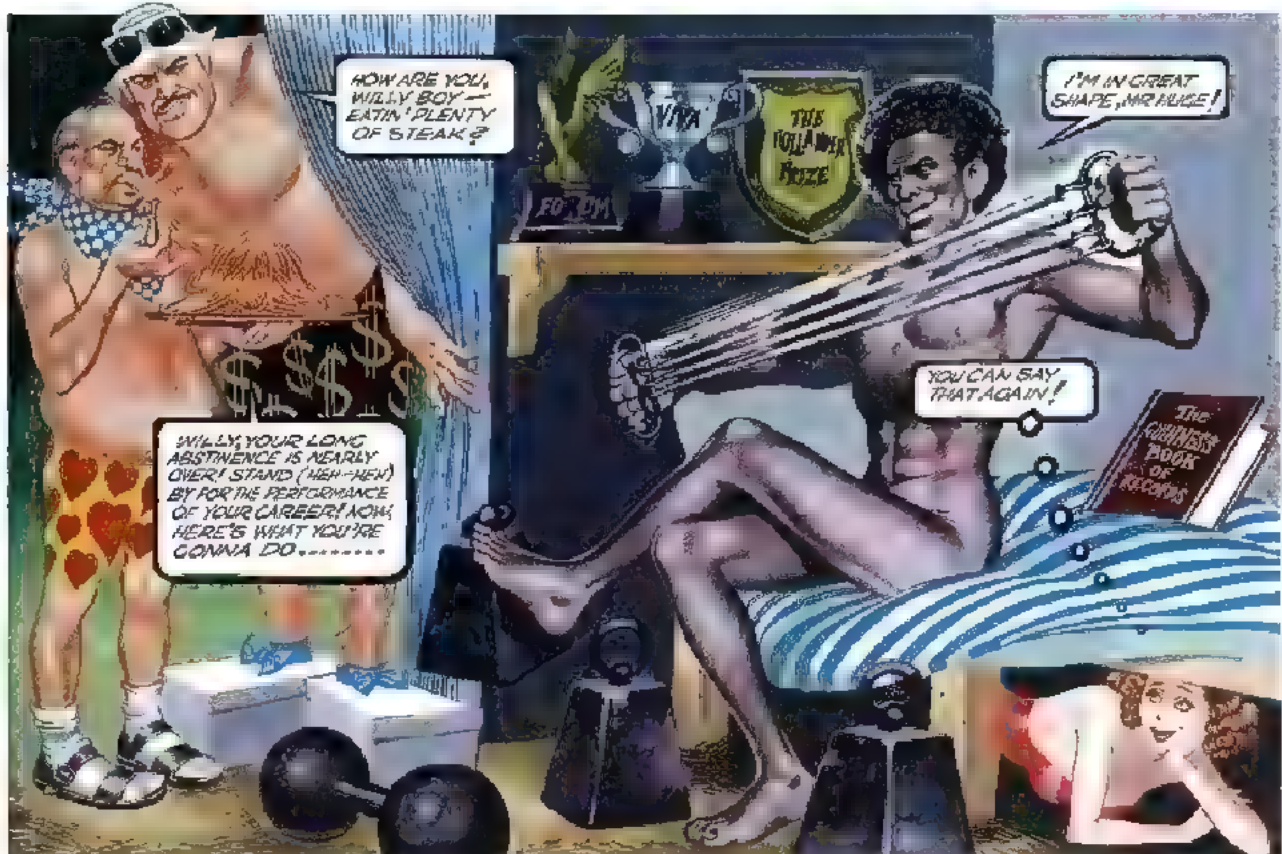
WE LIKE
LITTLE
ANNIE
DANNY

HERE, KID — GRAB
THIS I'M GETTING
OUT OF THIS
ART-HOUSE!

IT CAN'T
BE THAT
BAD —
CAN IT?

RUBBISH





MEANWHILE, WANDA
KILES AWAY THE HOURS
IN HER SOLITARY CELL.....

SO THAT'S LA
VON KREESUS!
SHE DOESN'T
LOOK ANYTHING
SPECIAL TO ME!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO THE WORLD—
IT'S GETTING TO BE
FULL OF SADISTS!

AND IN ANOTHER SECTION
OF THE JAIL, CANDYLOSS
GOES TO WORK.....

YOU DON'T SAY!
THAT BIG! AND
THEY'RE GONNA
MATCH HIM
WITH MY BOSS
AT DAWN!

DON'T YOU WORRY,
SWEETIE—I'LL FIX
YOU UP WITH OUR
MOB. MEANWHILE,
I'VE LACED YOUR
BREAD AND WATER
WITH BOURBON!

MINUTES LATER.....

JEEPERS!
CAN'T LET THEM
DO THIS TO
BOO'FULL! THING'S
WON'T EVER BE
THE SAME!



DAWN BREAKS
ON A SCENE OF
ANCIENT
CAVALRY...

LET BATTLE
BE JOINED!

LET BATTLE
BE JOINED!

IF I COULDN'T GET
THE POP CORN
CONCESSION FOR
THIS SHOW I
COULDN'T BEEN A
RICH MAN!

OUR
LEADER!

I CAN'T
LOOK!

LOAD OF
FUSS
ABOUT
NOTHIN'!

I RUN A LITTLE
MASSAGE BUSINESS
ON THE SIDE, RING
ME AT CARIB. 1212.

IS THIS FARICAL CIRCUS,
THAT DOES NOTHING BUT
LOWER THE TONE OF THE
STREET, WHAT I HAVE SAVED
MYSELF FOR? IS IT ALL TO
END SO IGNOMINIOUSLY?







OH, WICKED WANDA!

SAVED BY CANDYLOSS'S
GENER-ASS-ITY FROM A
SPECTACULAR RAVISHING
BY WILLY THE WHORPER,
WANDA RESUMES COMMAND
OF HER LIBERATED PUSS
PIRATES.

COULD YOU MEN
GO RESCUE
PROFESSOR SAPIENS?

PUSSCAKE—YOU'LL
RECEIVE A
DECORATION FOR
YOUR PART IN THIS
CAMPAIGN!

ON BEHALF OF THE
PIE, I'D LIKE TO
CONGRATULATE
YOU ON YOUR
ESCAPE, CHIEF

SPEAK FOR YOUR-
SELF, CREEPY! I'D
LIKE TO HAVE
SEEN IT!

— SUBVERSIVE!
GET THAT MAN'S
NAME AND NUMBER!

HE'LL NEVER BE
THE SAME AGAIN!

SPEAK TO ME,
WILLY!

SHUT UP, I ONLY
DID WHAT ANY
OTHER SEX-ANALAC
WOULD HAVE DONE
IN SIMILAR
CIRCUMSTANCES!

BLABBER-
BLABBER!

A BEAUTIFUL
MASCENT—DESTROYED
BY THE EVIL
MACHINATIONS OF
BIG BUSINESS!

FREDERICK
HALL
FROM
EMPLETON

ISOLATED IN HIS OVAL
SECRET SANCTUM, THE REAL
HOWARD HOOE FLIES
IMPOTENTLY OVER THE
CANCELLATION OF HIS EARLY
MORNING SCENARIO.

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART
OF HOOE'S VILLA

SCREWED AGAIN
BY THE VONKREESUS
G&K&G!
GODDAMNIT, I'LL
HAVE THAT G&K
HALDERLICH'S
G&K
FOR THIS!

YOU'RE FREE,
EGGBONCE!
LET'S GET GOING!

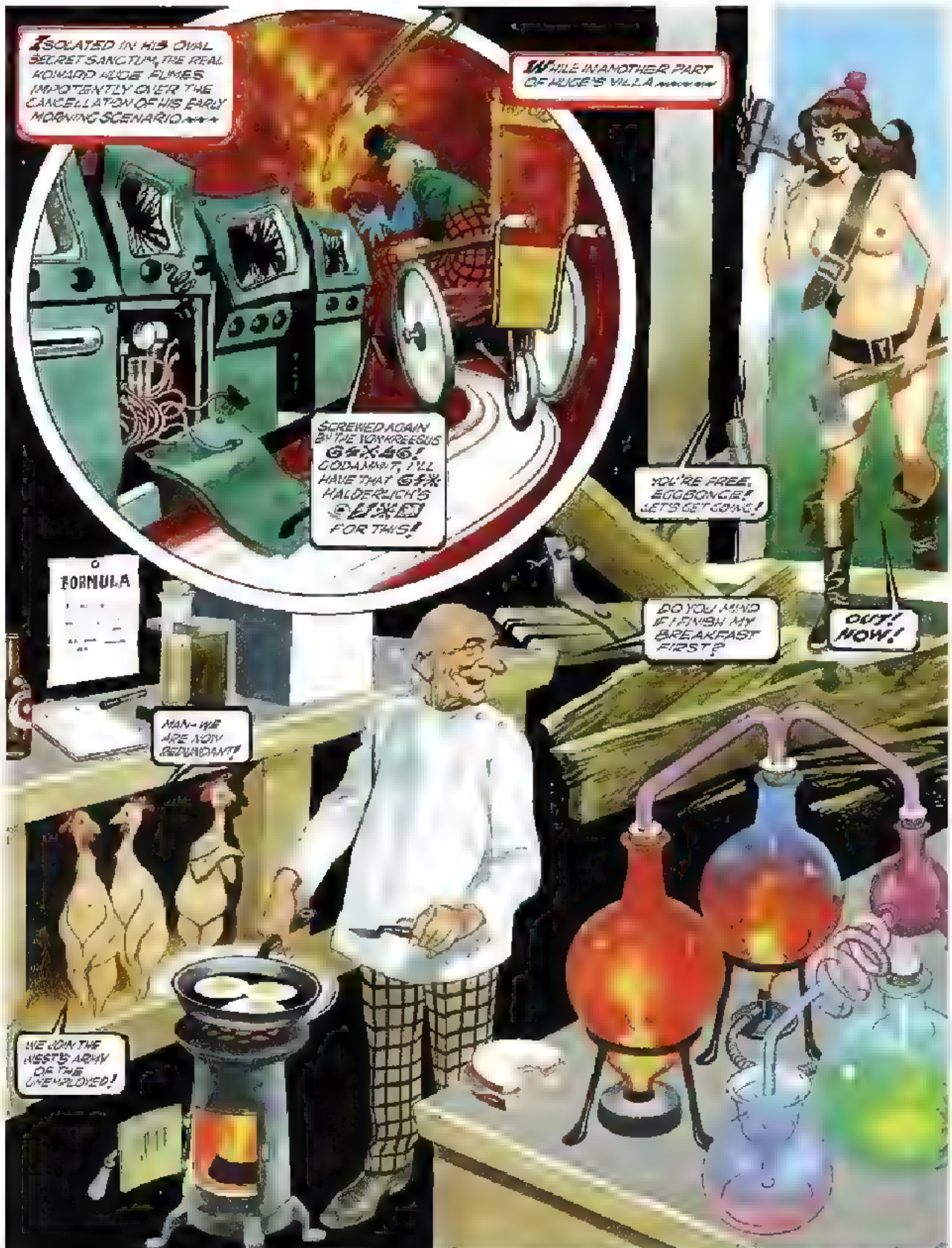
DO YOU MIND
IF I FINISH MY
BREAKFAST
FIRST?

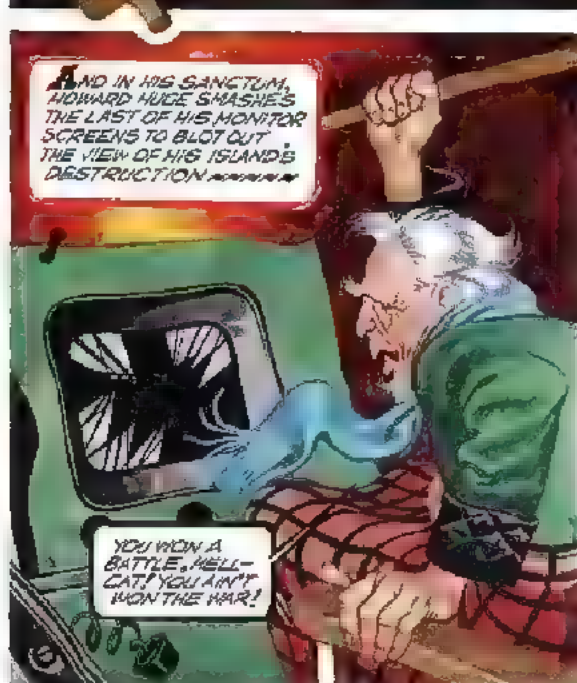
OUT!
NOW!

FORMULA

MAN-WE
ARE NOW
REDUNDANT!

WE JOIN THE
NEST'S ARMY
OF THE
UNEMPLOYED!







♪ I WAS ON THE GOOD SHIP VENUS... ♪

IT'S NO GOOD - HE'S FINISHED!

WE MAY AS WELL THROW HIM OVERBOARD!

AND IT'S BACK TO SLINGING HASH FOR ME!

I'VE GOT A FEELING THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A PLAIN STRAIGHT FORWARD RESCUE!

GOODIE!

UNLESS I CAN BRIBE THE CAPTAIN, MY CAREER AS A STRIP CHARACTER IS FINISHED!

SORRY, BUSTER - WE'RE FULL!

ODD! I WISH I HADN'T EATEN THAT SPAGNIETTI!

REVOLUTION! TERRORISM! VIOLENCE! WHERE THE HELL CAN YOU TAKE A VACATION NOW?

76

LATER, AT THE VON KREEBUS SCHLOSS, PHARDA CELEBRATED HER TRIUMPH WITH AN ORGY.

HEY, GRUD! WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED CLEANING UP—SEND SAPIENS TO ME!

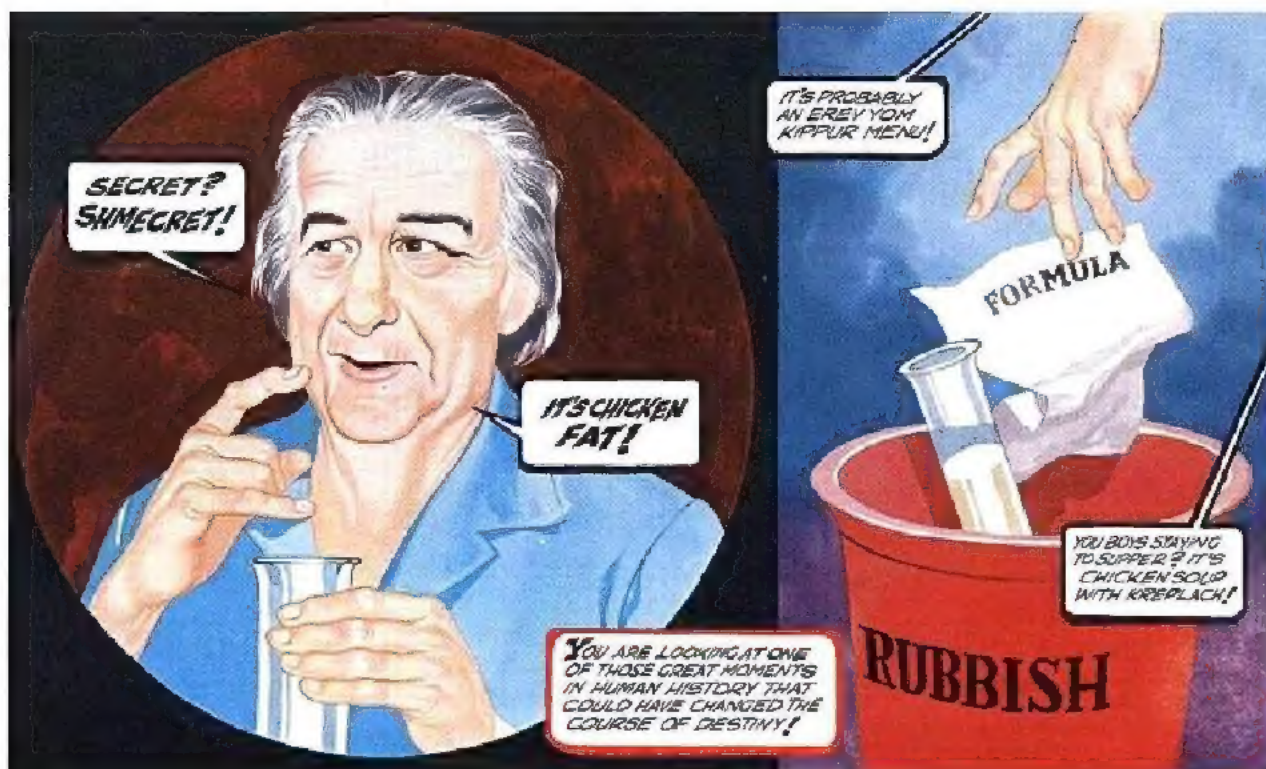
YOU'VE MISSED THE ORGY, KIDDO. BUT DON'T FRET—I'LL COME AND SEE YOU AFTER LIGHTS OUT.



IF THIS IS WOMEN'S LIB IT'S GONNA BE THE END OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION!









OH WICKED
WANDA!



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